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MILADI AND THE MUSKETEER

A ROMANTIC EXTRAVAGANZA

BY

R·A·BARNET·

MUSIC BY

HARRY·LAWSON·HEARTZ·

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MILADI and the MUSKETEER

A Romantic Extravaganza by

R. A. BARNET

Author of "1492,"
"Jack and the Beanstalk,"
"Three Little Lambs,"
etc., etc.

Music by . . .

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ

With Additional Numbers by . . .
GEORGE LOWELL TRACY,
EDWARD W. CORLISS,
D. K. STEVENS and
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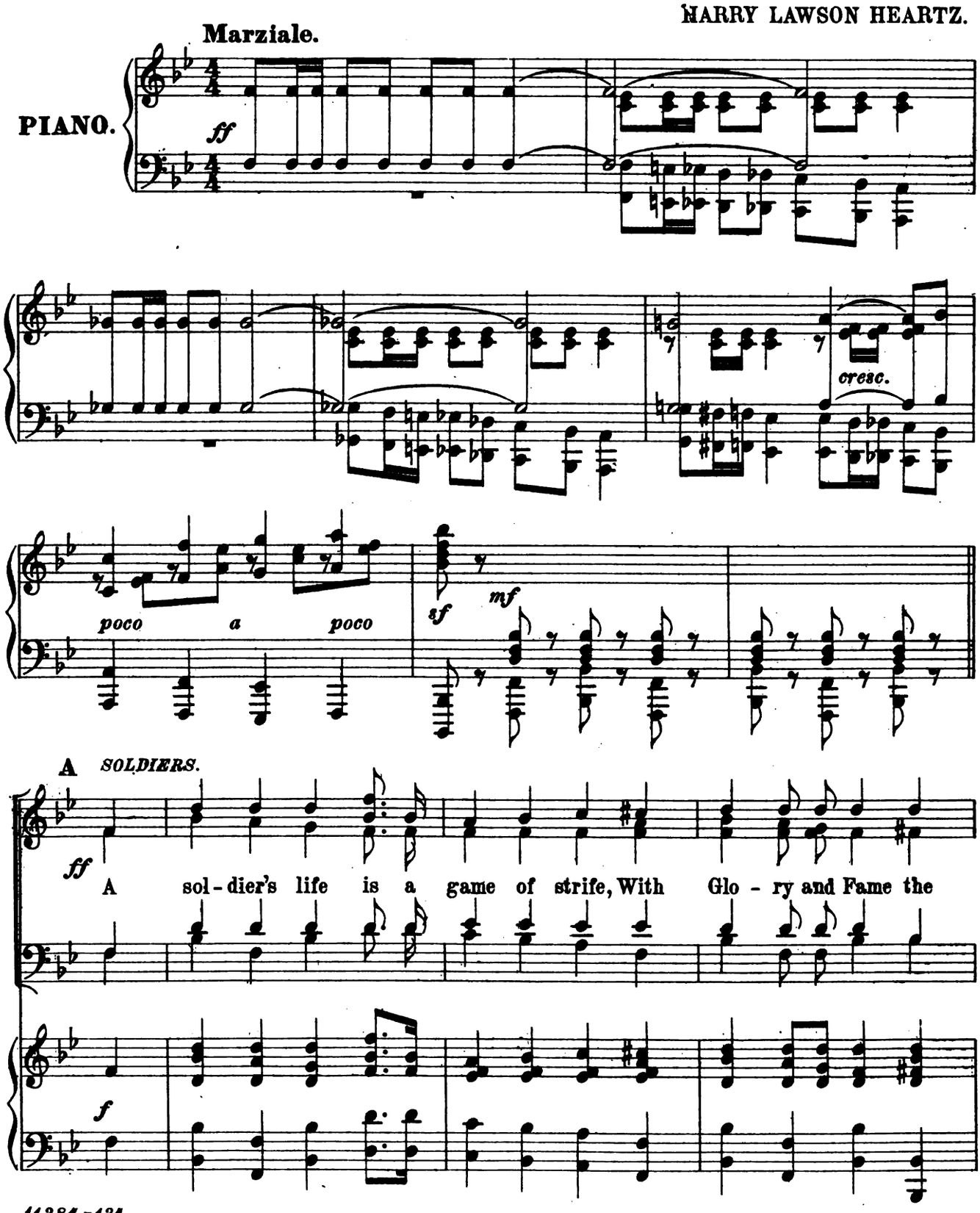
MILADI AND THE MUSKETEER.

ACT I.

Opening Chorus.

No. 1.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

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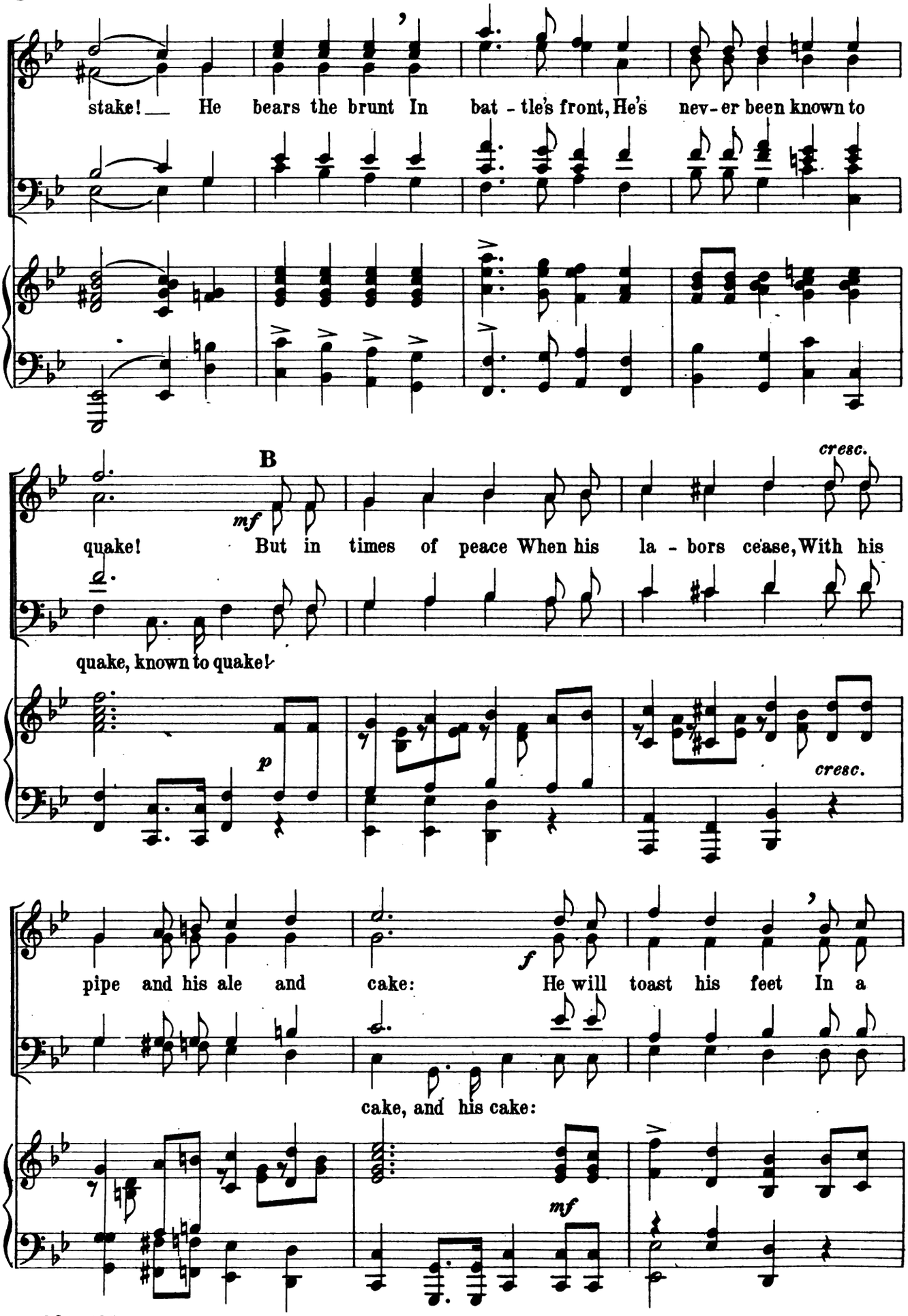
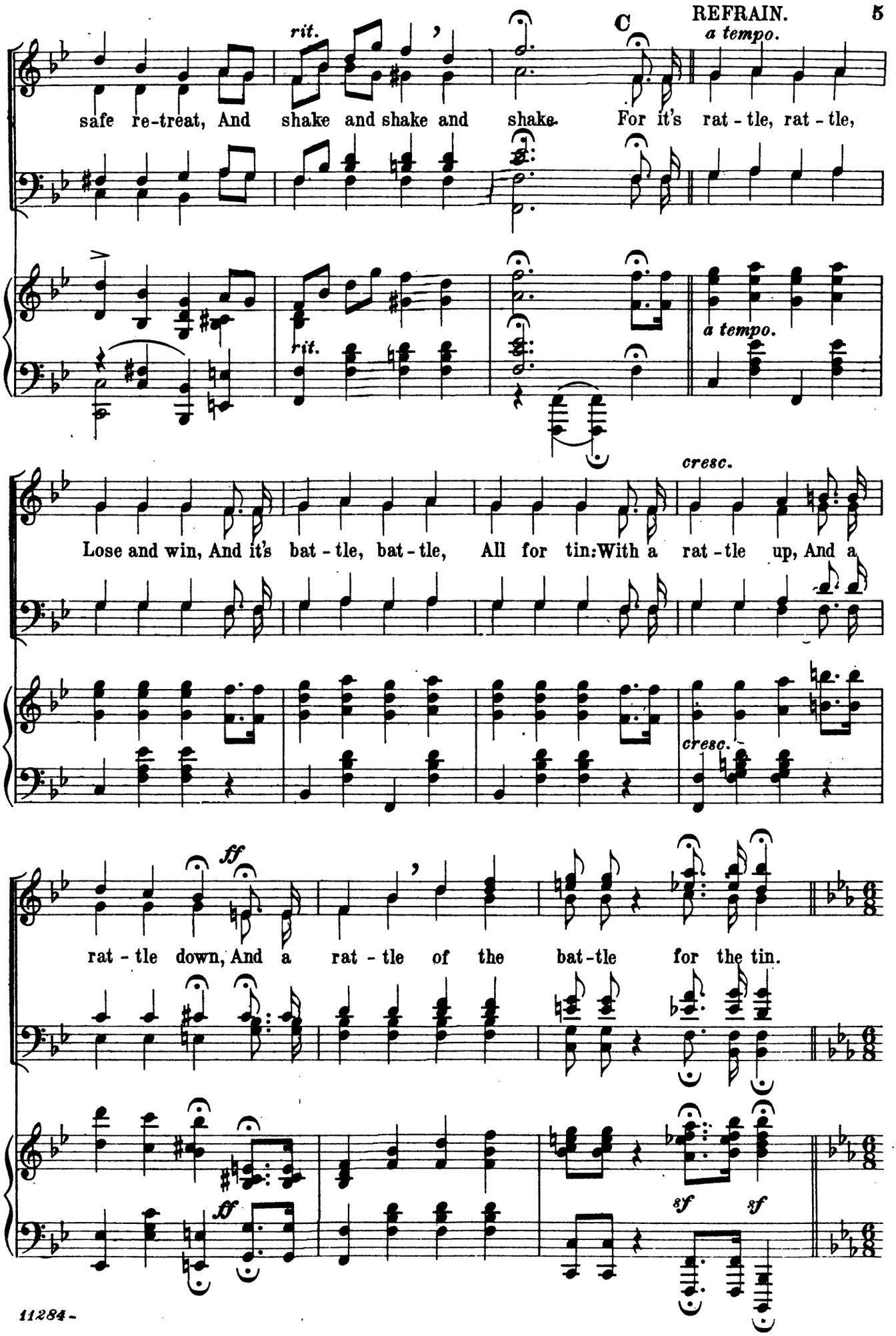
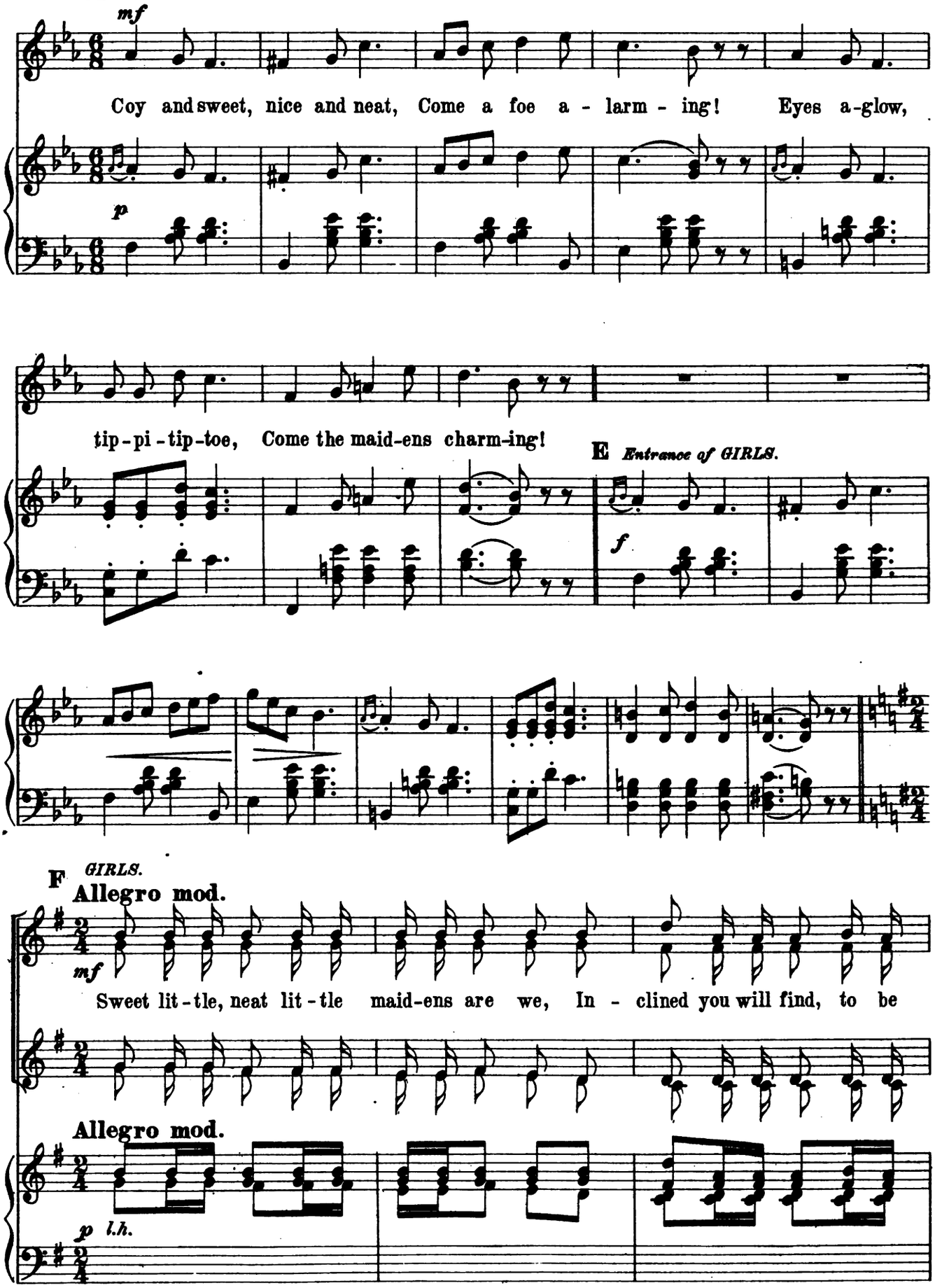
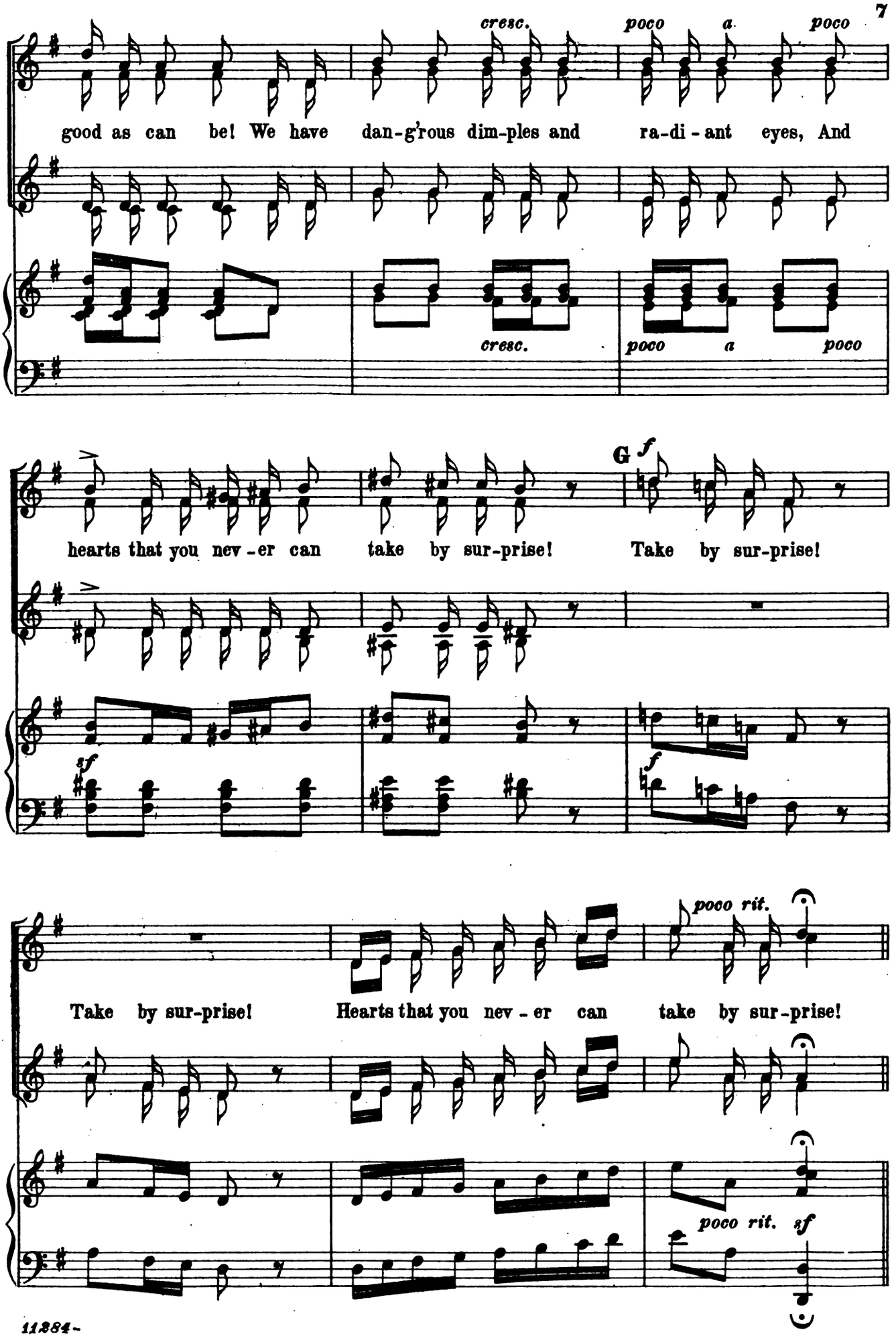
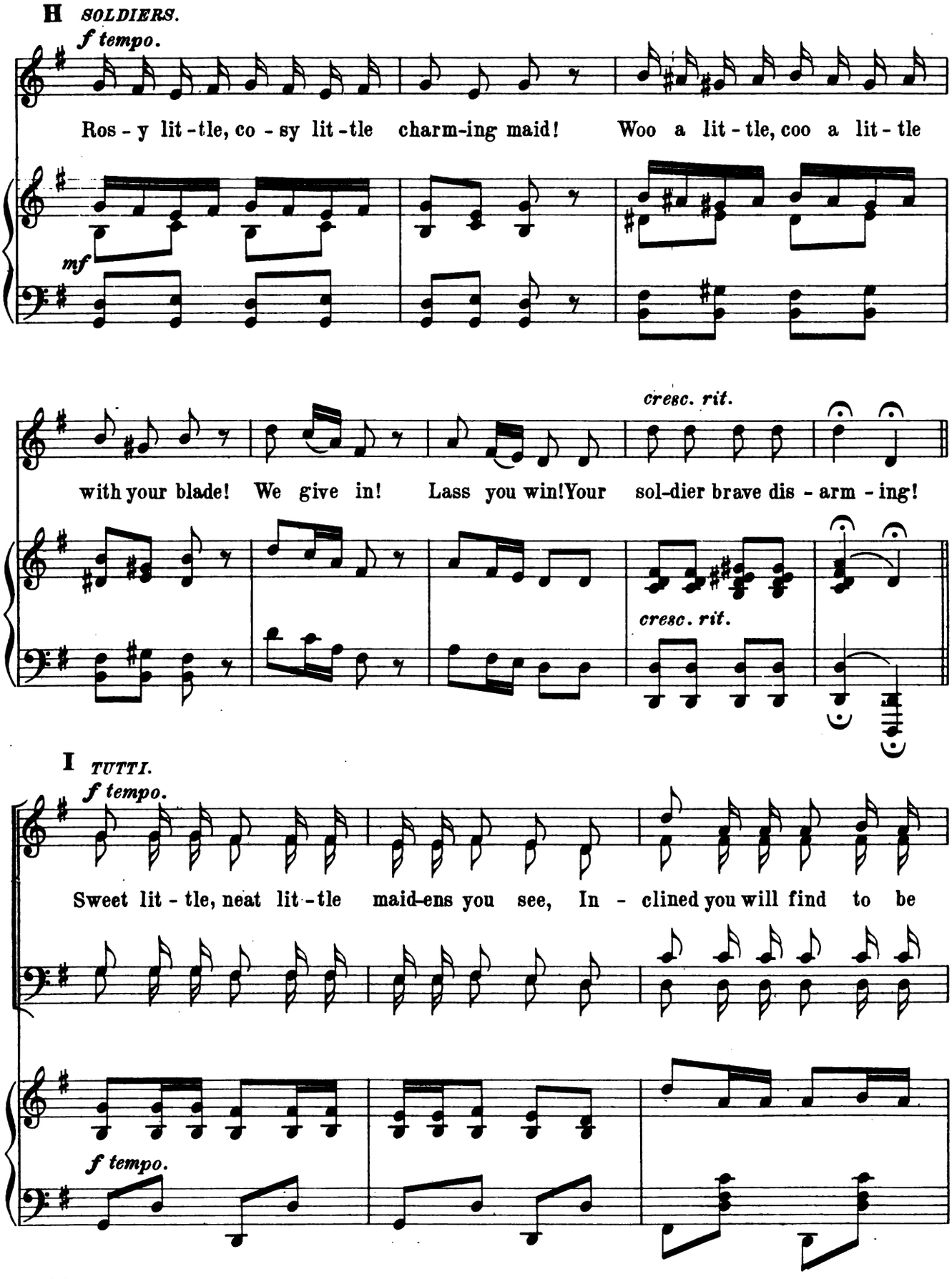
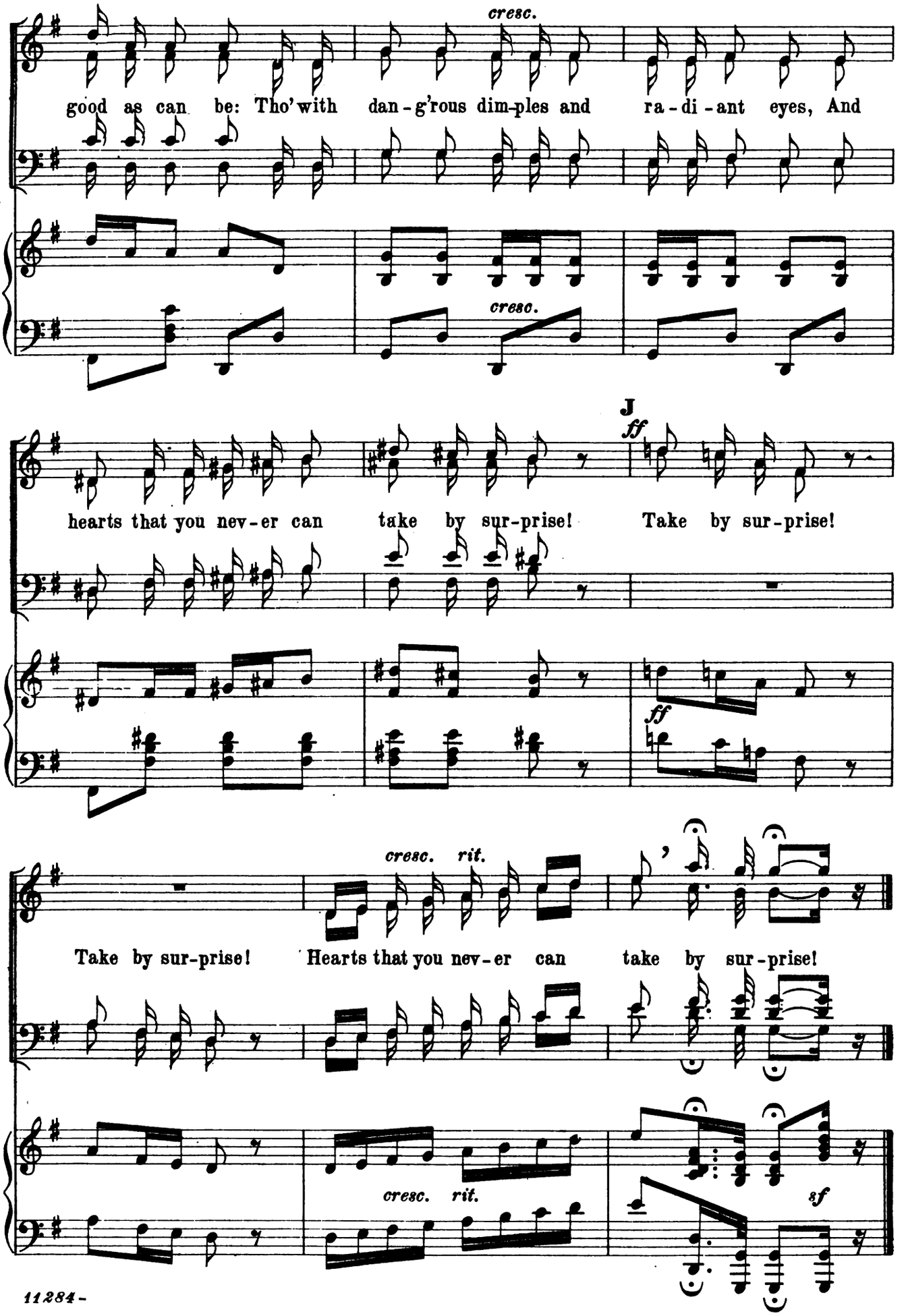
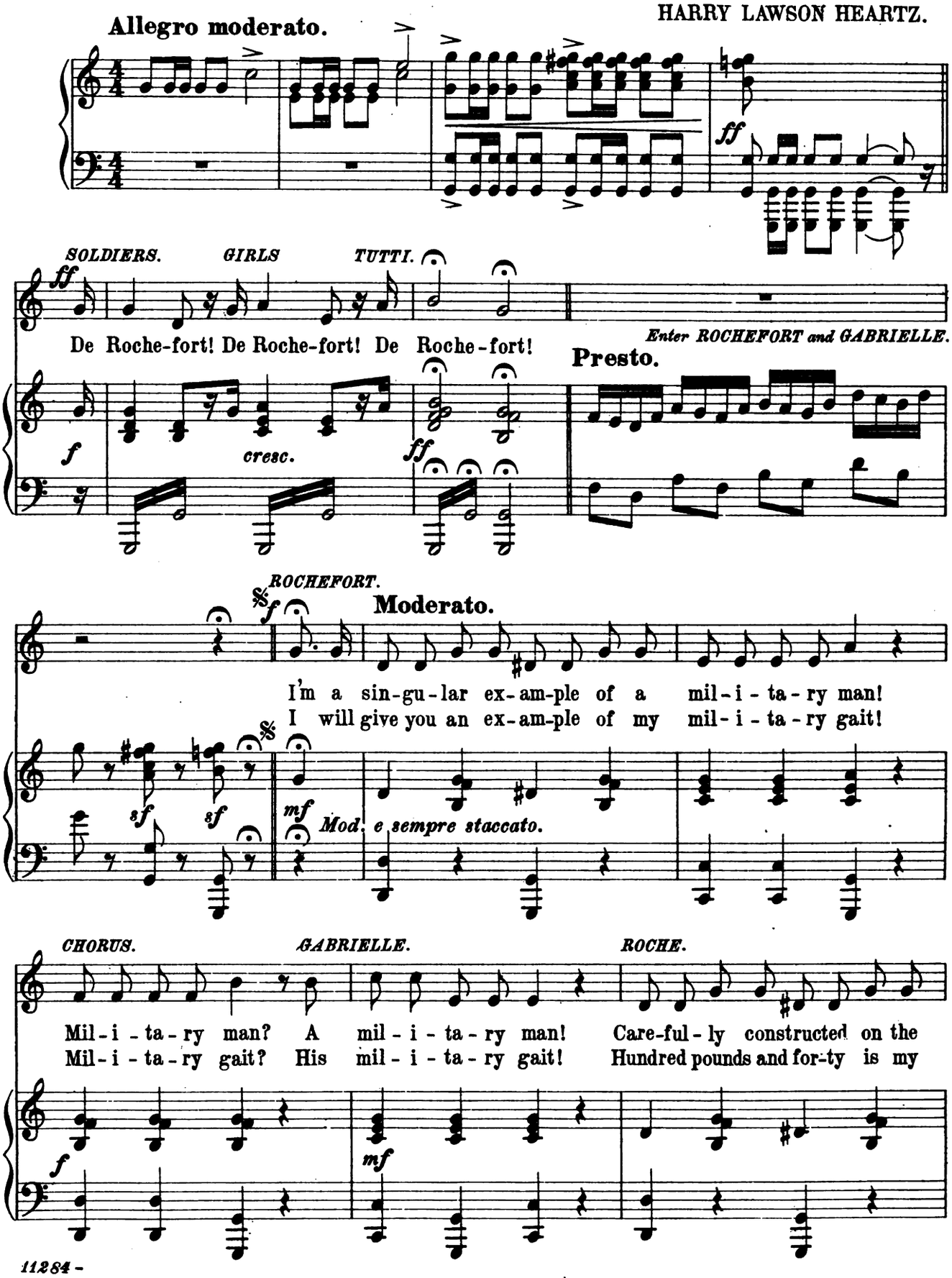

stake! He bears the brunt In bat - tle's front, He's nev - er been known to
B
cresc.
quake! But in times of peace When his la - bors cease, With his
quake, known to quake!
p
cresc.
pipe and his ale and cake: He will toast his feet In a
cake, and his cake:
mf

rit.
C
a tempo.
safe re-treat, And shake and shake and shake. For it's rat - tle, rat - tle,
rit.
a tempo.
cresc.
Lose and win, And it's bat - tle, bat - tle, All for tin: With a rat - tle up, And a
cresc.
ff
rat - tle down, And a rat - tle of the bat - tle for the tin.
ff
sf
sf

D Moderato.
mf
Coy and sweet, nice and neat, Come a foe a - larm - ing! Eyes a-glow,
p
tip-pi-tip-toe, Come the maid-ens charm-ing!
E Entrance of GIRLS.
f
F GIRLS.
Allegro mod.
mf
Sweet lit-tle, neat lit-tle maid-ens are we, In - clined you will find, to be
Allegro mod.
p l.h.

cresc.
poco a poco
good as can be! We have dan-g'rous dim-ples and ra-di-ant eyes, And
cresc.
poco a poco
G
f
hearts that you nev-er can take by sur-prise! Take by sur-prise!
sf
f
Take by sur-prise! Hearts that you nev-er can take by sur-prise!
poco rit.
poco rit. sf

H SOLDIERS.
f tempo.
Ros - y lit - tle, co - sy lit - tle charm-ing maid! Woo a lit - tle, coo a lit - tle
mf
cresc. rit.
with your blade! We give in! Lass you win! Your sol-dier brave dis - arm - ing!
cresc. rit.
I TUTTI.
f tempo.
Sweet lit - tle, neat lit - tle maid-ens you see, In - clined you will find to be
f tempo.

cresc.
good as can be: Tho' with dan-g'rous dim-ples and ra-di-ant eyes, And
cresc.
J
ff
hearts that you nev-er can take by sur-prise! Take by sur-prise!
ff
cresc. rit.
Take by sur-prise! Hearts that you nev-er can take by sur-prise!
cresc. rit.
sf

He's a Military "Beaut"!

No. 2.

ROCHEFORT & GABRIELLE.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

CHORUS. *GAB.* *poco rit.*

mil - i - ta - ry plan! Mil - i - ta - ry plan? The mil - i - ta - ry plan!
mil - i - ta - ry weight! Mil - i - ta - ry weight? His mil - i - ta - ry weight!

poco rit.

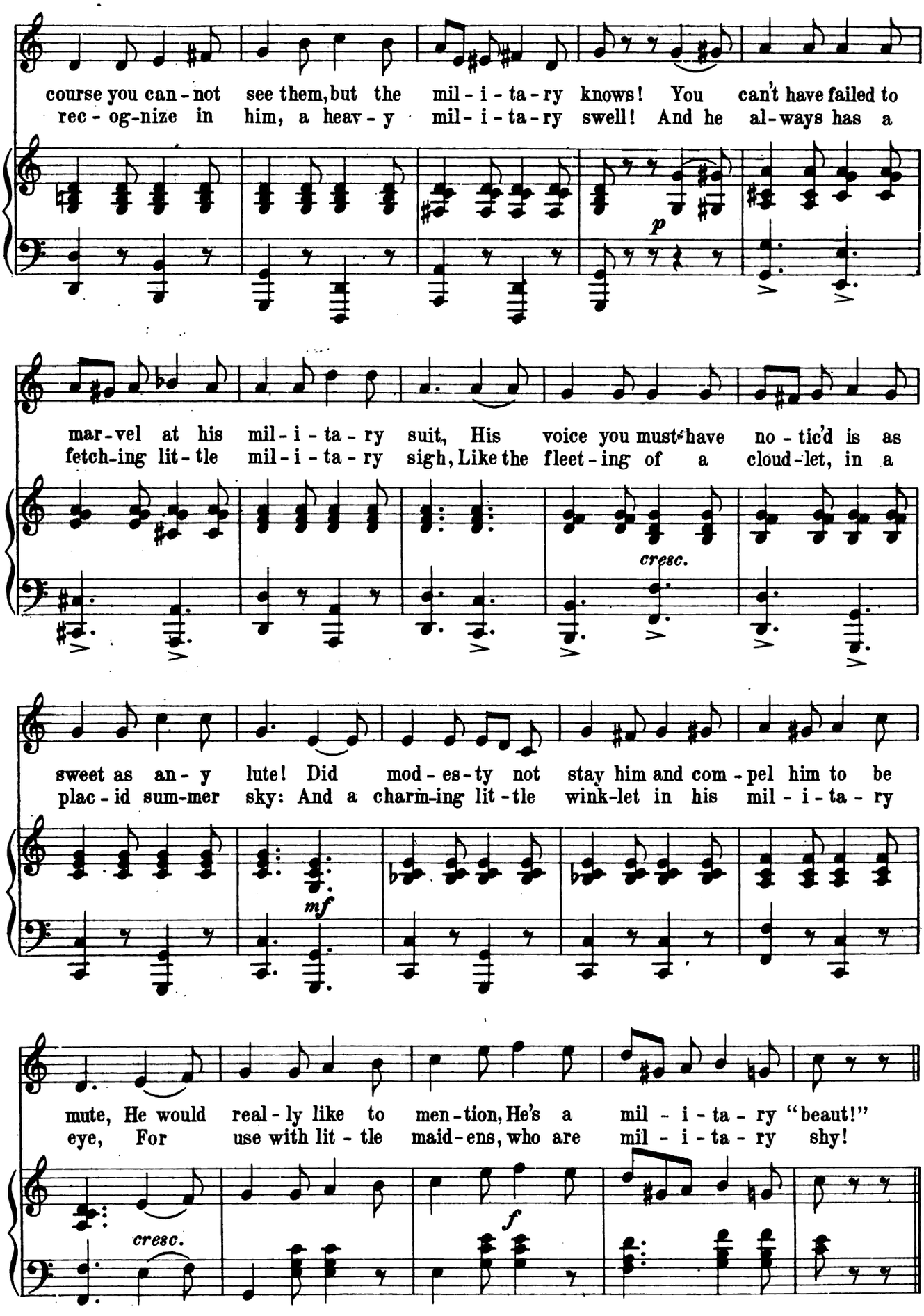
Tempo di Marcia.

mf

I beg to call at - ten-tion to his mil - i - ta - ry pose, The
When we give a ball at quar-ters, where the mil - i - ta - ry dwell, He's a

shape - li - ness and beau - ty of his mil - i - ta - ry nose! His
dash - ing lit - tle swag - ger, for the mil - i - ta - ry belle! In

mil - i - ta - ry boots con-ceal his mil - i - ta - ry hose, Of
short if you have ev - er known the mil - i - ta - ry well, You'll

sf

course you can-not see them, but the mil-i-ta-ry knows! You can't have failed to
rec-og-nize in him, a heav-y mil-i-ta-ry swell! And he al-ways has a
p
mar-vel at his mil-i-ta-ry suit, His voice you must have no-tic'd is as
fetch-ing lit-tle mil-i-ta-ry sigh, Like the fleet-ing of a cloud-let, in a
cresc.
sweet as an-y lute! Did mod-es-ty not stay him and com-pel him to be
plac-id sum-mer sky: And a charm-ing lit-tle wink-let in his mil-i-ta-ry
mf
mute, He would real-ly like to men-tion, He's a mil-i-ta-ry "beaut!"
eye, For use with lit-tle maid-ens, who are mil-i-ta-ry shy!
cresc.
f

TUTTI.

ff

Did mod - es - ty not stay him, and com - pel him to be mute, He would
He's a charm-ing lit - tle wink-let, in his mil - i - ta - ry eye, For

cresc.

real - ly like to men - tion, he's a mil - i - ta - ry "beaut"!
use with lit - tle maid - ens, who are mil - i - ta - ry shy!

ff

MARCH.

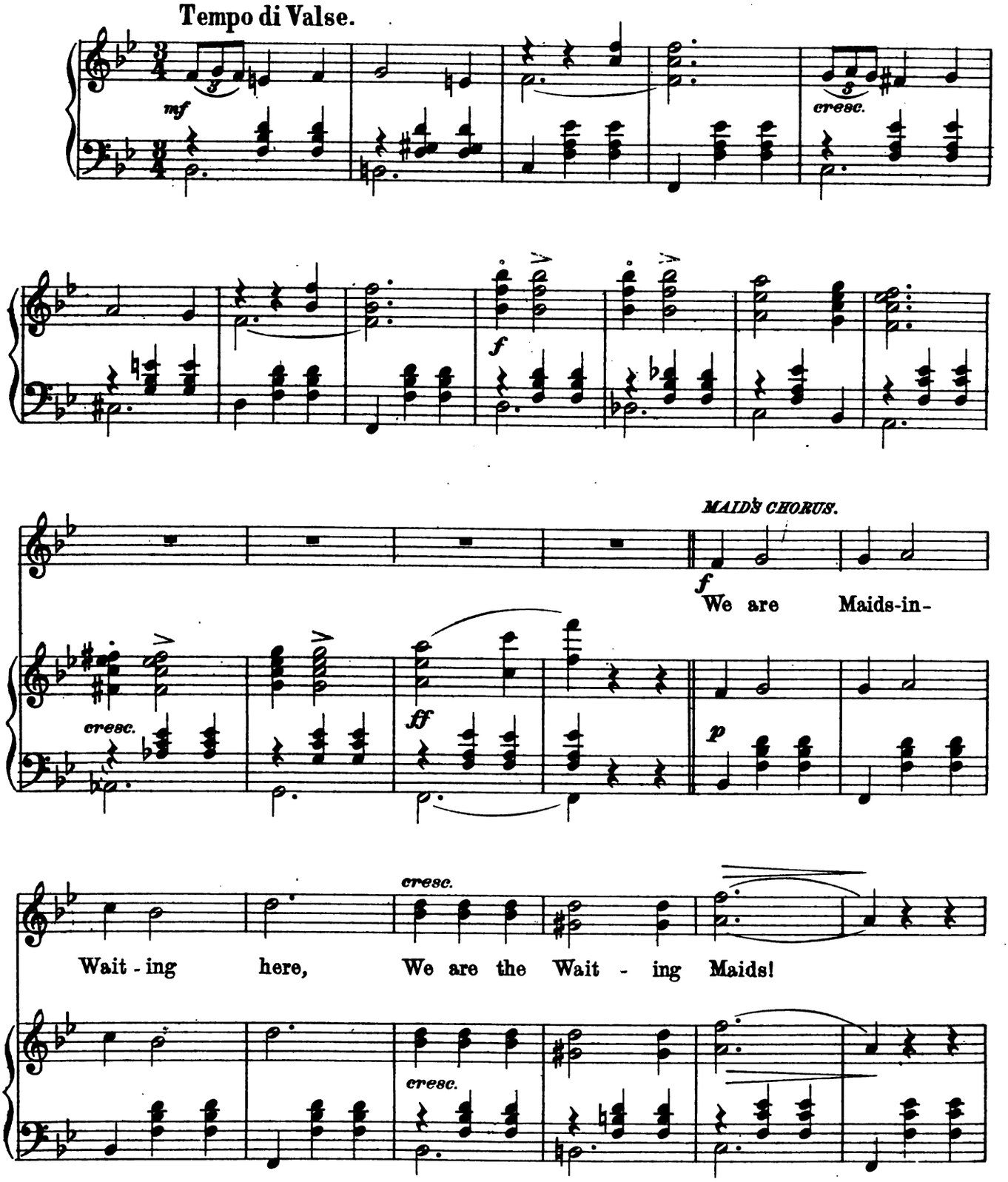
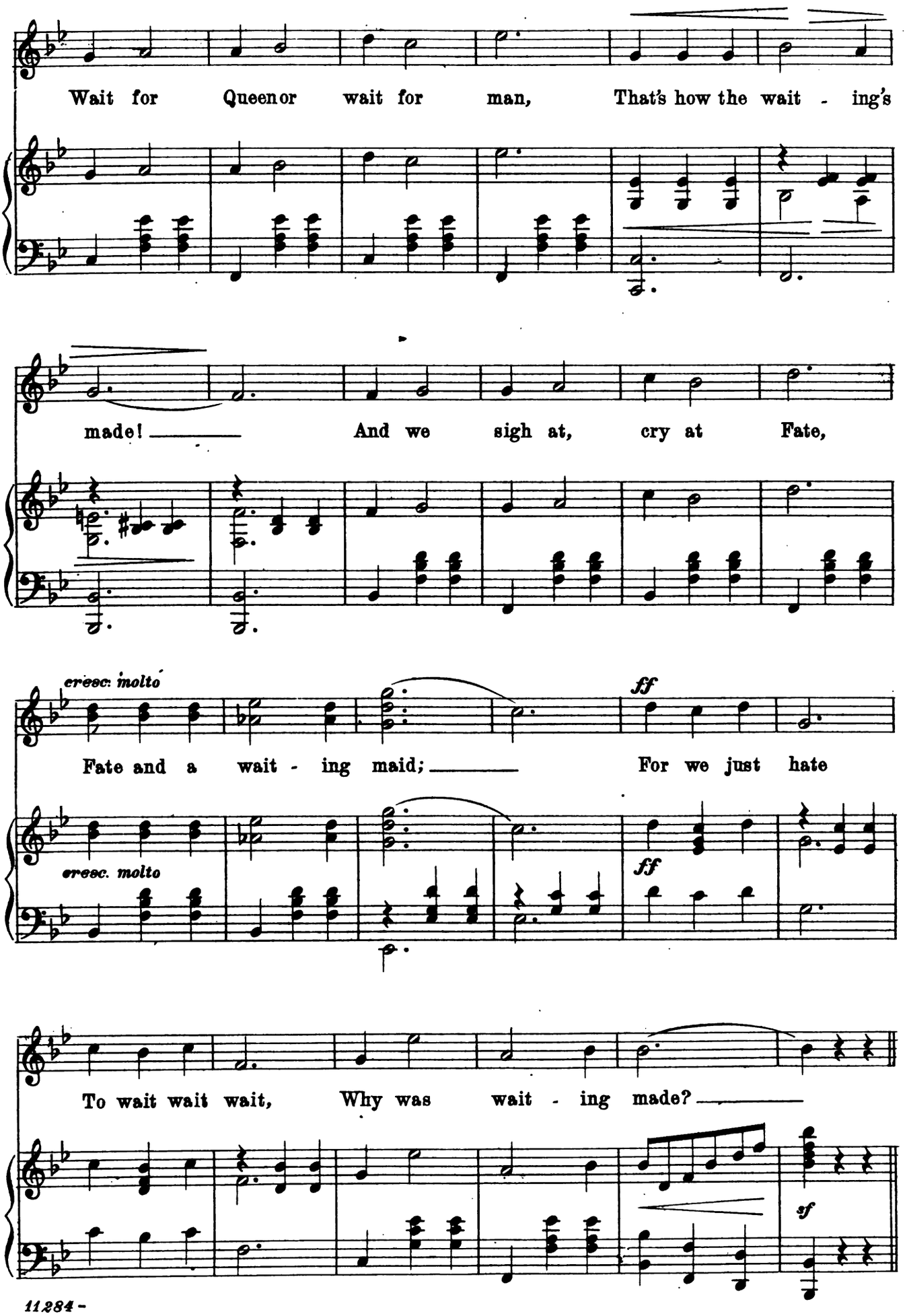
sf

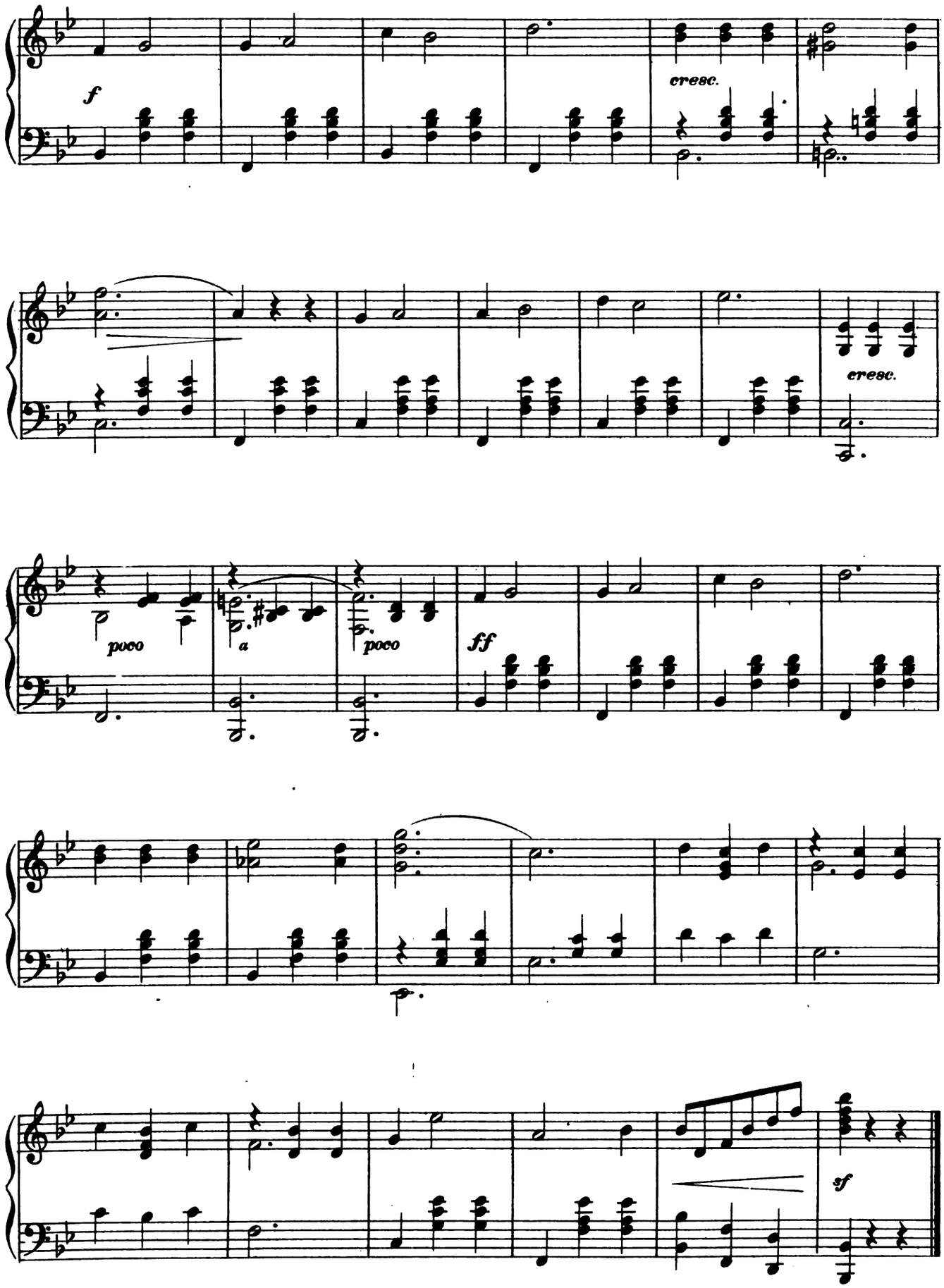
sf

Fine.

Maids-in-Waiting.

No. 3.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Wait for Queen or wait for man, That's how the wait - ing's
made! And we sigh at, cry at Fate,
cresc. molto
Fate and a wait - ing maid;
ff
For we just hate
cresc. molto
ff
To wait wait wait, Why was wait - ing made?
sf

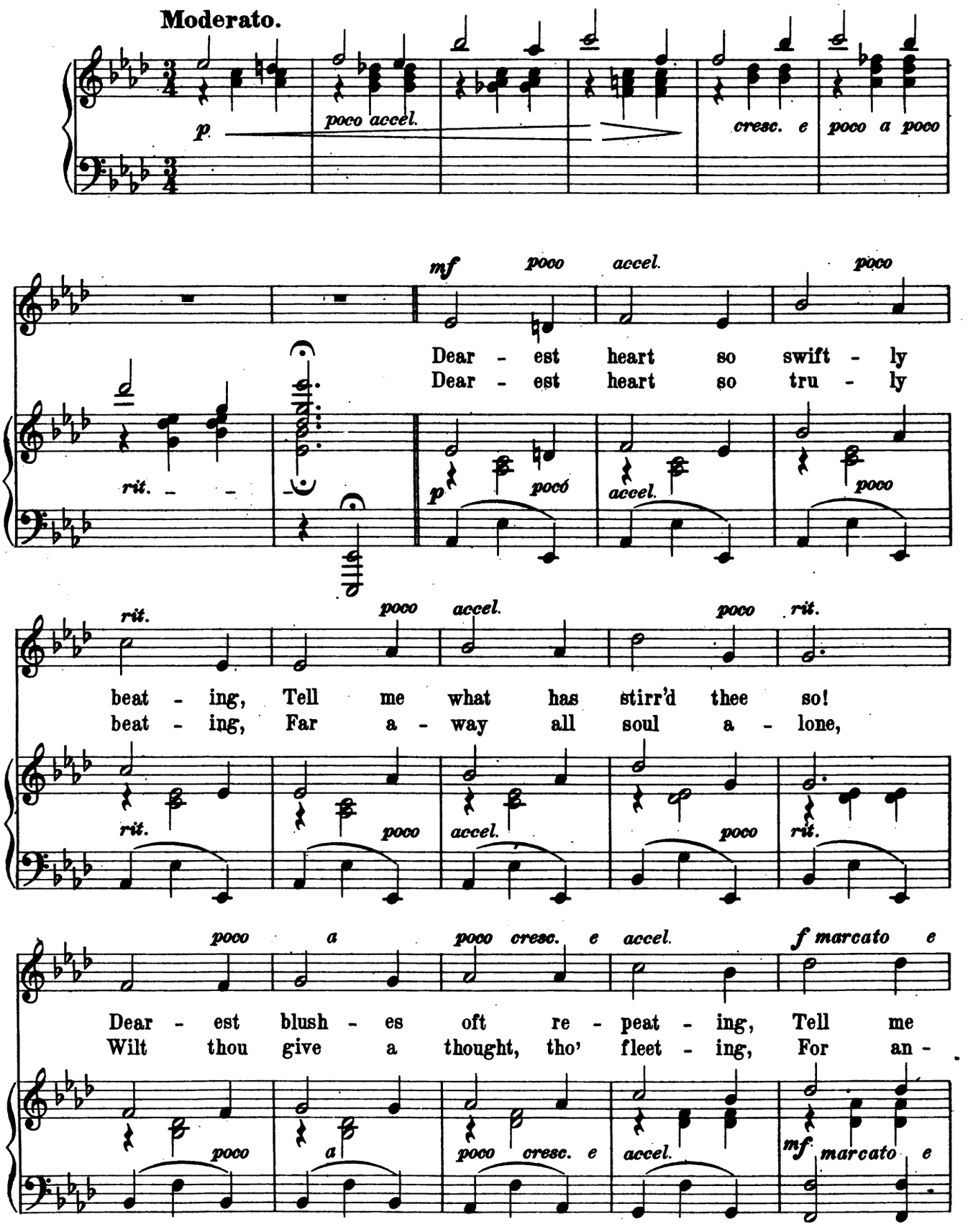
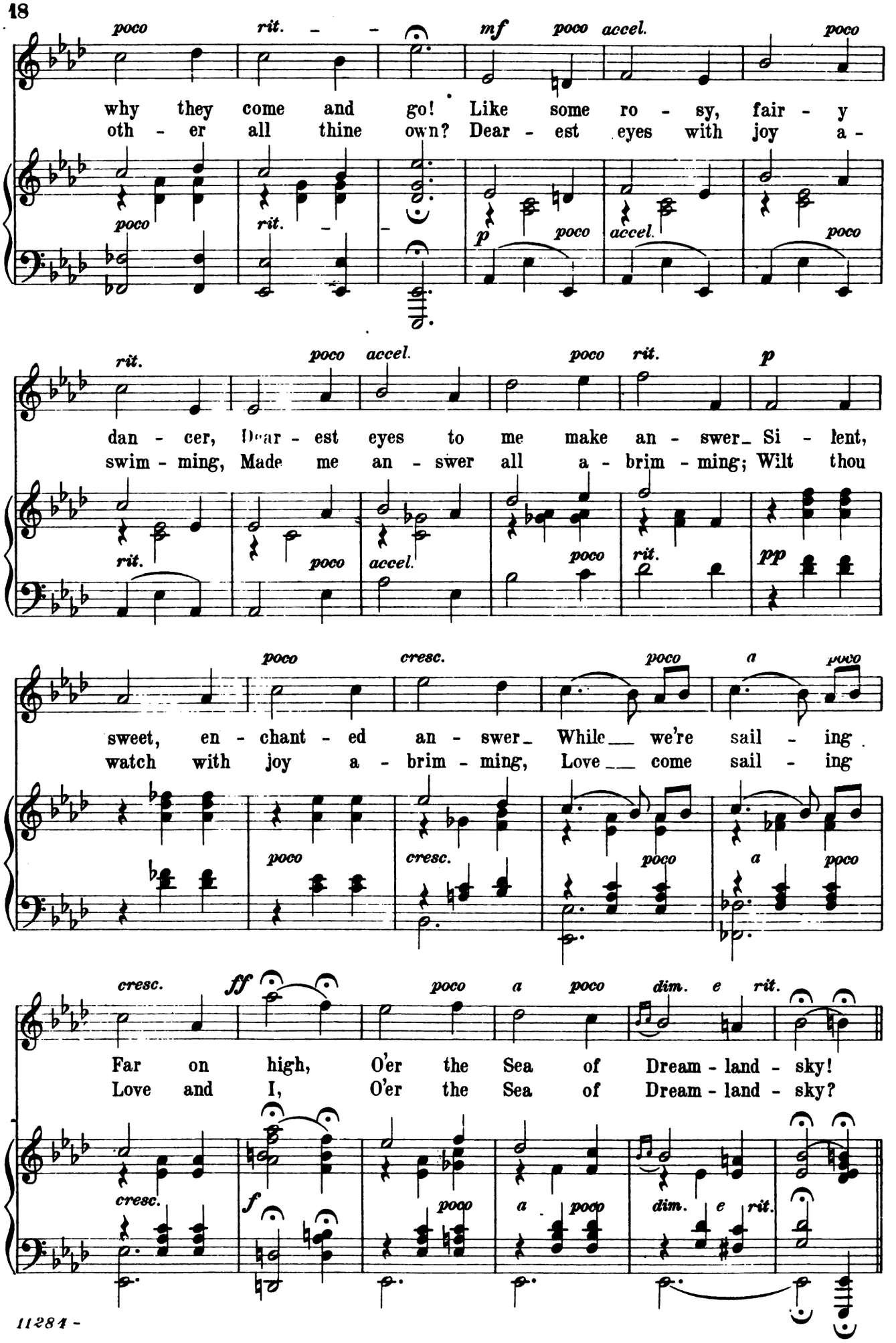
DANCE.

O'er the Sea of Dreamland sky.

QUEEN.

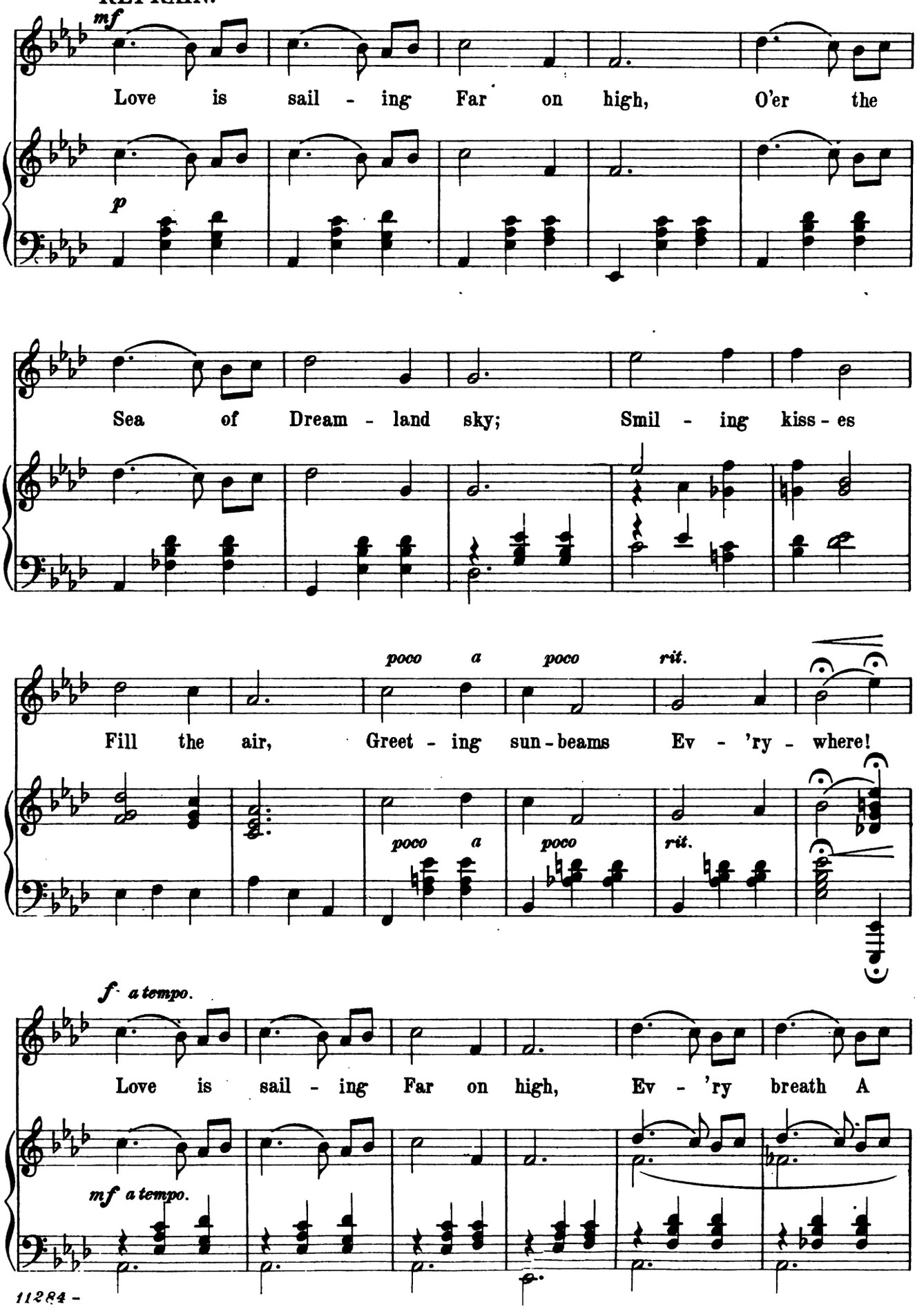
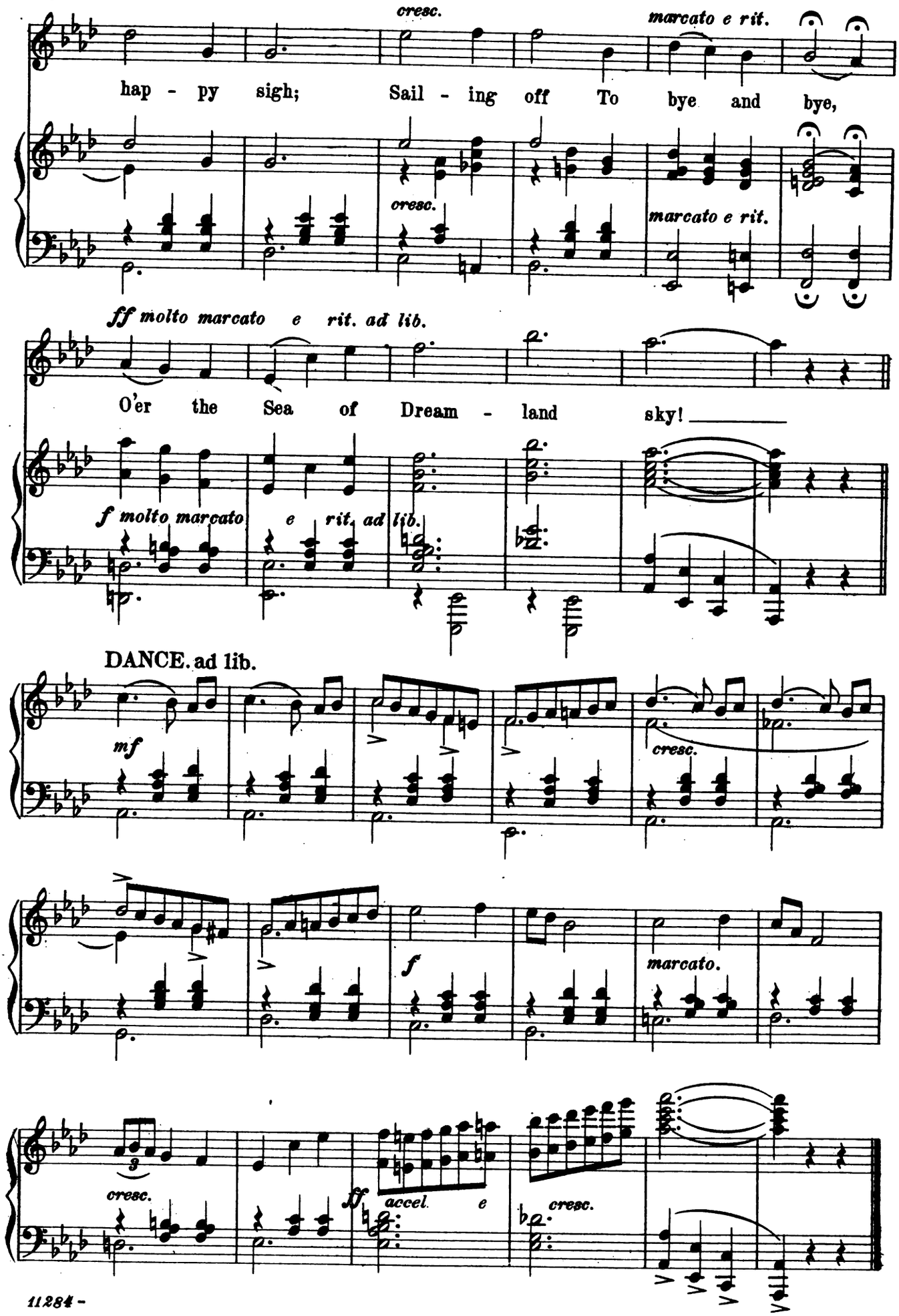
No.4.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Moderato.



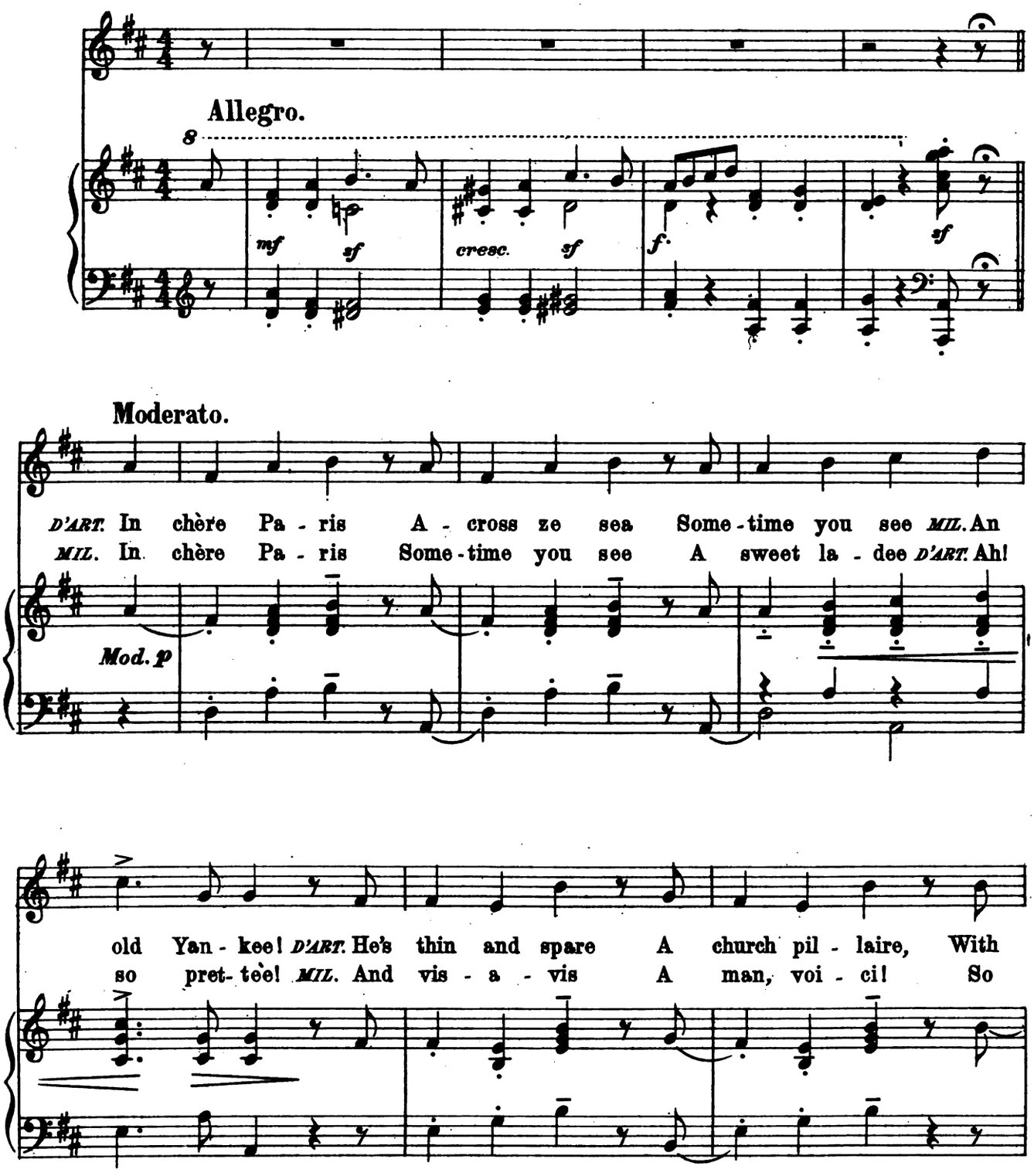
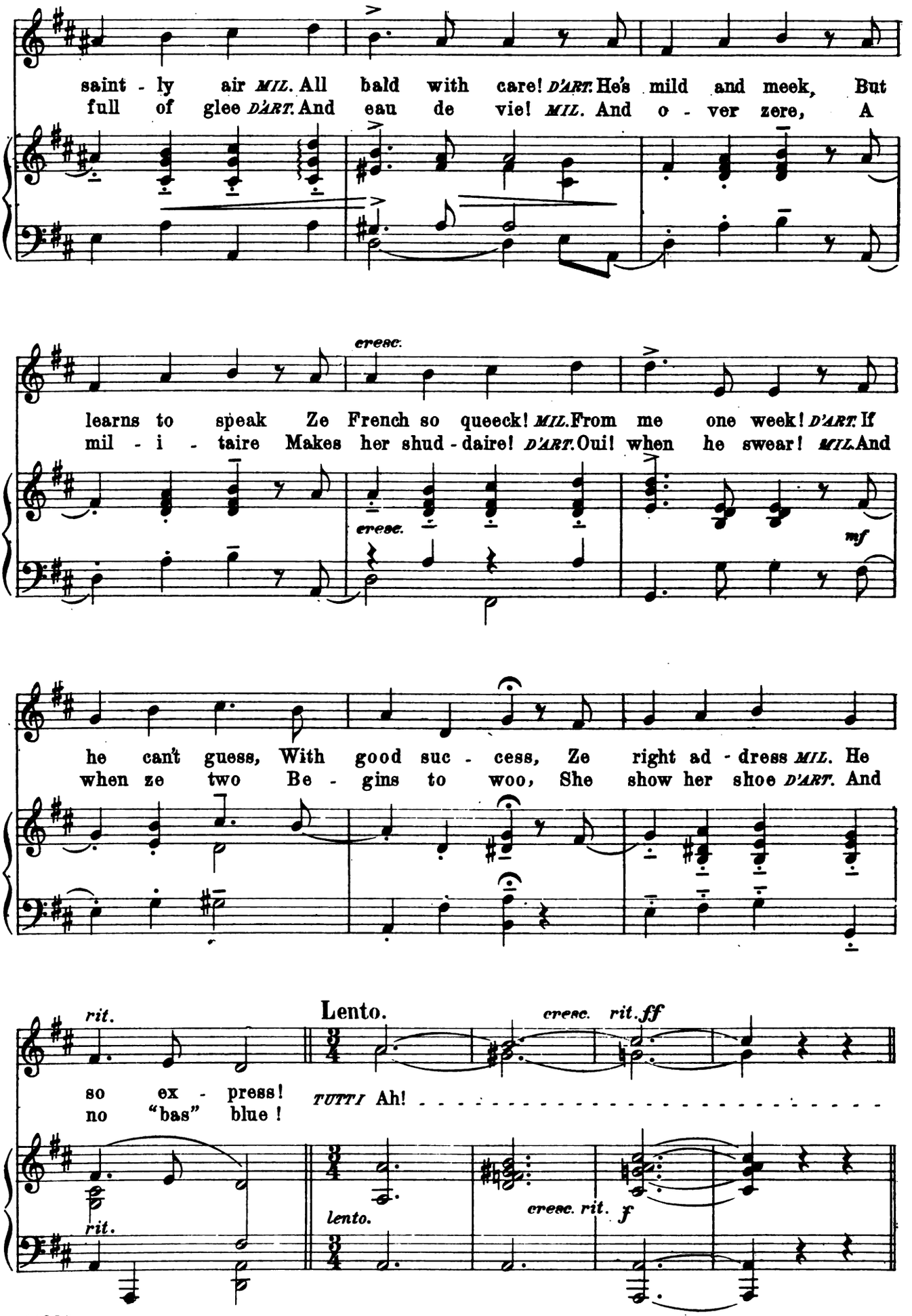
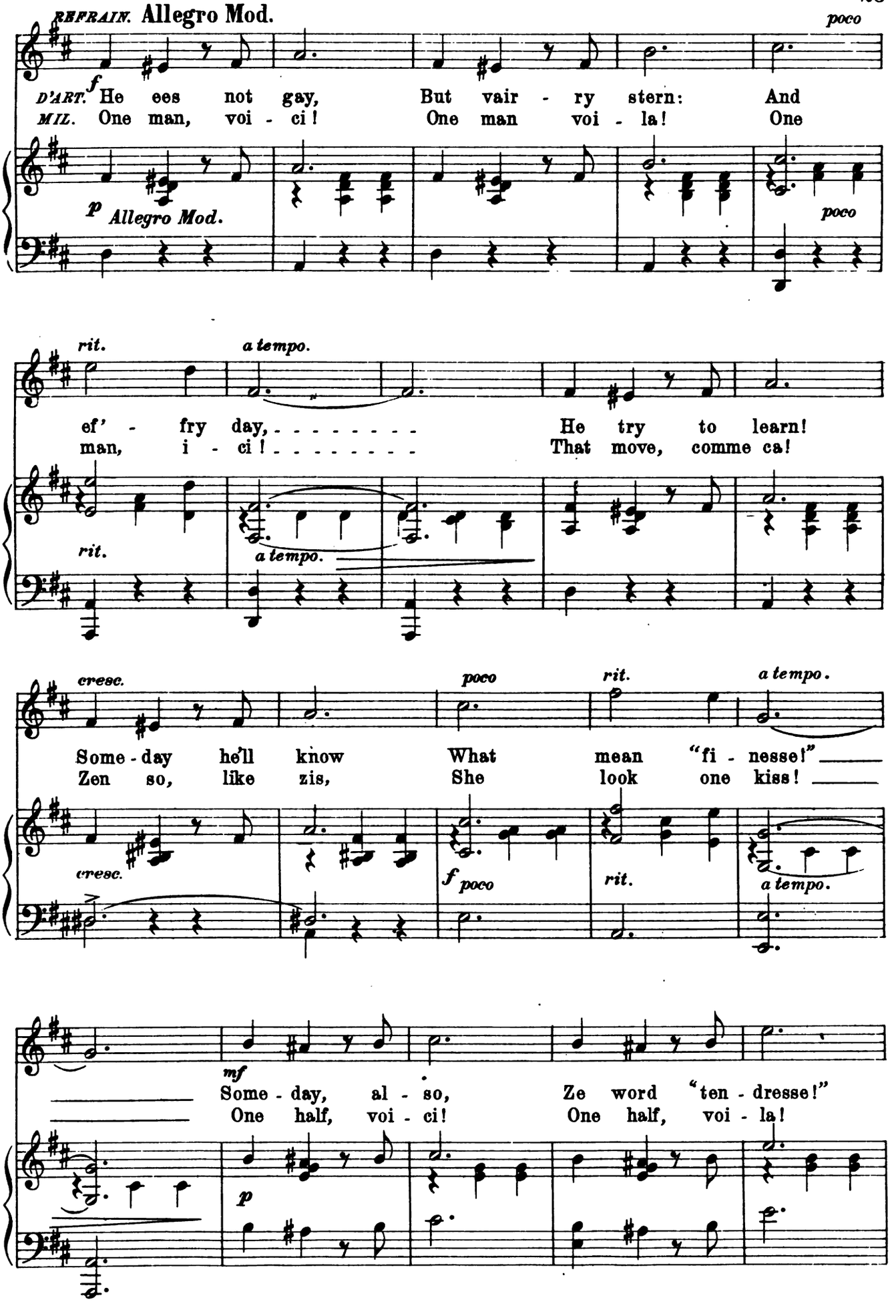
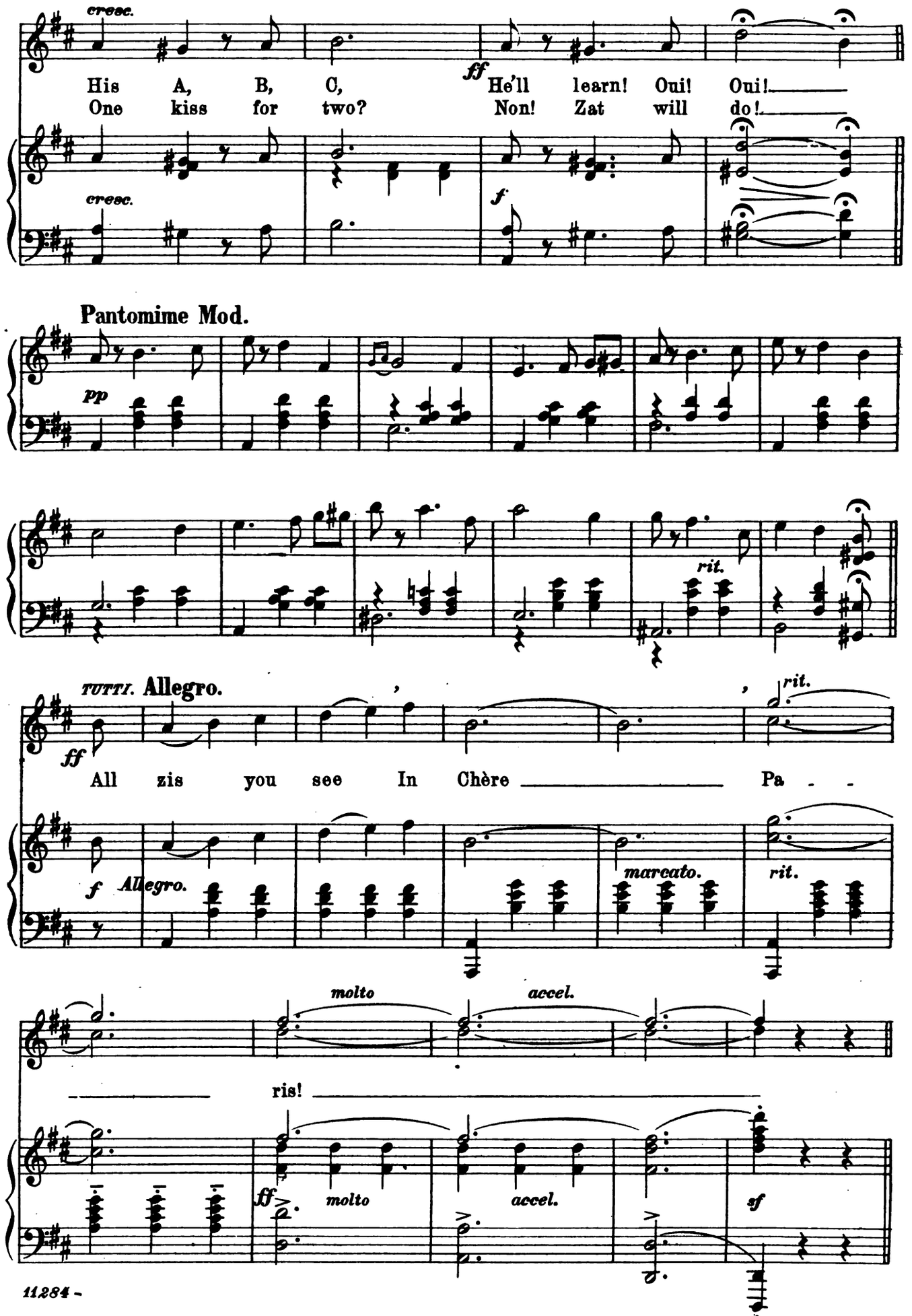
poco rit. mf poco accel. poco
why they come and go! Like some ro - sy, fair - y
oth - er all thine own? Dear - est eyes with joy a -
poco rit. p poco accel. poco
rit. poco accel. poco rit. p
dan - cer, Dear - est eyes to me make an - swer_ Si - lent,
swim - ming, Made me an - swer all a - brim - ming; Wilt thou
rit. poco accel. poco rit. pp
poco cresc. poco a poco
sweet, en - chant - ed an - swer_ While__ we're sail - ing
watch with joy a - brim - ming, Love__ come sail - ing
poco cresc. poco a poco
cresc. ff poco a poco dim. e rit.
Far on high, O'er the Sea of Dream - land - sky!
Love and I, O'er the Sea of Dream - land - sky?
cresc. f poco a poco dim. e rit.

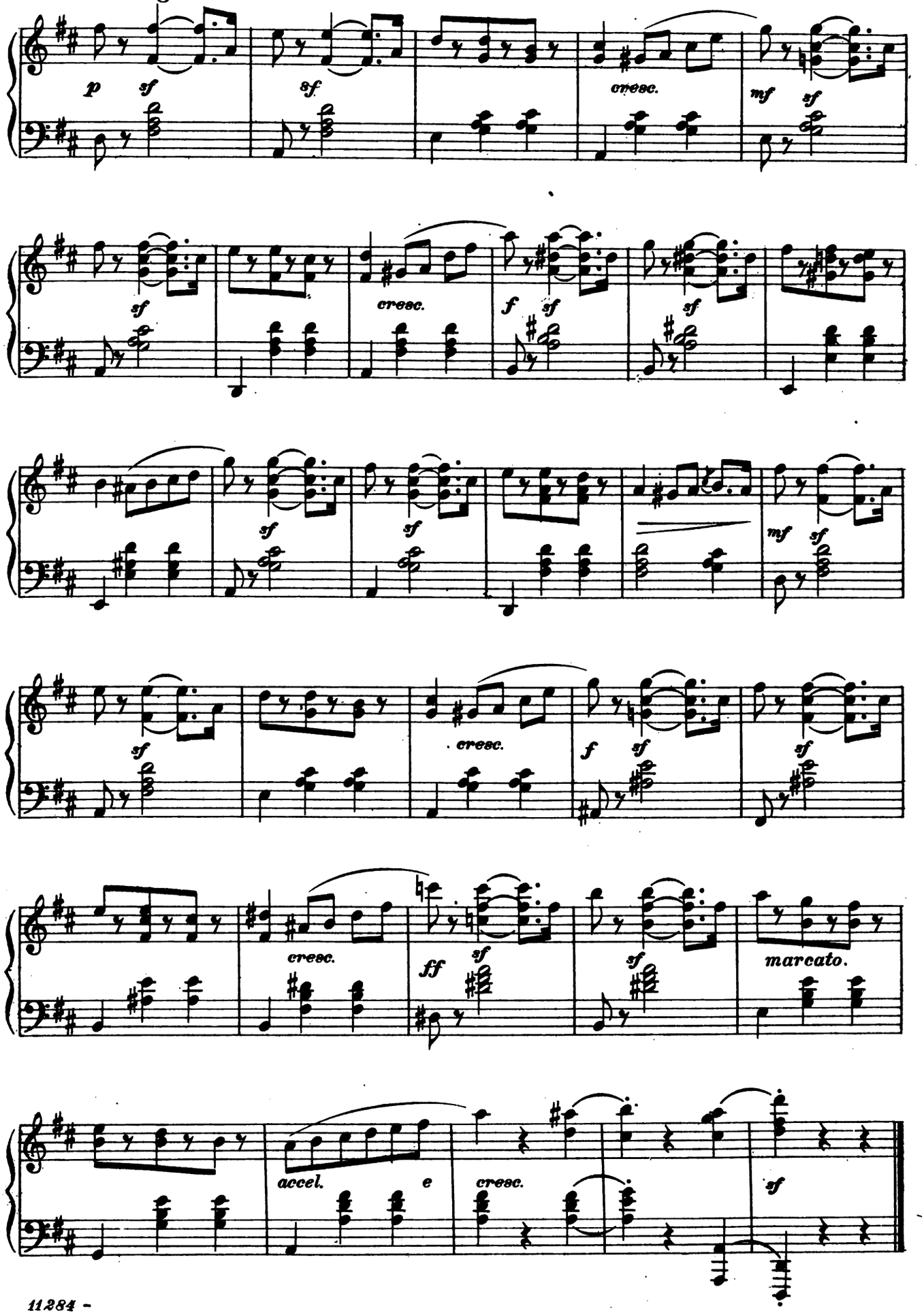
REFRAIN.

mf
Love is sail - ing Far on high, O'er the
p
Sea of Dream - land sky; Smil - ing kiss - es
poco a poco rit.
Fill the air, Greet - ing sun - beams Ev - 'ry - where!
poco a poco rit.
f a tempo.
Love is sail - ing Far on high, Ev - 'ry breath A
mf a tempo.

cresc.
marcato e rit.
hap - py sigh; Sail - ing off To bye and bye,
cresc.
marcato e rit.
ff molto marcato e rit. ad lib.
O'er the Sea of Dream - land sky!
f molto marcato e rit. ad lib.
DANCE. ad lib.
mf
cresc.
f
marcato.
cresc.
ff
accel. e
cresc.

Ma Chère Paris.

D'ARTAGNAN and MILADI.

No. 5.

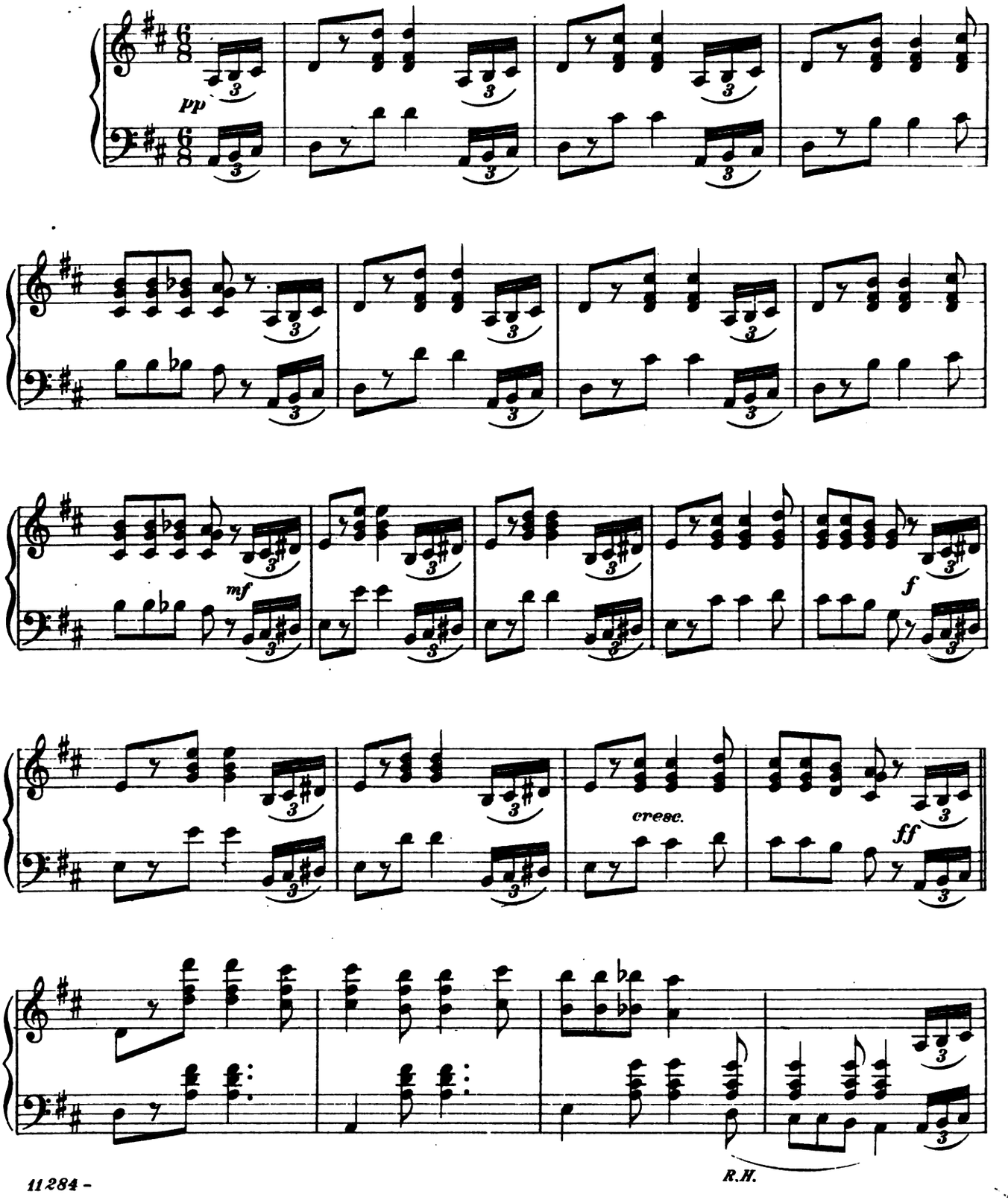
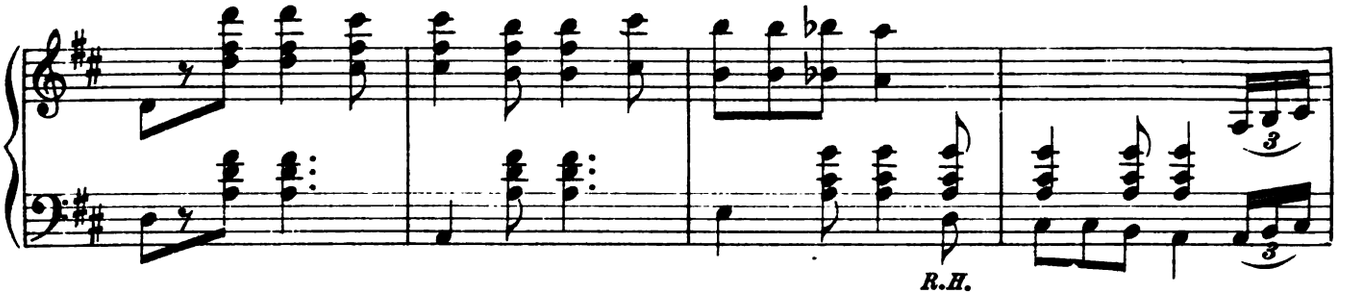
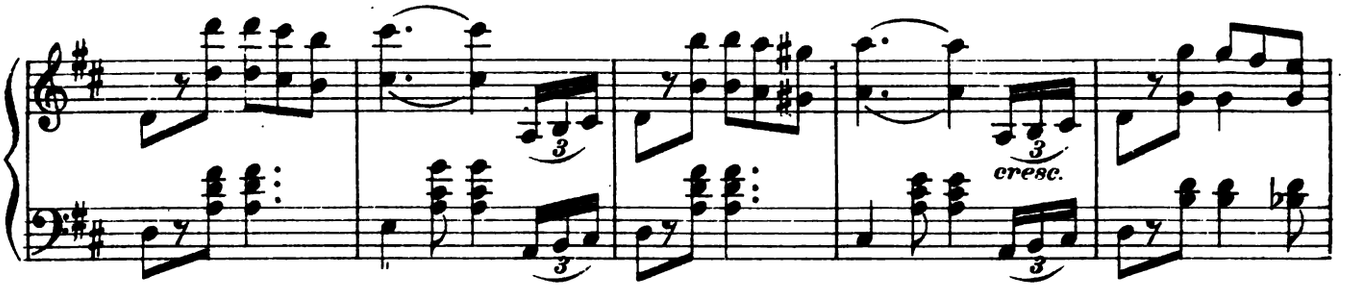
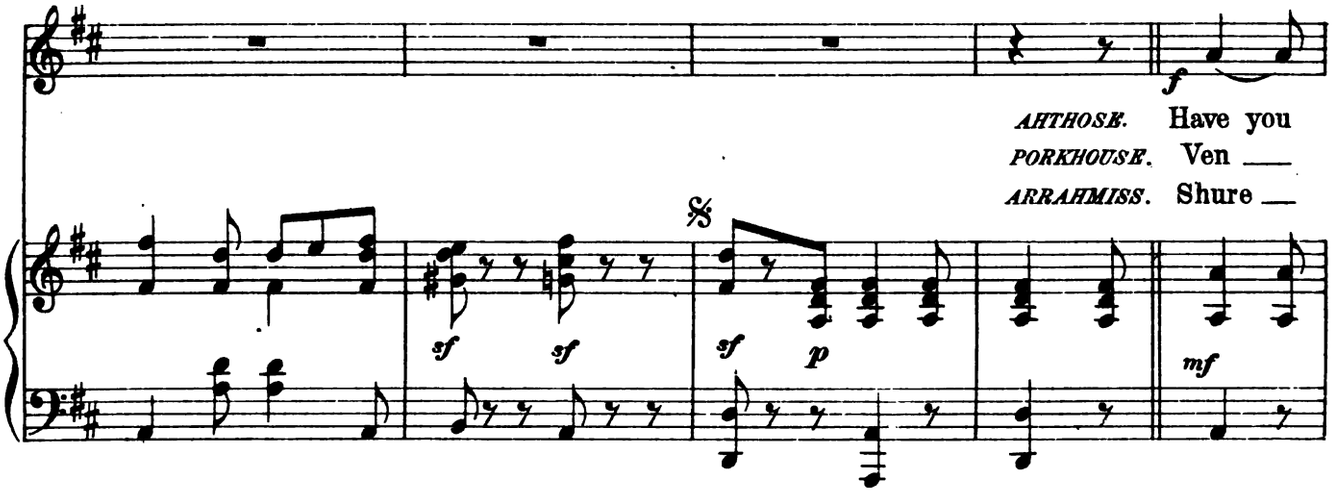
HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Allegro.
mf
sf
cresc.
sf
f.
sf
Moderato.
D'ART. In chère Pa - ris A - cross ze sea Some - time you see MIL. An
MIL. In chère Pa - ris Some - time you see A sweet la - dee D'ART. Ah!
Mod. p
old Yan - kee! D'ART. He's thin and spare A church pil - laire, With
so pret - tèe! MIL. And vis - a - vis A man, voi - ci! So

saint - ly air MIL. All bald with care! D'ART. He's mild and meek, But
full of glee D'ART. And eau de vie! MIL. And o - ver zere, A
cresc.
learns to speak Ze French so queeck! MIL. From me one week! D'ART. If
mil - i - taire Makes her shud - daire! D'ART. Oui! when he swear! MIL. And
cresc.
mf
he can't guess, With good suc - cess, Ze right ad - dress MIL. He
when ze two Be - gins to woo, She show her shoe D'ART. And
rit.
Lento.
cresc. rit. ff
so ex - press!
no "bas" blue!
TUTTI Ah!
rit.
lento.
cresc. rit. f

REFRAIN. Allegro Mod.
poco
f
D'ART. He ees not gay, But vair - ry stern: And
MIL. One man, voi - ci! One man voi - la! One
p Allegro Mod.
poco
rit.
a tempo.
ef' - fry day, - - - - - - - - He try to learn!
man, i - ci! - - - - - - - - That move, comme ca!
rit.
a tempo.
cresc.
poco
rit.
a tempo.
Some - day he'll know What mean "fi - nesse!" ___
Zen so, like zis, She look one kiss! ___
cresc.
f poco
rit.
a tempo.
___ mf
Some - day, al - so, Ze word "ten - dresse!"
___ One half, voi - ci! One half, voi - la!
p

cresc.
His A, B, C, He'll learn! Oui! Oui!
One kiss for two? Non! Zat will do!
ff
cresc.
f
Pantomime Mod.
pp
rit.
TUTTI. Allegro.
ff
All zis you see In Chère Pa - -
rit.
f Allegro.
marcato.
rit.
molto
accel.
ris!
ff
molto
accel.
sf

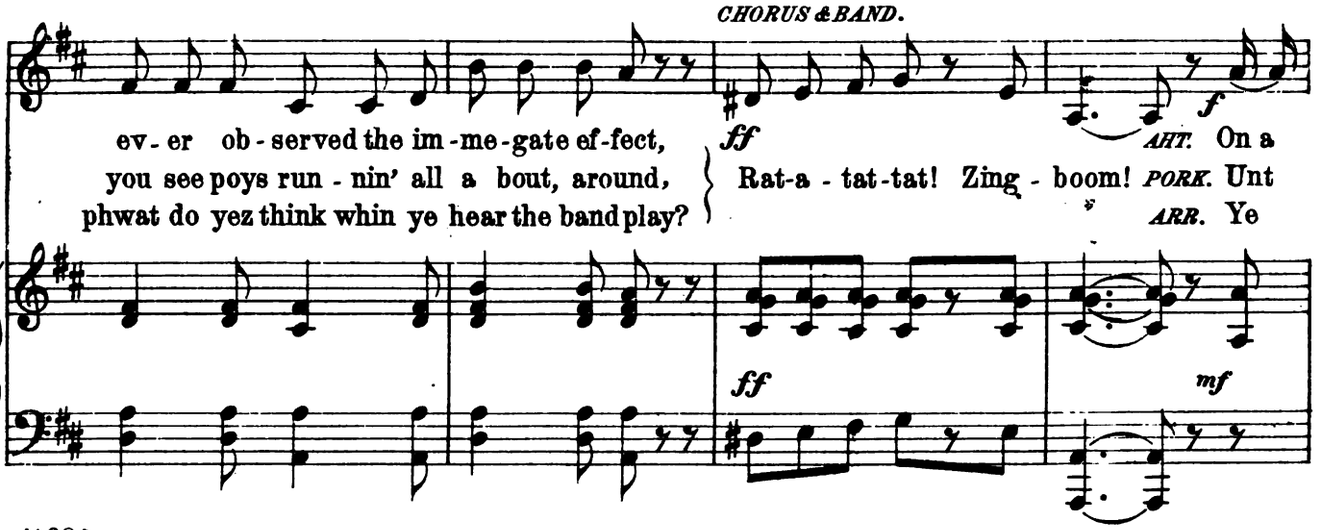
DANCE **Allegro Mod.**

The Three Musketeers.

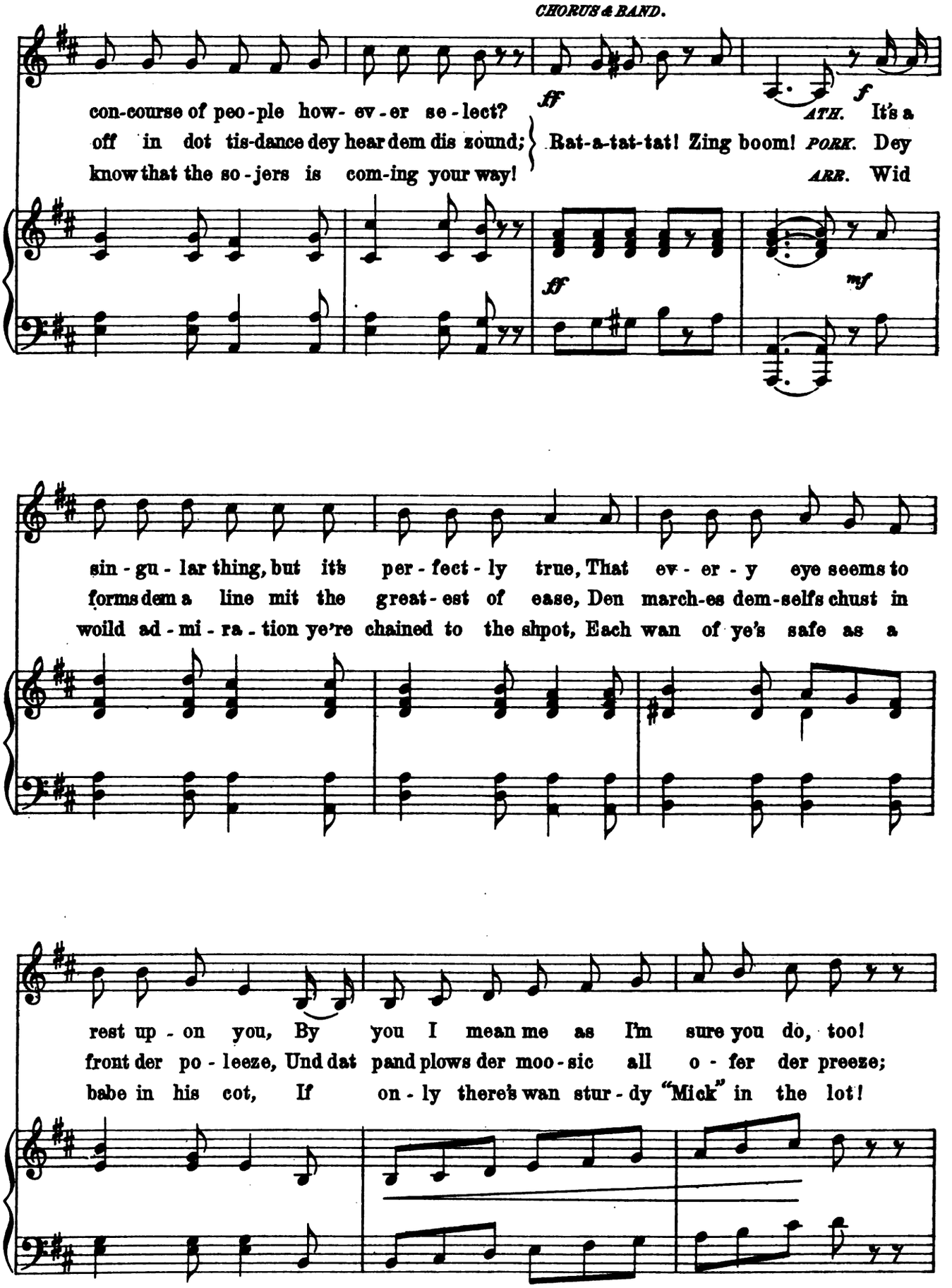
ATHOSE, ARRAHMISS, PORKHOUSE & CHORUS.

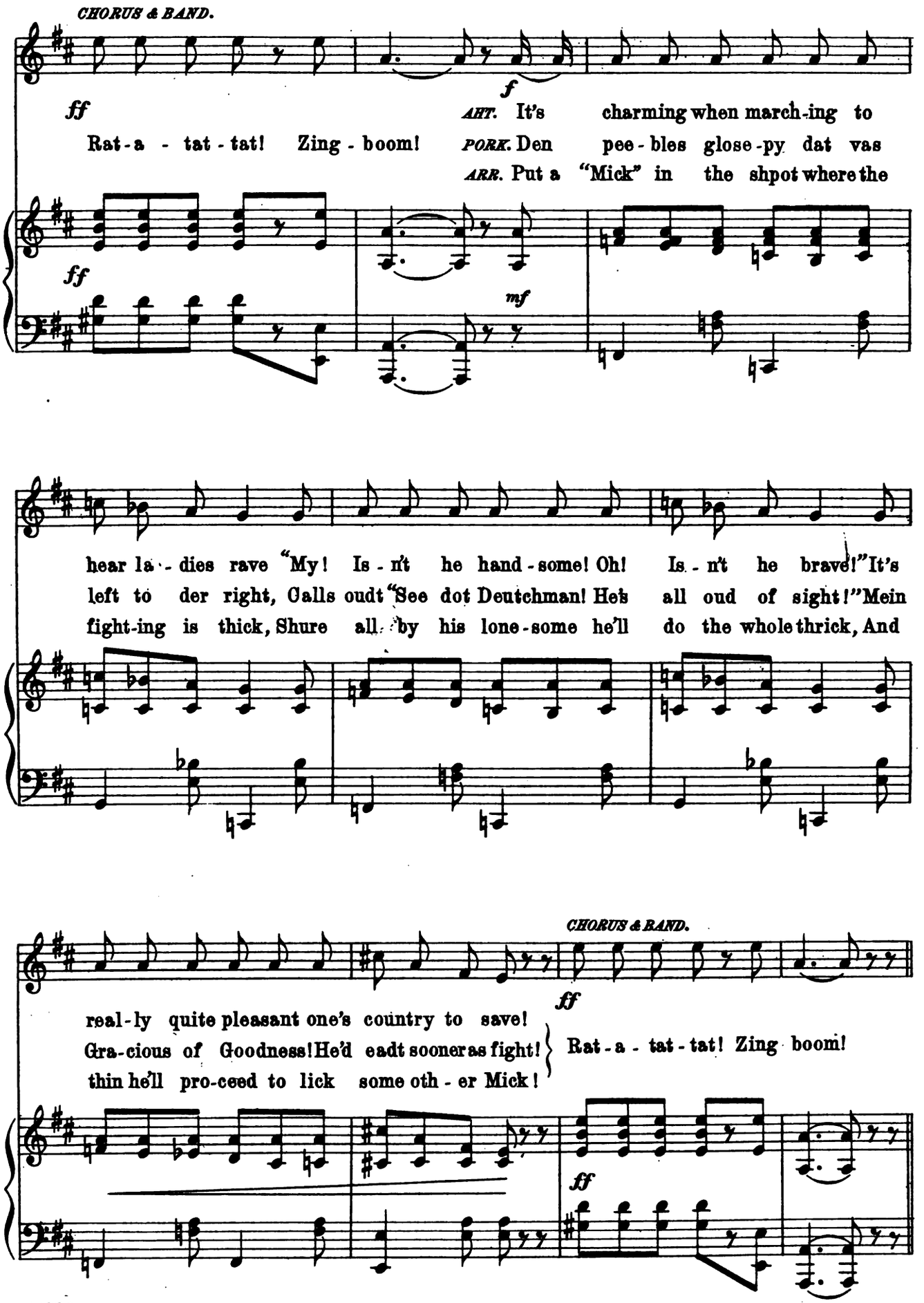
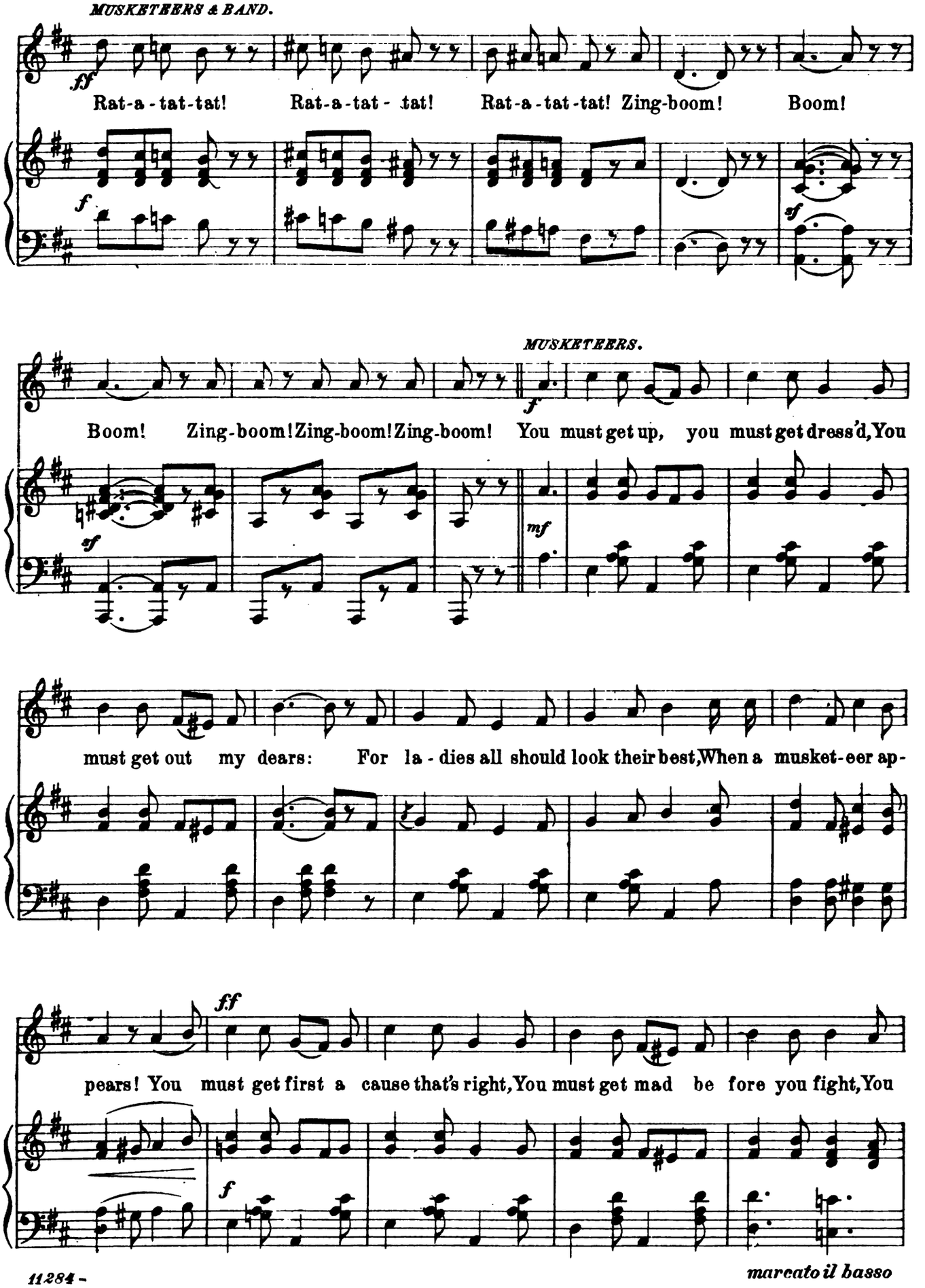
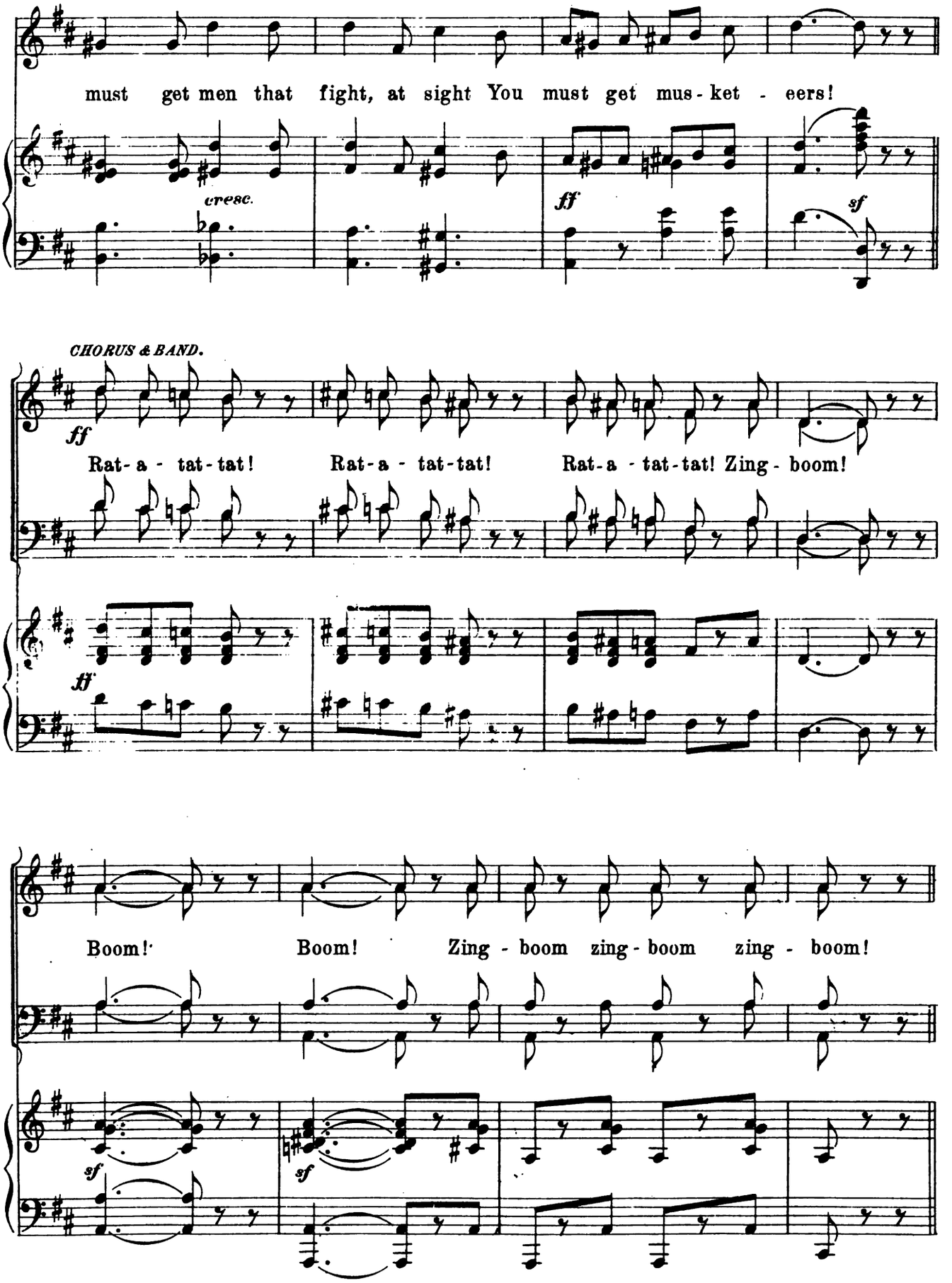
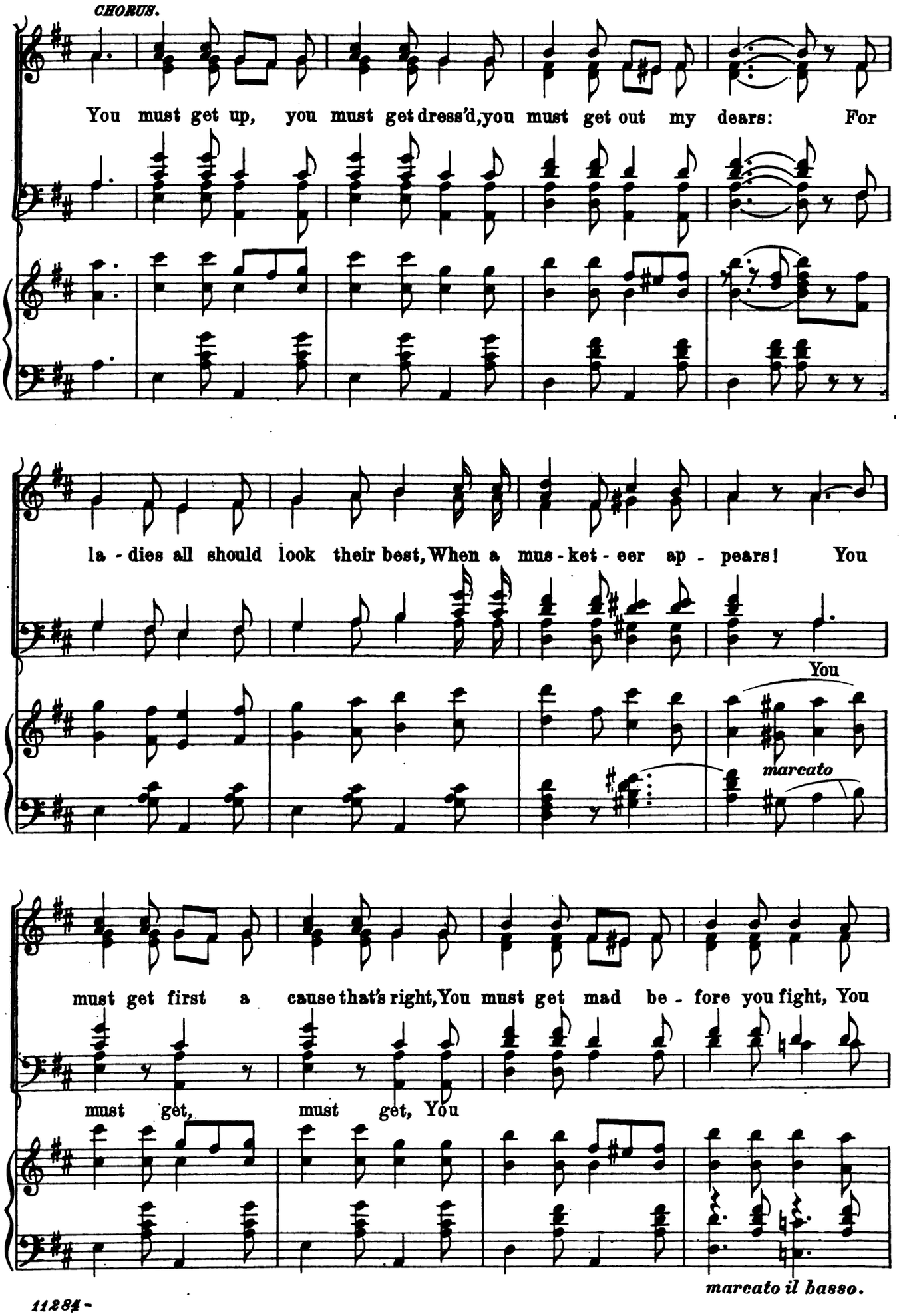
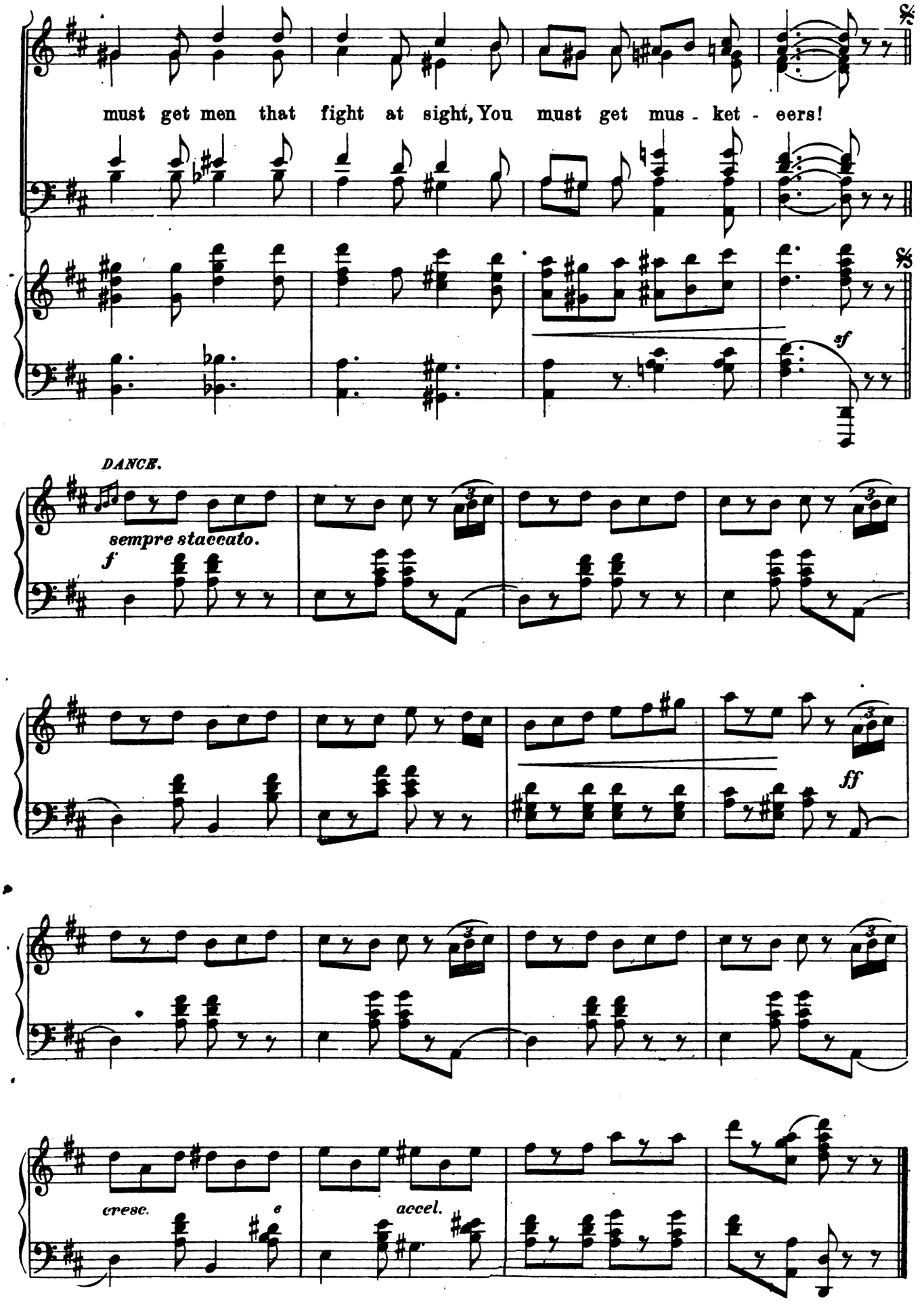
No. 6.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Marziale.

R.H.

cresc.

AHTHOSE. Have you
PORKHOUSE. Ven ___
ARRAHMISS. Shure ___

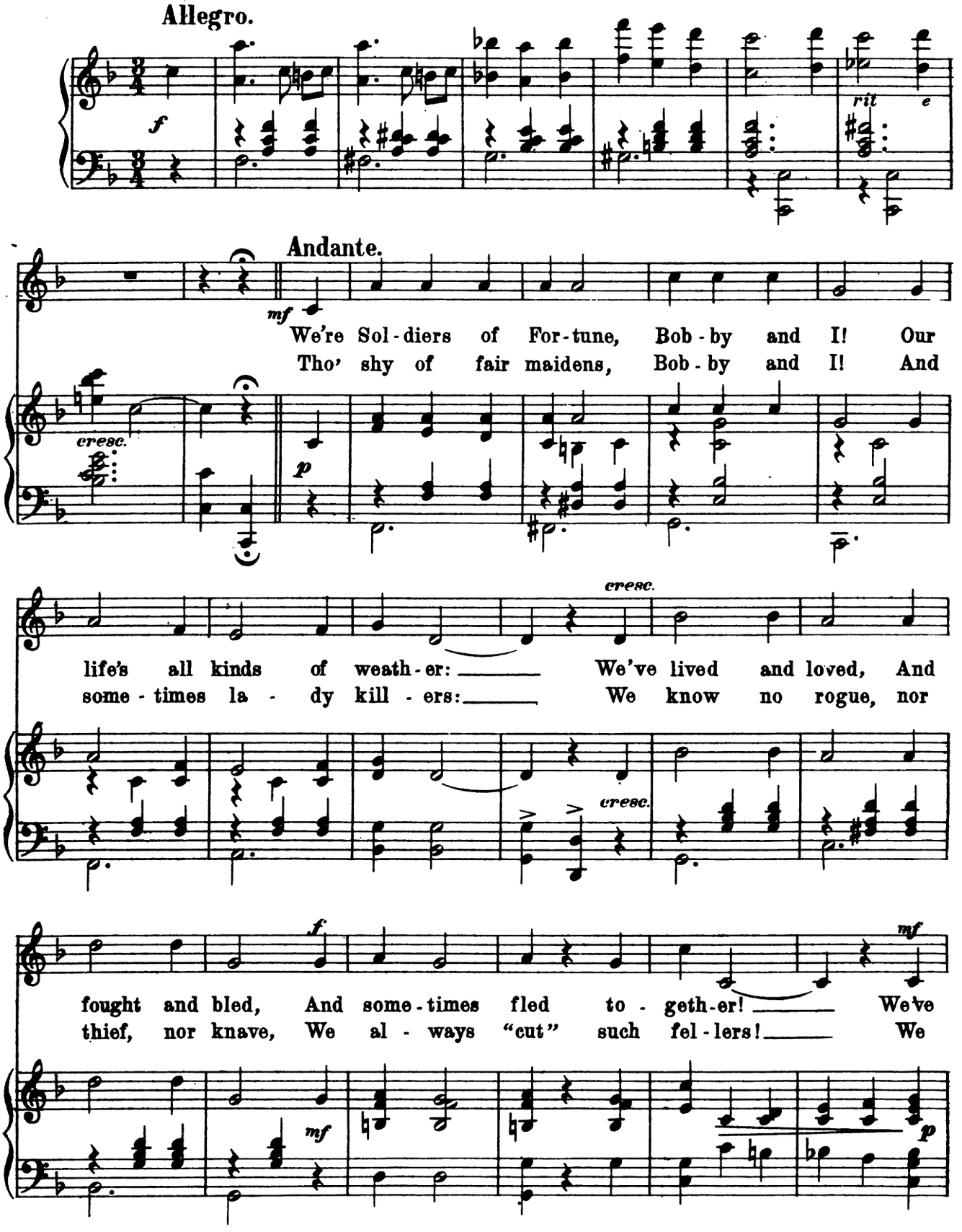
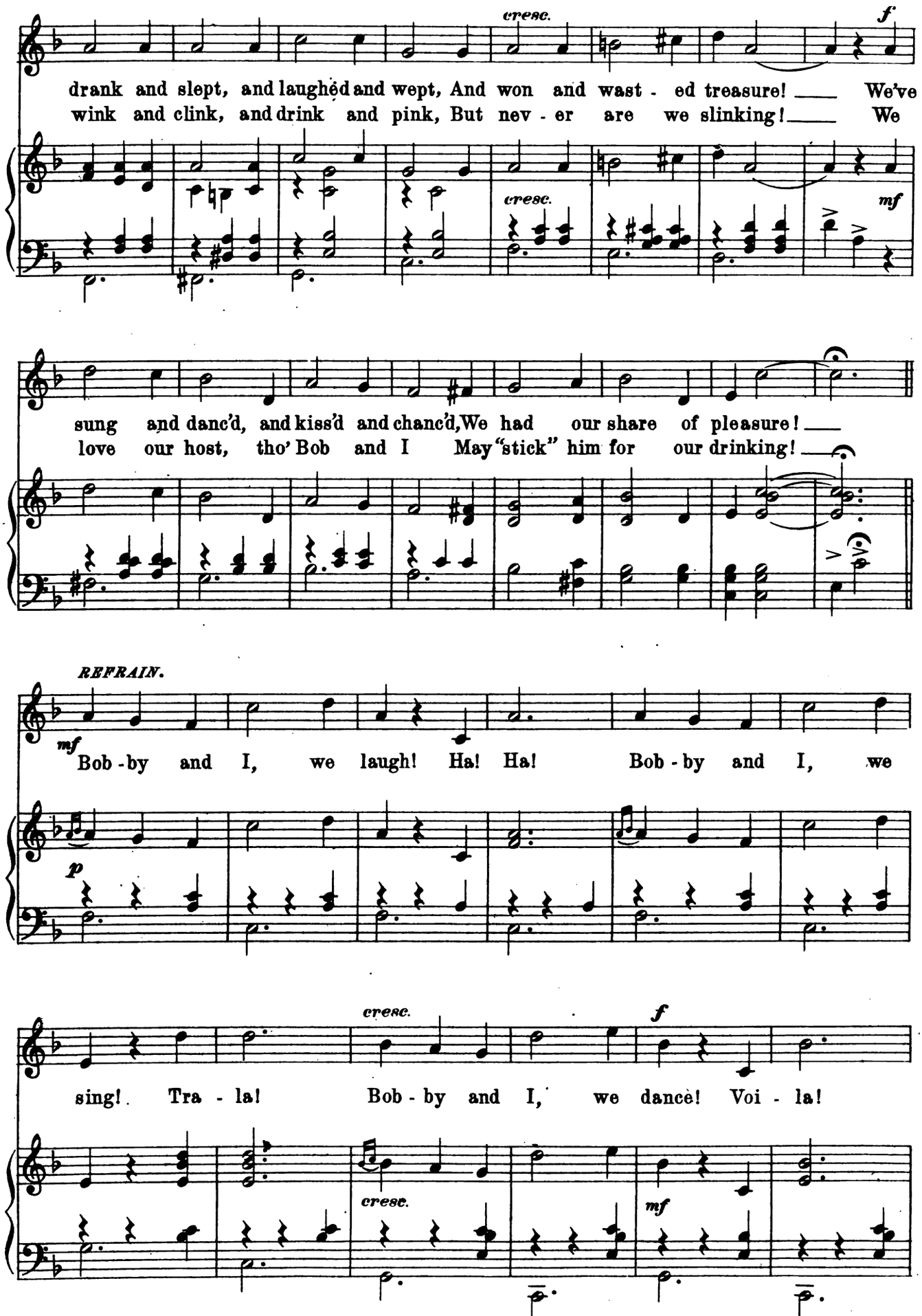
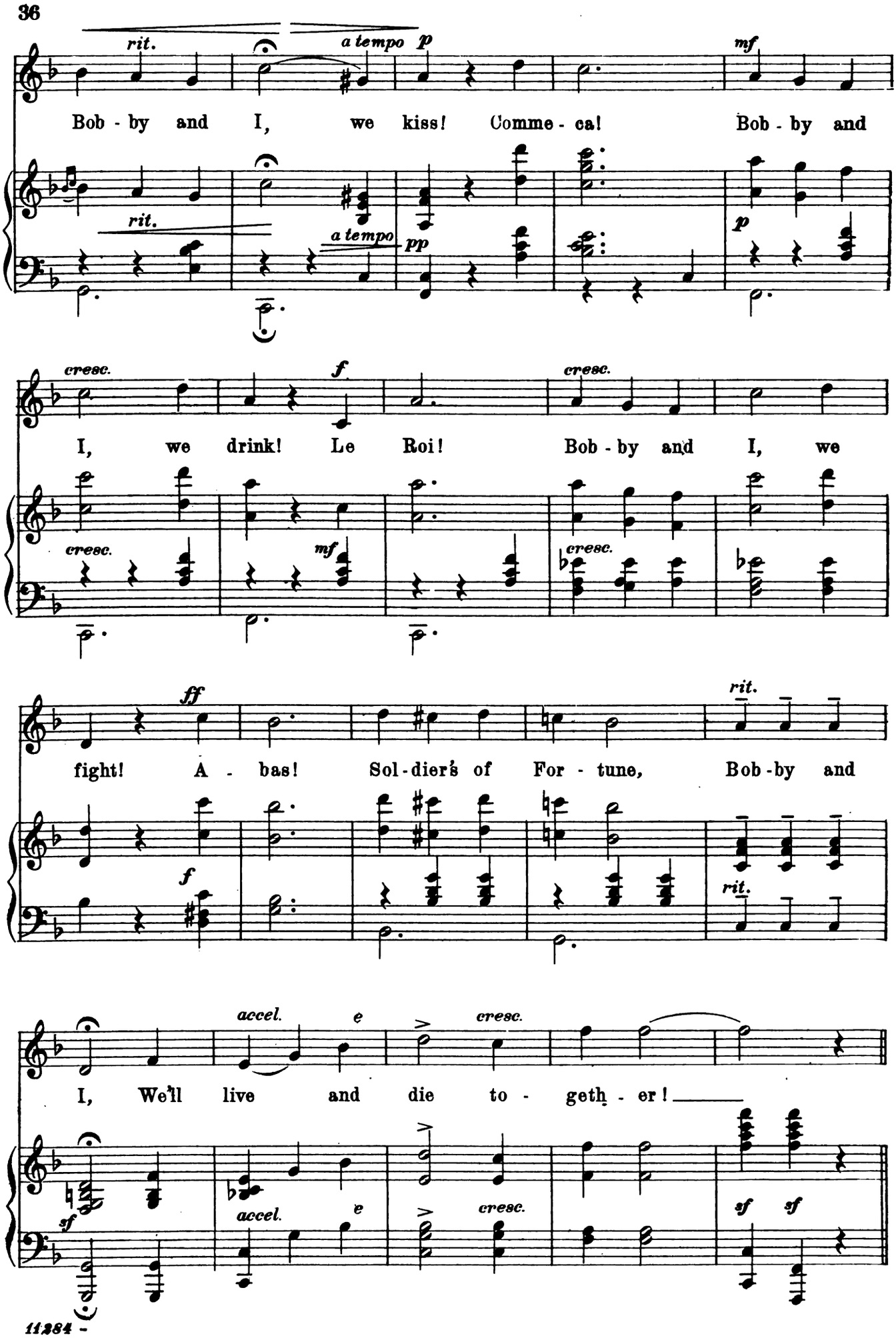
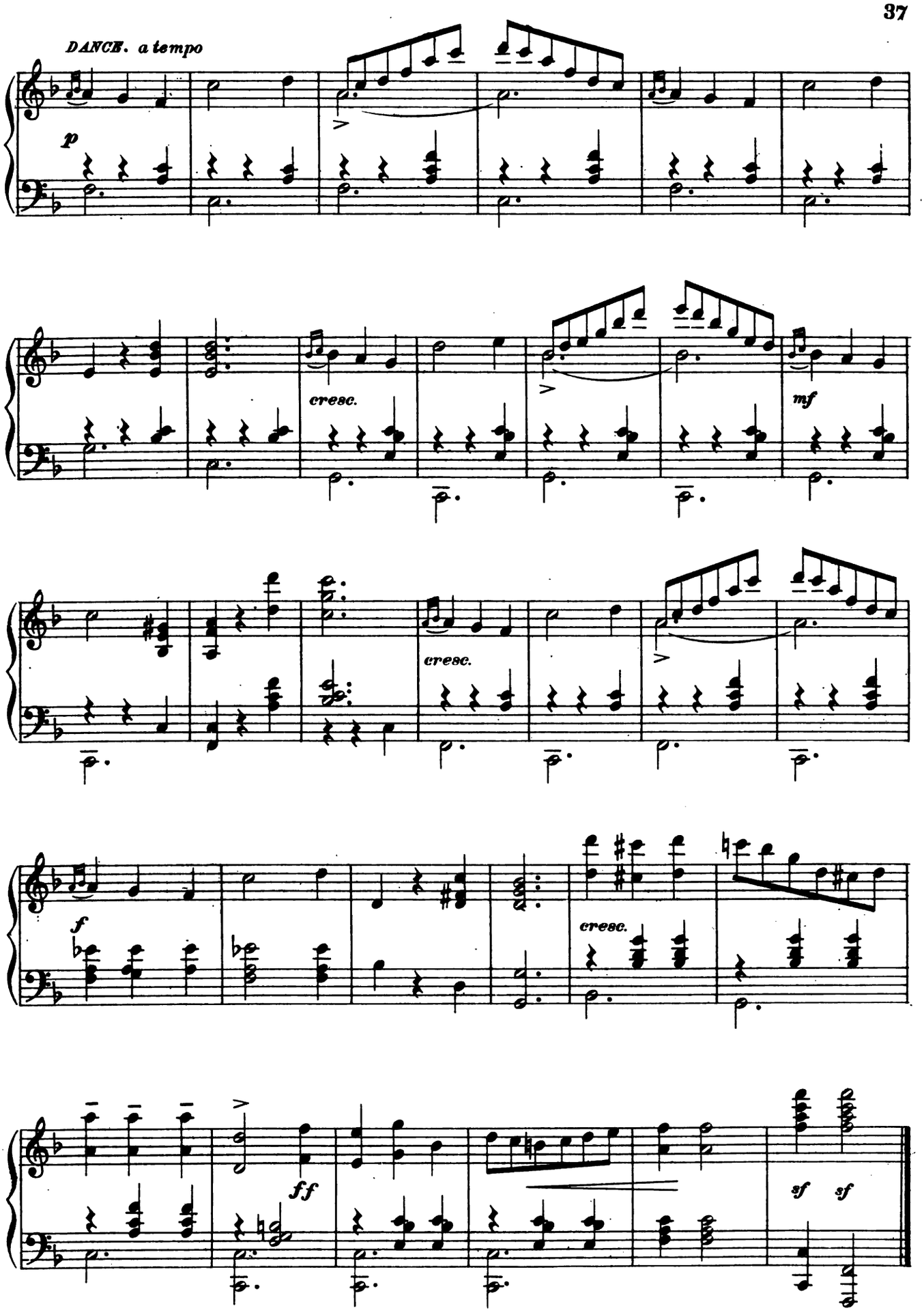

CHORUS & BAND.
ev-er ob-served the im-me-gate ef-fect,
you see poys run-nin' all a bout, around,
phwat do yez think whin ye hear the band play?
Rat-a-tat-tat! Zing-boom!
AHT. On a
PORK. Unt
ARR. Ye


CHORUS & BAND.
con-course of peo-ple how- ev-er se-lect?
ff
ATH. It's a
off in dot tis-dance dey hear dem dis zound;
Rat-a-tat-tat! Zing boom! PORK. Dey
know that the so-jers is com-ing your way!
ARR. Wid
ff
mf
sin-gu-lar thing, but it's per-fect-ly true, That ev-er-y eye seems to
forms dem a line mit the great-est of ease, Den march-es dem-selfs chust in
woild ad-mi-ra-tion ye're chained to the shpot, Each wan of ye's safe as a
rest up-on you, By you I mean me as I'm sure you do, too!
front der po-leeze, Und dat pand plows der moo-sic all o-fer der preeze;
babe in his cot, If on-ly there's wan stur-dy "Mick" in the lot!


CHORUS & BAND.
ff
f
AHT. It's charming when march-ing to
Rat-a - tat-tat! Zing - boom! PORK. Den pee - bles glose-py dat vas
ARR. Put a "Mick" in the shpot where the
ff
mf
hear la - dies rave "My! Is - n't he hand - some! Oh! Is - n't he brave!" It's
left to der right, Calls oudt "See dot Deutchman! He's all oud of sight!" Mein
fight-ing is thick, Shure all by his lone-some he'll do the whole thrick, And
CHORUS & BAND.
ff
real-ly quite pleasant one's country to save!
Gra-cious of Goodness! He'd eadt sooner as fight!
thin he'll pro-ceed to lick some oth - er Mick!
Rat-a - tat-tat! Zing boom!
ff

MUSKETEERS & BAND.
ff
Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat- tat! Rat-a-tat-tat! Zing-boom! Boom!
f
sf
MUSKETEERS.
Boom! Zing-boom! Zing-boom! Zing-boom! You must get up, you must get dress'd, You
f
sf
mf
must get out my dears: For la-dies all should look their best, When a musket-eer ap-
ff
pears! You must get first a cause that's right, You must get mad be fore you fight, You
f
11284 -
marcato il basso

must get men that fight, at sight You must get mus - ket - eers!
cresc.
ff
sf
CHORUS & BAND.
ff
Rat - a - tat - tat! Rat - a - tat - tat! Rat - a - tat - tat! Zing - boom!
ff
Boom! Boom! Zing - boom zing - boom zing - boom!
sf
sf

CHORUS.
You must get up, you must get dress'd, you must get out my dears: For
la - dies all should look their best, When a mus - ket - eer ap - pears! You
You
marcato
must get first a cause that's right, You must get mad be - fore you fight, You
must get, must get, You
marcato il basso.

must get men that fight at sight, You must get mus - ket - eers!
DANCE.
sempre staccato.
f
sf
ff
cresc.
accel.

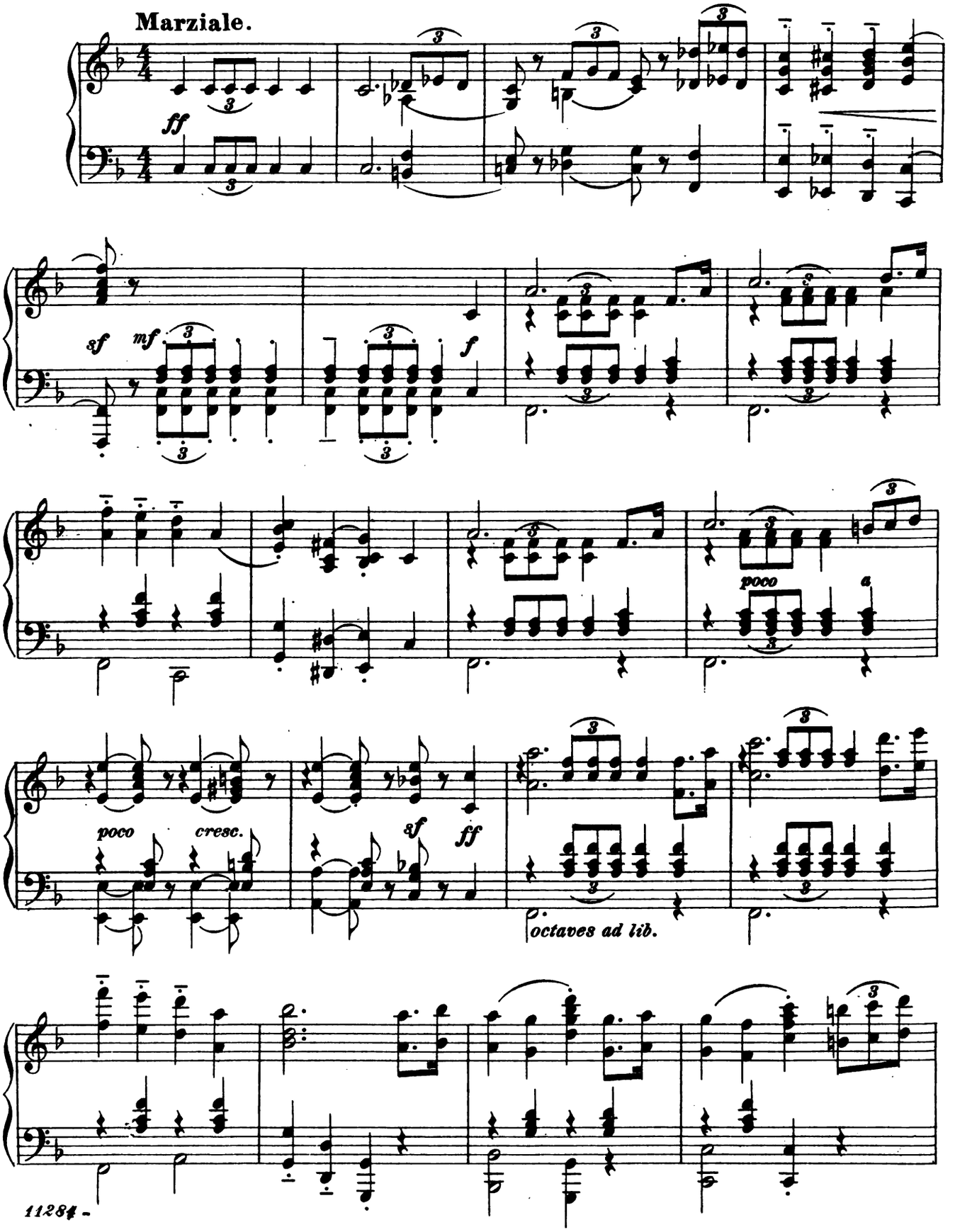
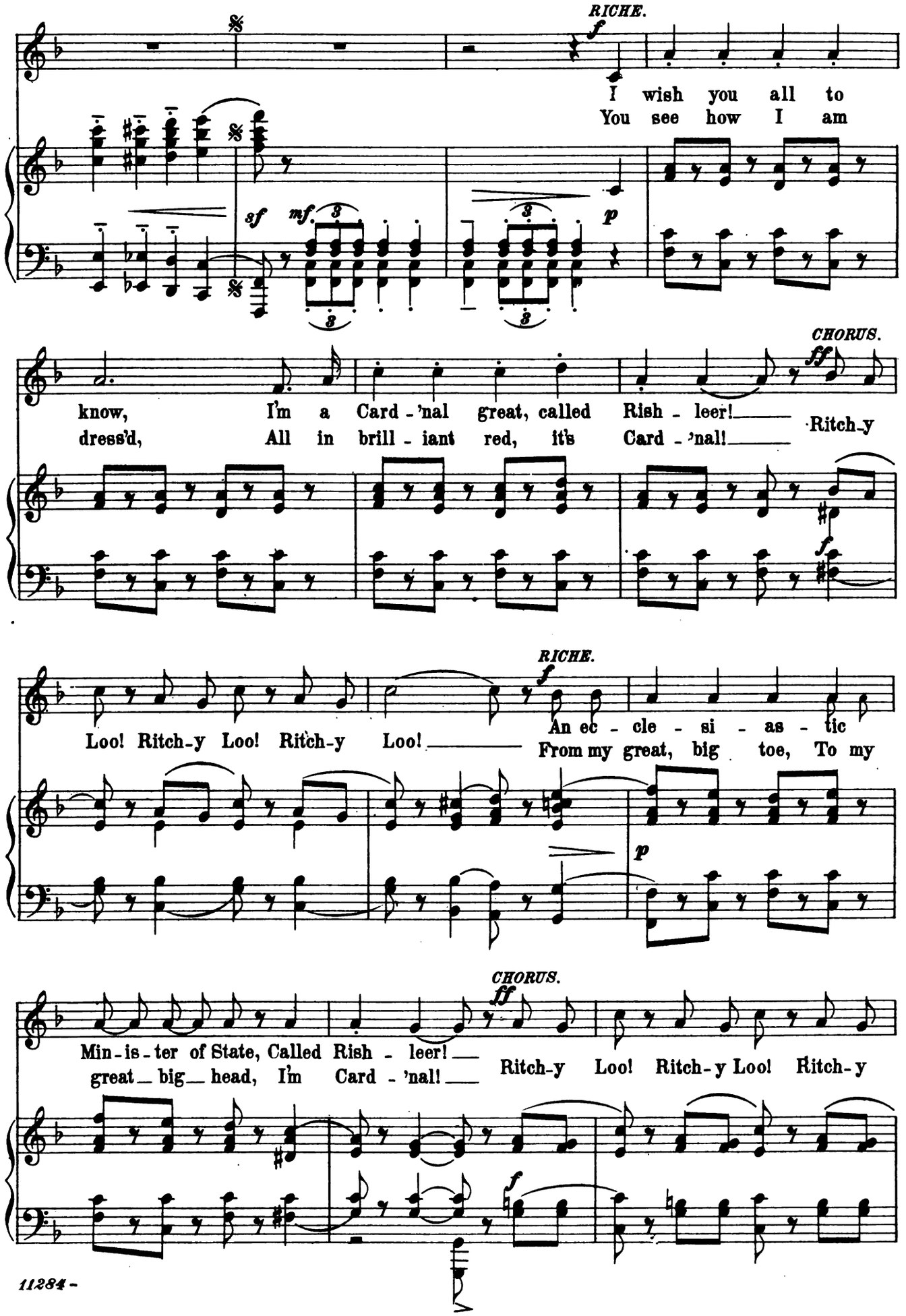
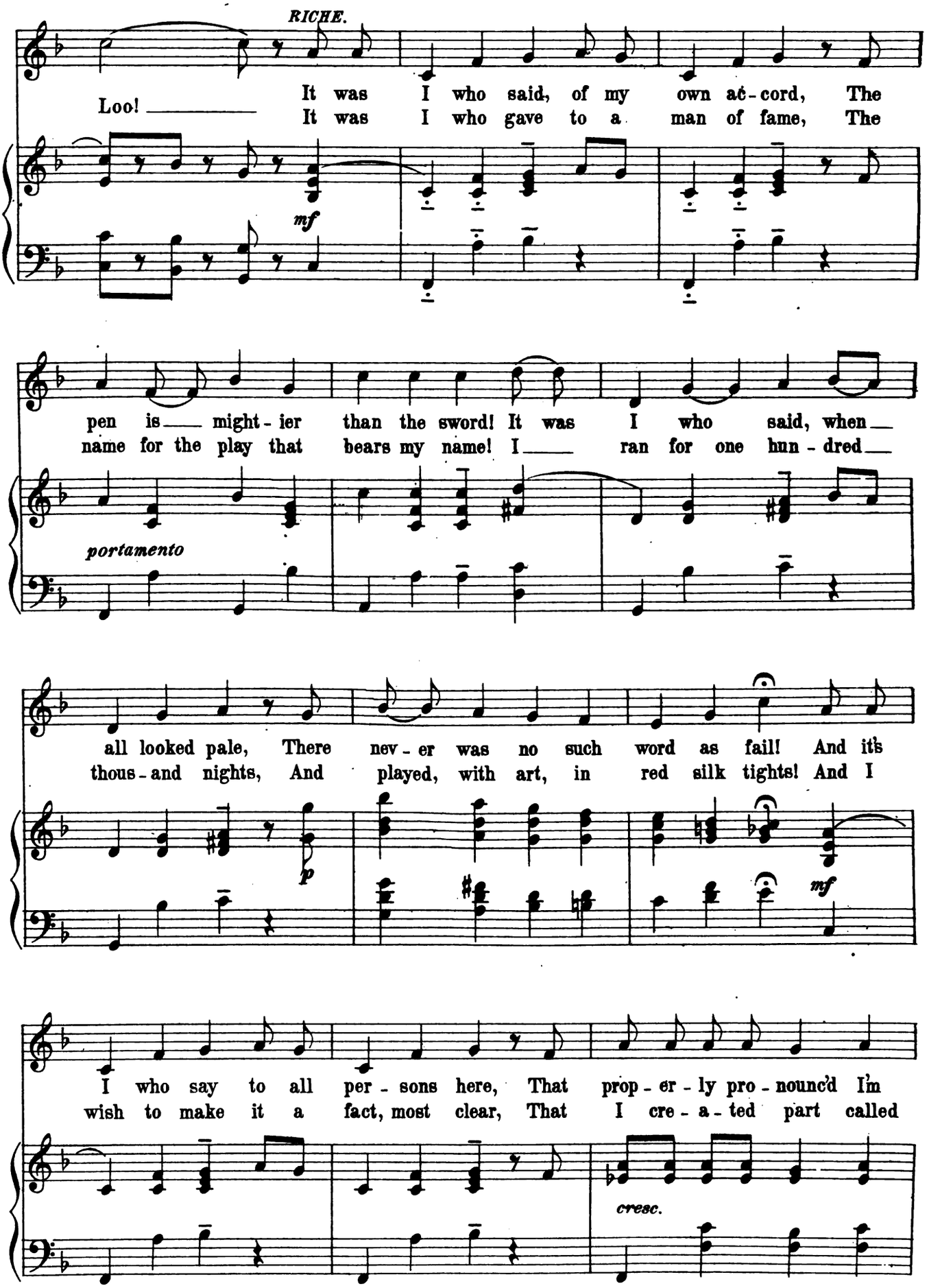
Bobby and I.

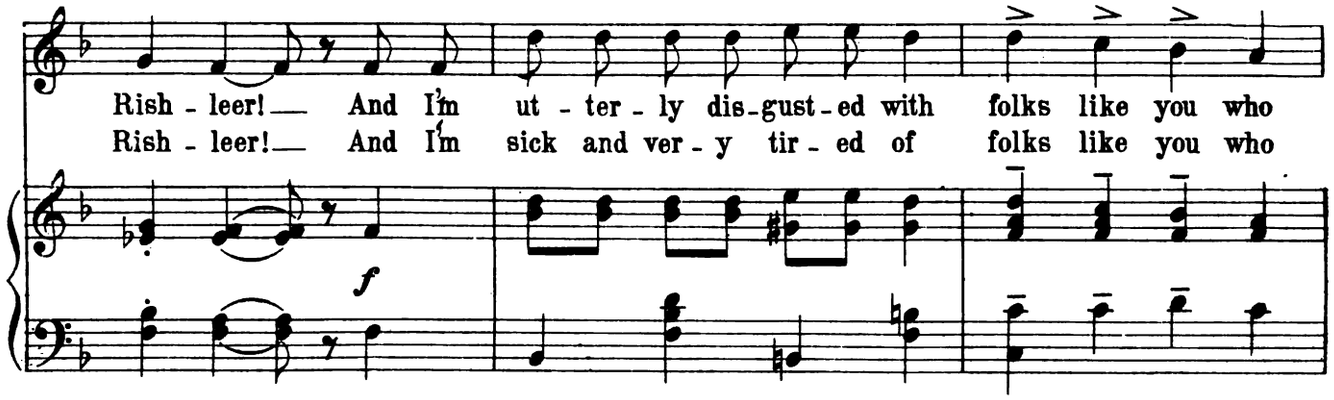
No. 7. *D'ARTAGNAN.*

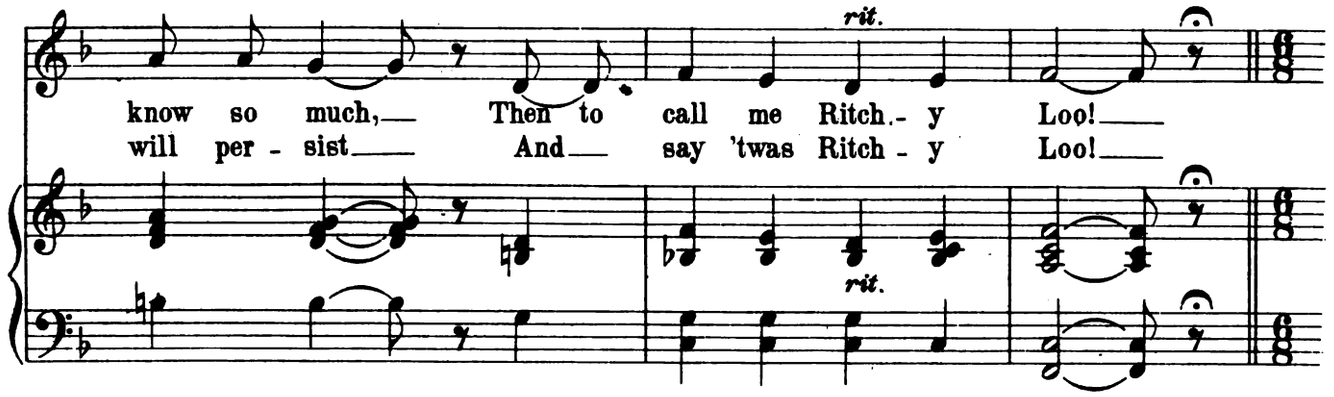
HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

cresc.
f
drank and slept, and laughed and wept, And won and wast - ed treasure! We've
wink and clink, and drink and pink, But nev - er are we slinking! We
cresc.
mf
sung and danc'd, and kiss'd and chanc'd, We had our share of pleasure!
love our host, tho' Bob and I May "stick" him for our drinking!
REFRAIN.
mf
Bob - by and I, we laugh! Ha! Ha! Bob - by and I, we
p
cresc.
f
sing! Tra - la! Bob - by and I, we dance! Voi - la!
cresc.
mf

rit.
a tempo
p
mf
Bob - by and I, we kiss! Comme - ca! Bob - by and
rit.
a tempo
pp
p
cresc.
f
cresc.
I, we drink! Le Roi! Bob - by and I, we
cresc.
mf
cresc.
ff
rit.
fight! A - bas! Sol - dier's of For - tune, Bob - by and
f
rit.
accel.
e
cresc.
I, We'll live and die to - geth - er!
sf
accel.
e
cresc.
sf sf

DANCE. a tempo
p
cresc.
mf
cresc.
f
cresc.
ff
sf
sf

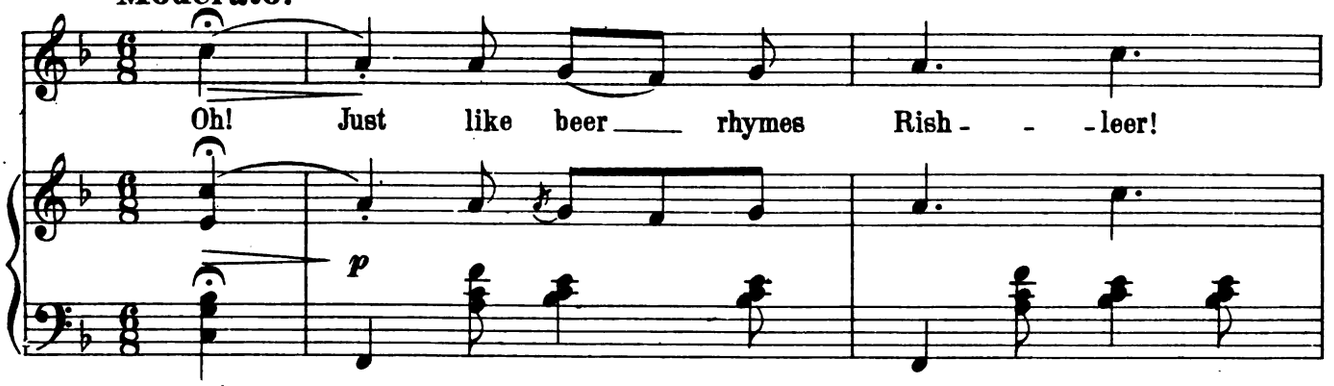
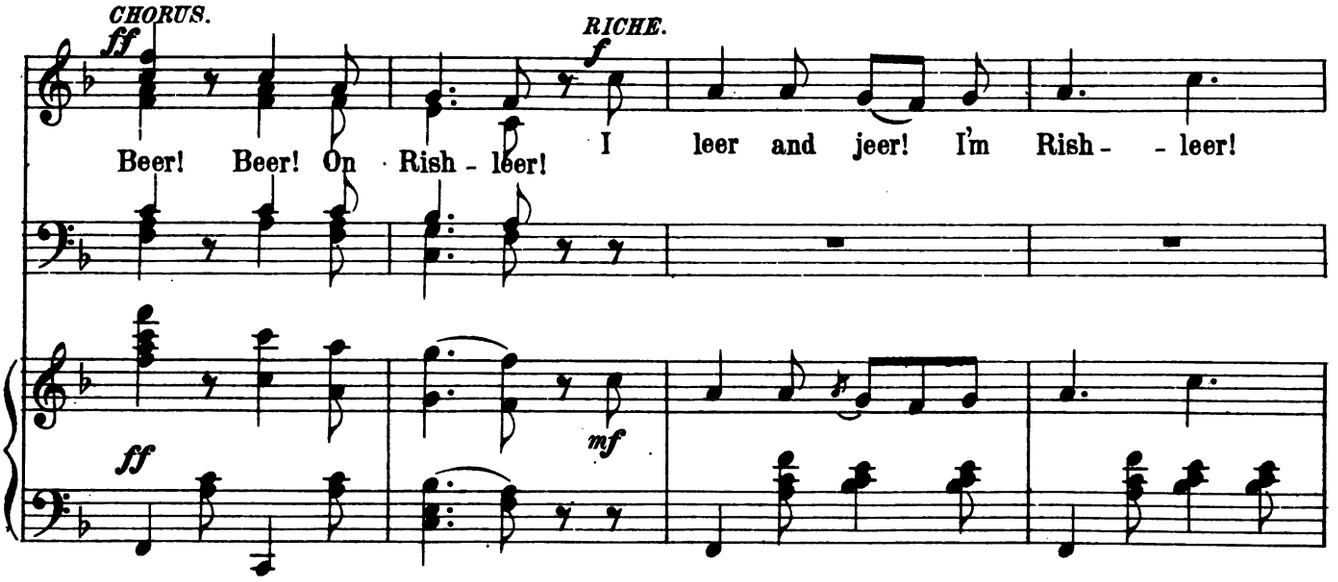
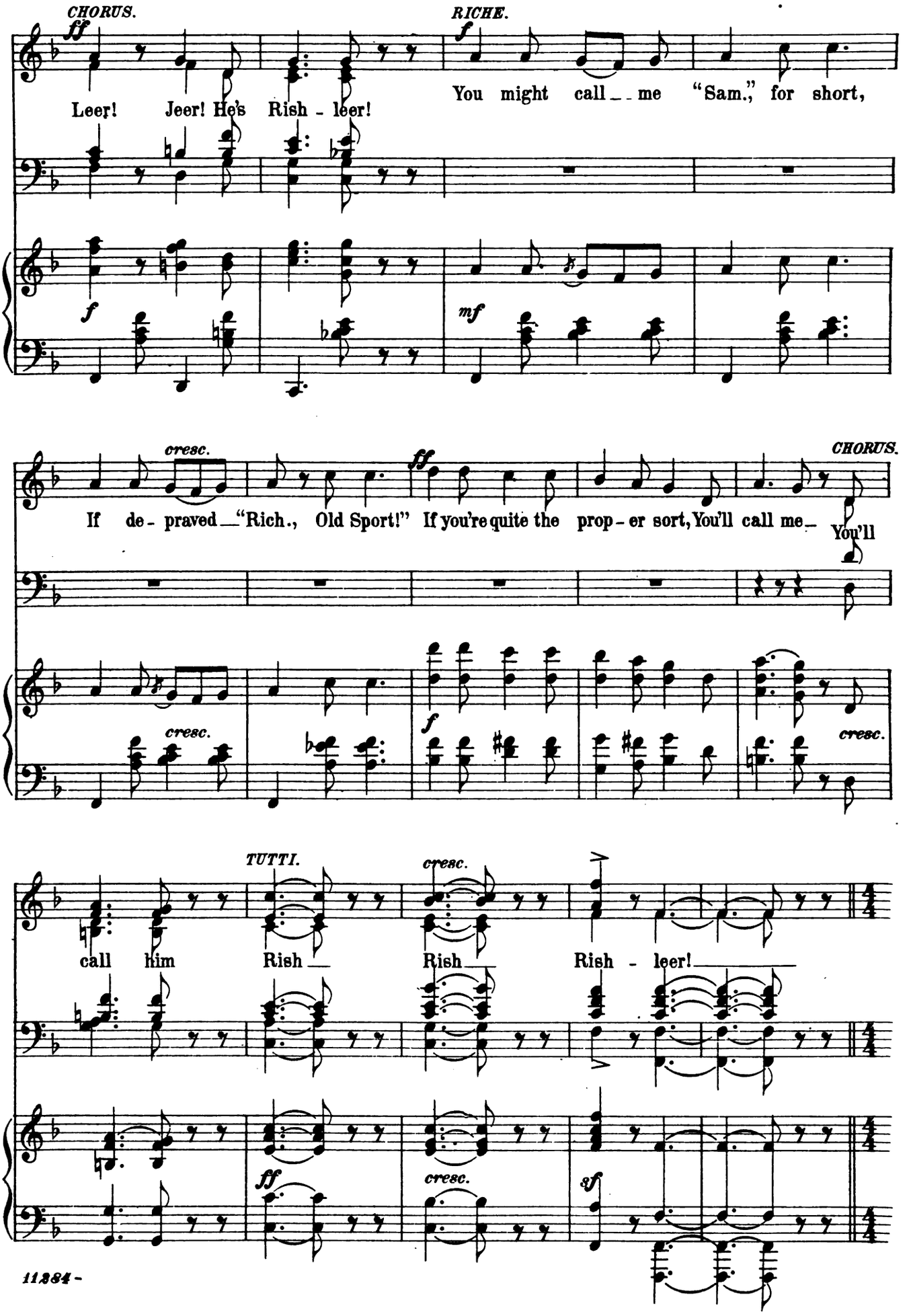
Richelieu.

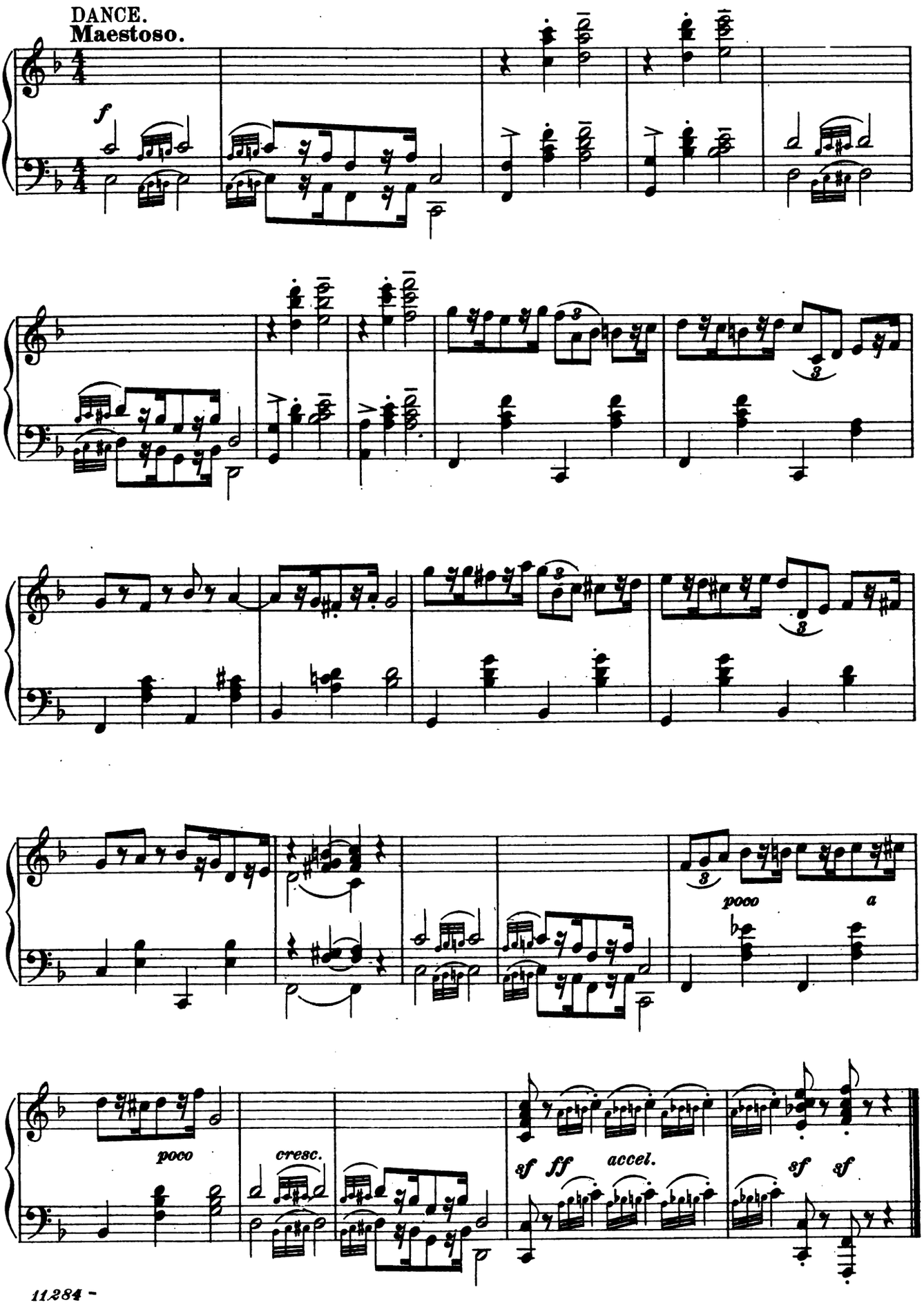
No. 8.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

RICHE.
I wish you all to
You see how I am
CHORUS.
know, I'm a Card - 'nal great, called Rish - leer!
dress'd, All in brill - iant red, it's Card - 'nal!
Ritch-y
RICHE.
Loo! Ritch-y Loo! Ritch-y Loo!
An ec - cle - si - as - tic
From my great, big toe, To my
CHORUS.
Min-is-ter of State, Called Rish - leer!
great big head, I'm Card - 'nal!
Ritch-y Loo! Ritch-y Loo! Ritch-y

RICHE.
Loo!
It was I who said, of my own ac-cord, The
It was I who gave to a man of fame, The
mf
pen is might-ier than the sword! It was I who said, when
name for the play that bears my name! I ran for one hun-dred
portamento
all looked pale, There nev-er was no such word as fail! And it's
thous-and nights, And played, with art, in red silk tights! And I
p
mf
I who say to all per-sons here, That prop-er-ly pro-nounc'd I'm
wish to make it a fact, most clear, That I cre-a-ted part called
cresc.



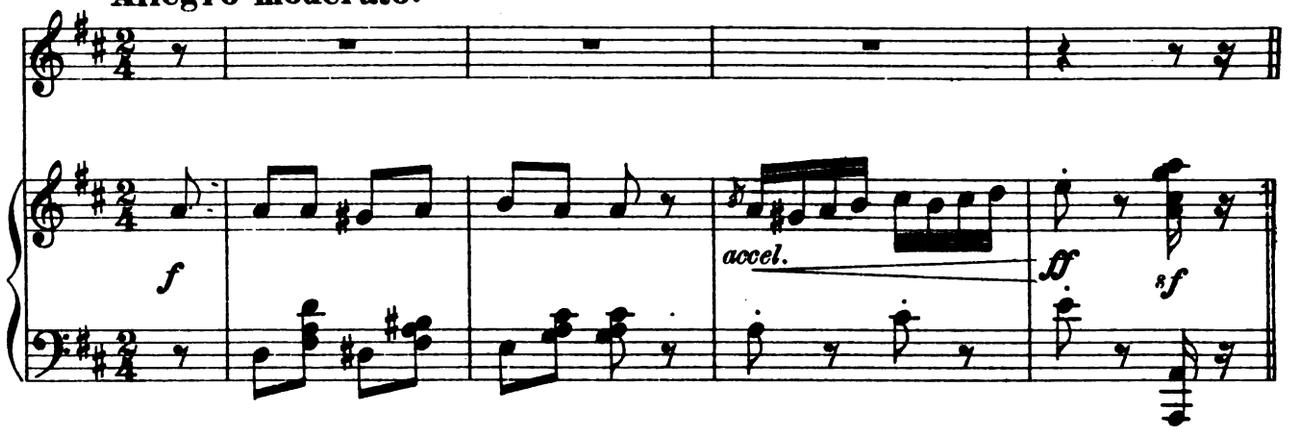


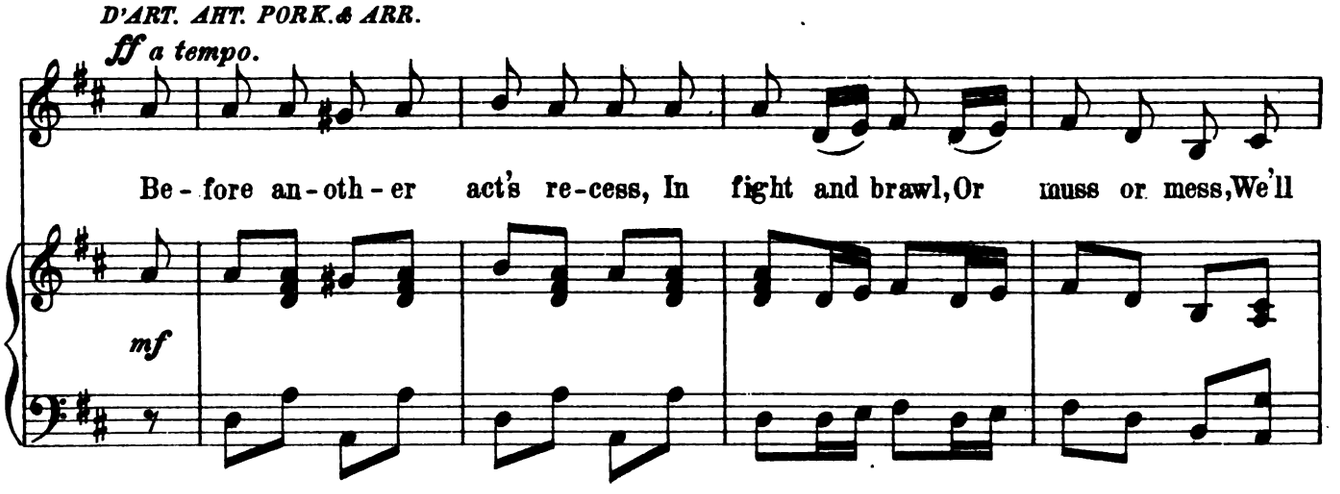
REFRAIN.
Moderato.

CHORUS.
RICHE.
Leer! Jeer! He's Rish - leer!
You might call me "Sam," for short,
cresc.
If de - praved "Rich., Old Sport!" If you're quite the prop - er sort, You'll call me
CHORUS.
You'll
cresc.
cresc.
TUTTI.
cresc.
call him Rish Rish Rish - leer!
cresc.

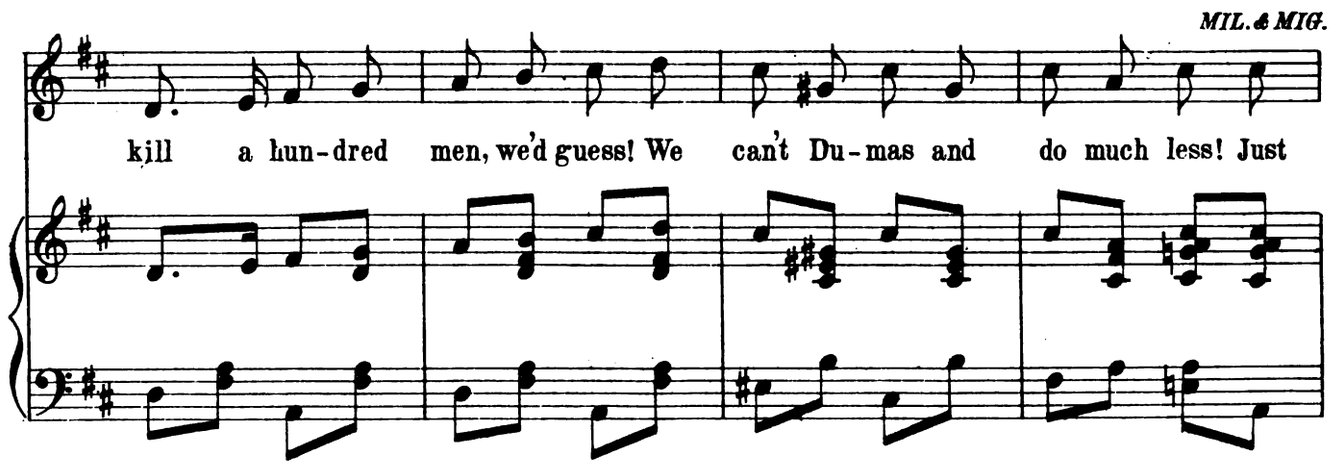
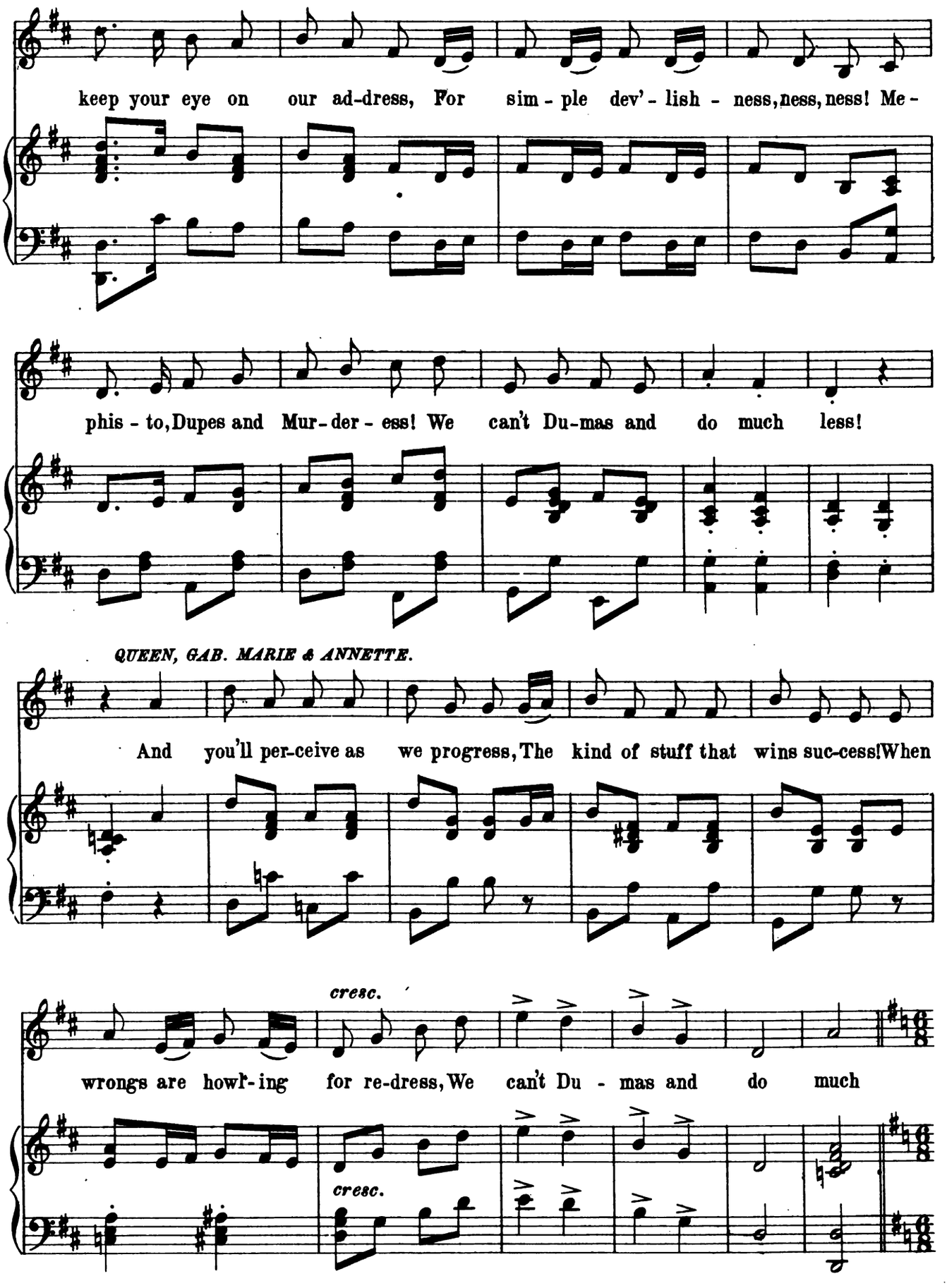
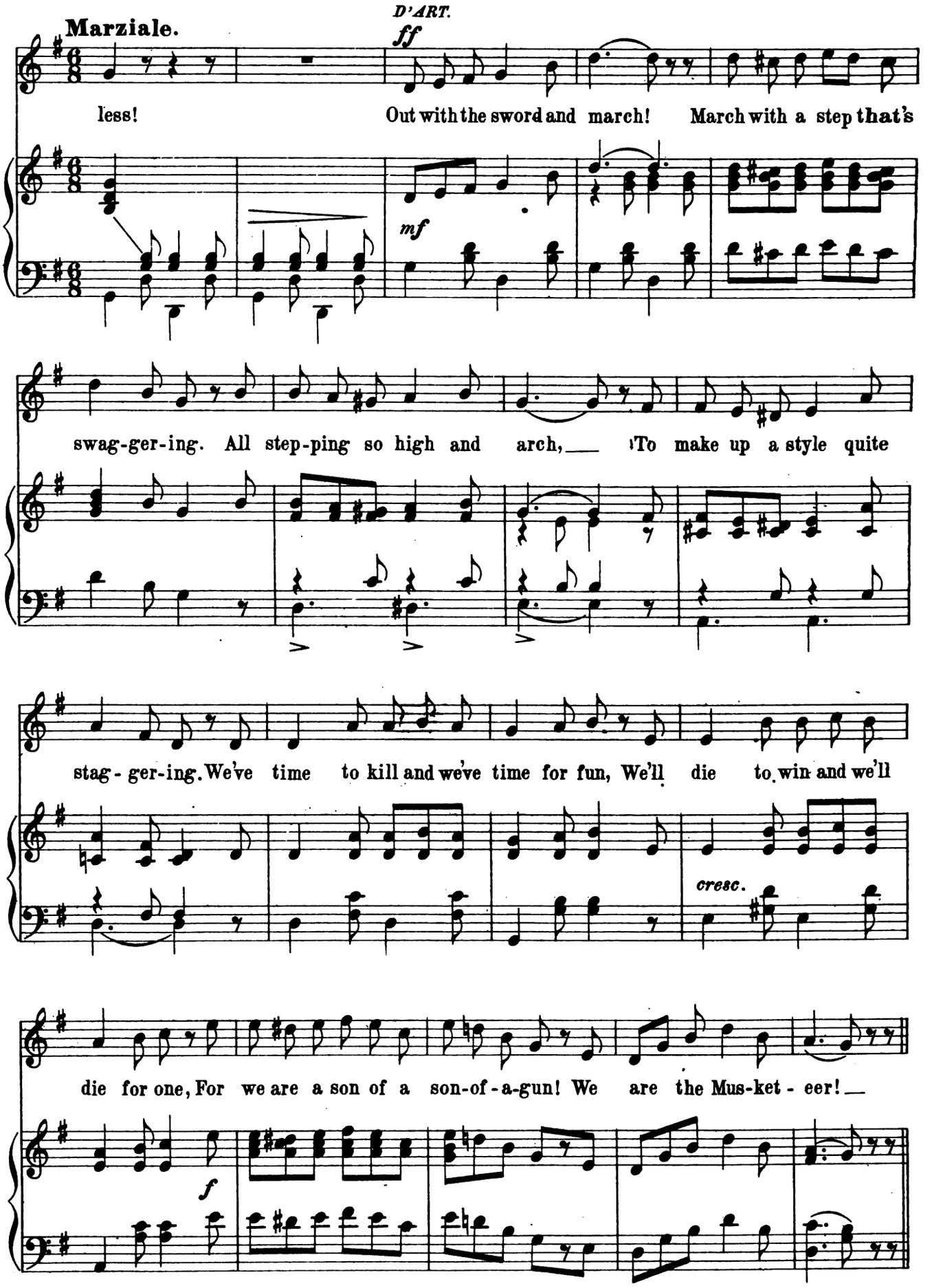
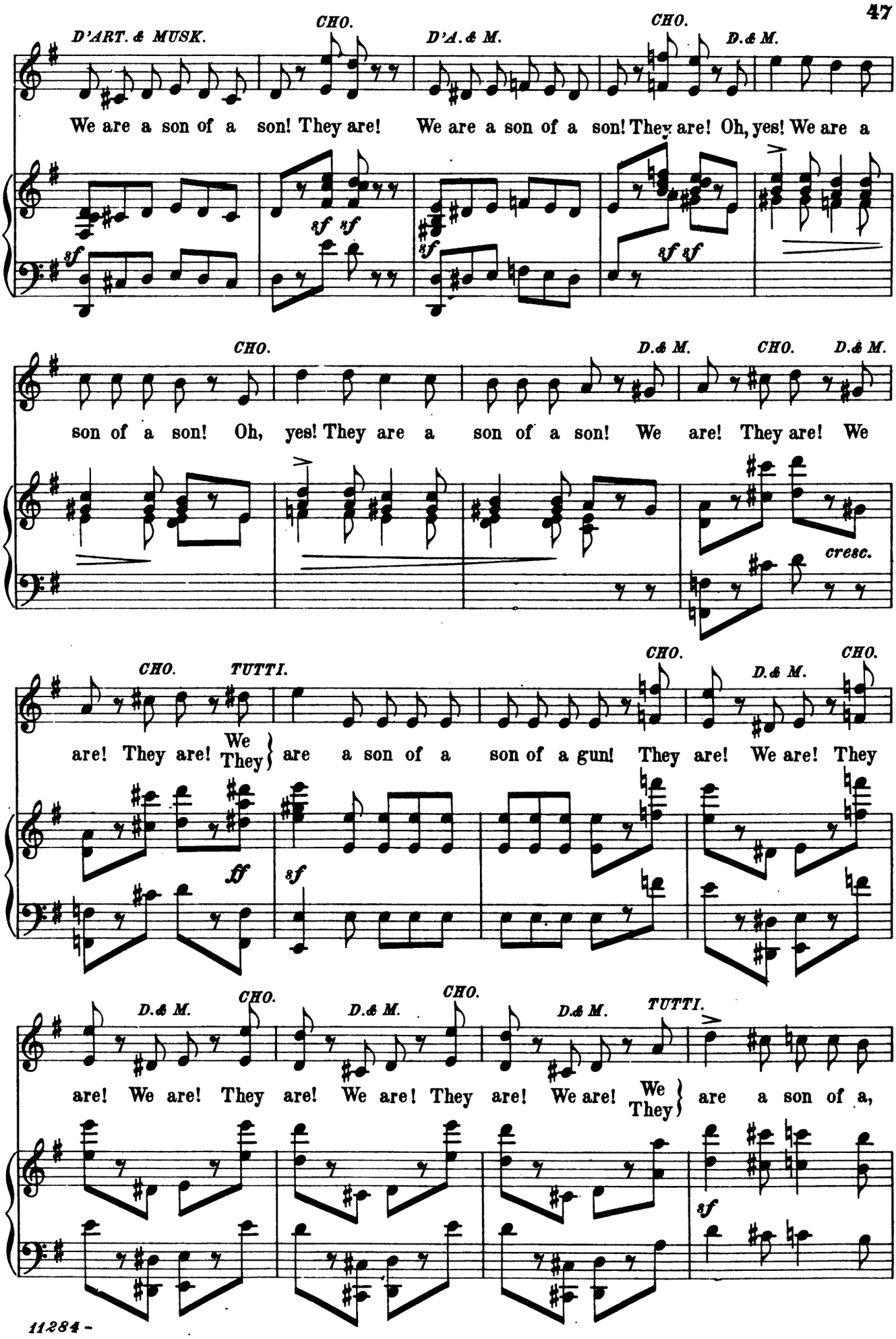
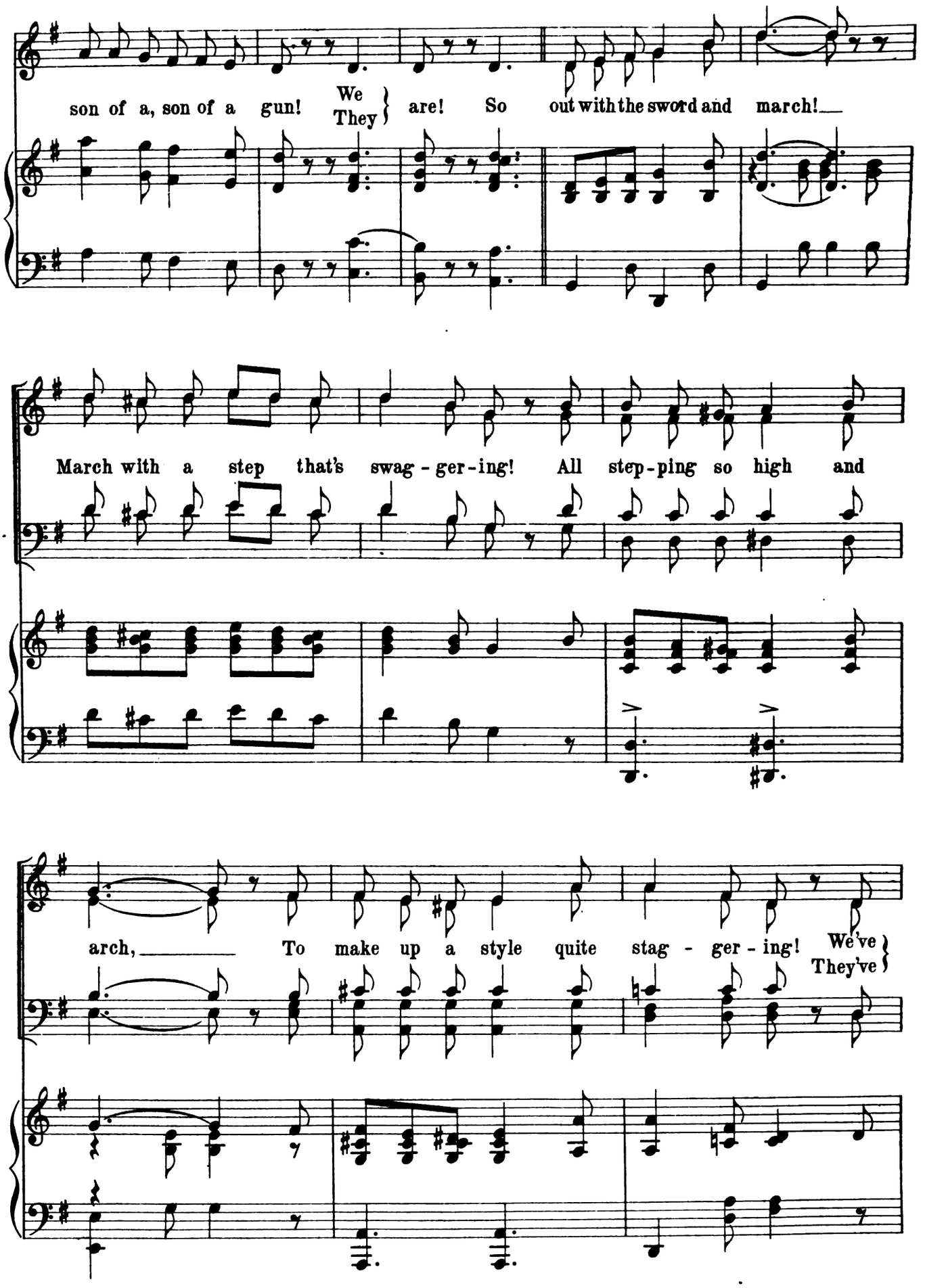
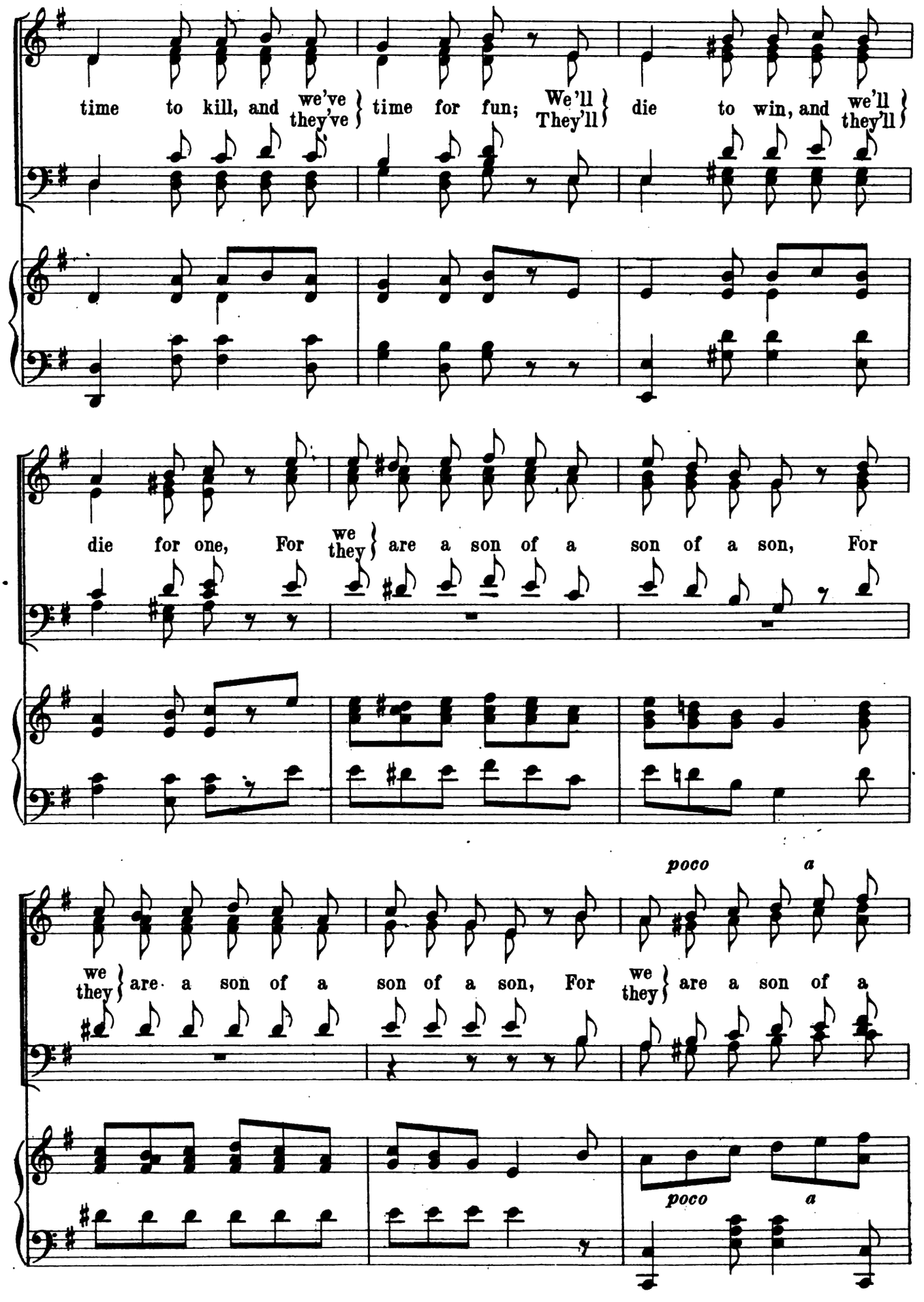
DANCE.
Maestoso.

Finale. Act I.

No. 9.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Allegro moderato.

D'ART. AHT. PORK.& ARR.



RICHE, ROCHE, MIL.& MIG.

keep your eye on our ad-dress, For sim - ple dev' - lish - ness, ness, ness! Me -
phis - to, Dupes and Mur - der - ess! We can't Du-mas and do much less!
QUEEN, GAB. MARIE & ANNETTE.
And you'll per-ceive as we progress, The kind of stuff that wins suc-cess! When
cresc.
wrongs are howl-ing for re-dress, We can't Du - mas and do much
cresc.

Marziale.
D'ART.
ff
less!
Out with the sword and march!
March with a step that's
mf
swag-ger-ing. All step-ping so high and arch, To make up a style quite
stag-ger-ing. We've time to kill and we've time for fun, We'll die to win and we'll
cresc.
die for one, For we are a son of a son-of-a-gun! We are the Mus-ket-eer!
f

D'ART. & MUSK.
CHO.
D'A. & M.
CHO.
D. & M.
We are a son of a son! They are! We are a son of a son! They are! Oh, yes! We are a
sf sf sf sf sf sf
CHO.
D. & M.
CHO.
D. & M.
son of a son! Oh, yes! They are a son of a son! We are! They are! We
cresc.
CHO.
TUTTI.
CHO.
D. & M.
CHO.
are! They are! We They are a son of a son of a gun! They are! We are! They
ff
sf
D. & M.
CHO.
D. & M.
CHO.
D. & M.
TUTTI.
are! We are! They are! We are! They are! We are! We They are a son of a,
sf

son of a, son of a gun! We They are! So out with the sword and march!
March with a step that's swag - ger - ing! All step - ping so high and
arch, To make up a style quite stag - ger - ing! We've They've

time to kill, and we've they've time for fun; We'll They'll die to win, and we'll they'll
die for one, For we they are a son of a son of a son, For
poco a
we they are a son of a son of a son, For we they are a son of a
poco a

poco *rit.* *e* *cresc.*

son of a gun! We They are the Mus - ket - eer!

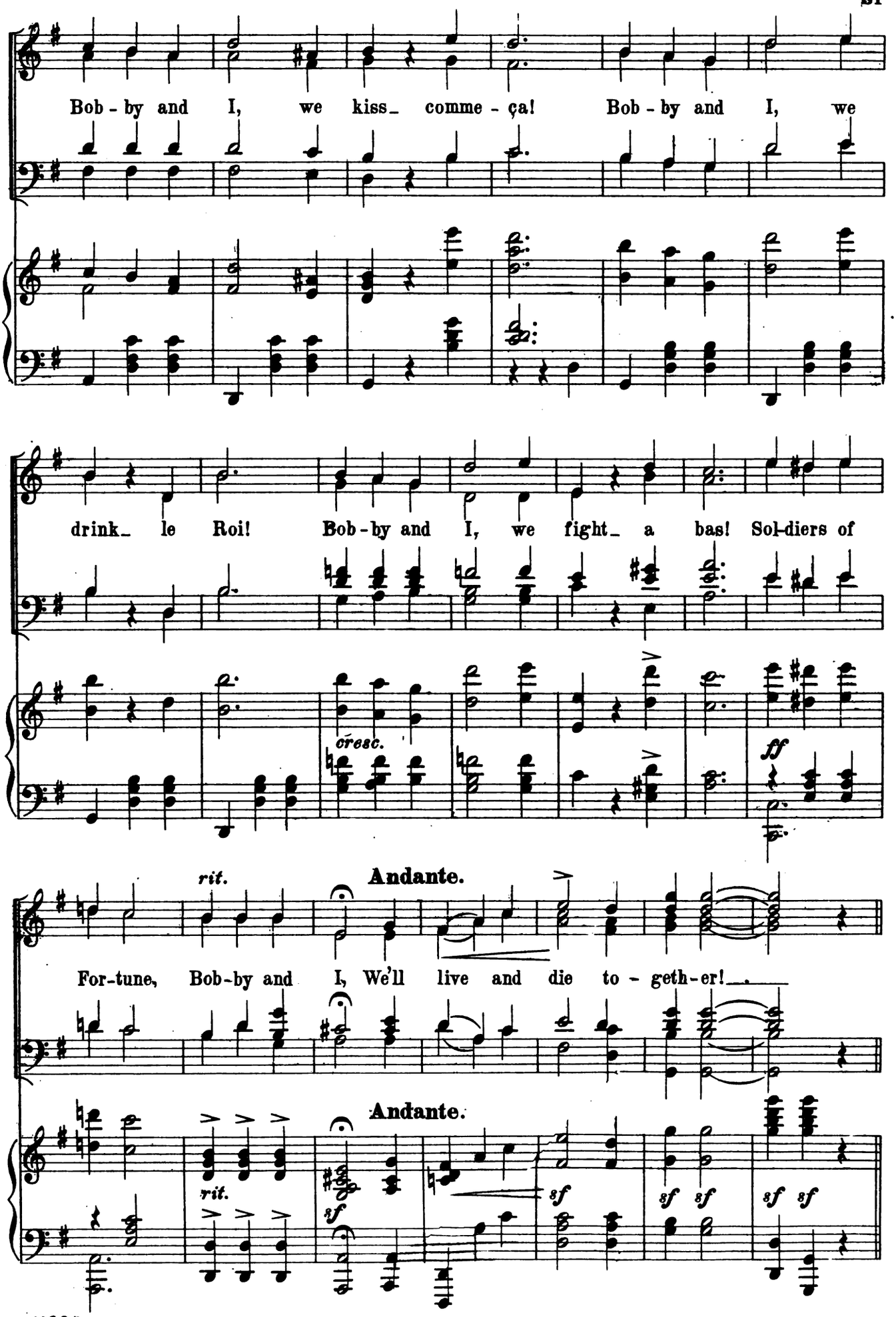
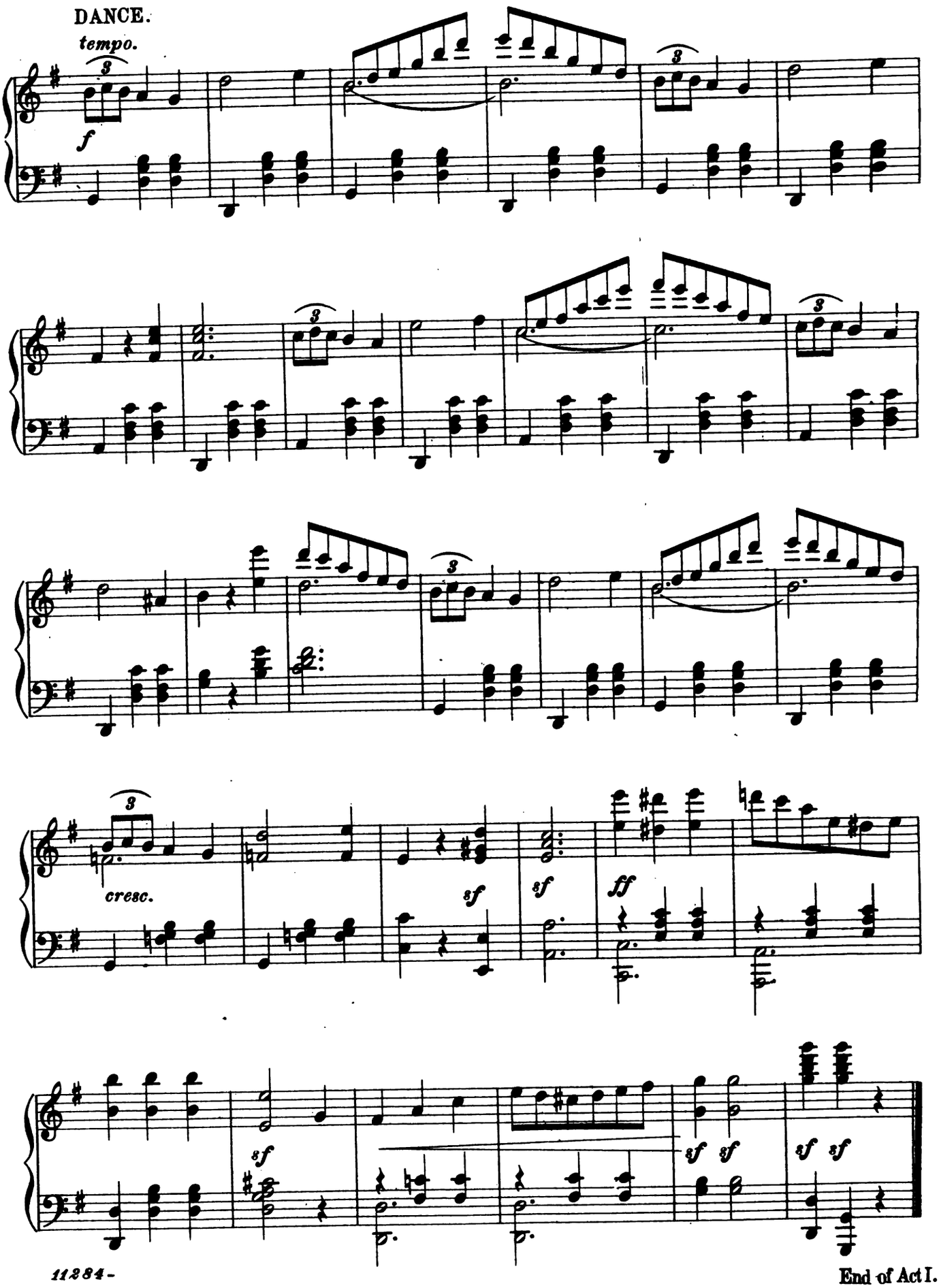
poco *rit.* *e* *cresc.* *sf* *sf*

Tempo di Valse.

Bob - by and I, we laugh Ha! Ha! Bob - by and I, we

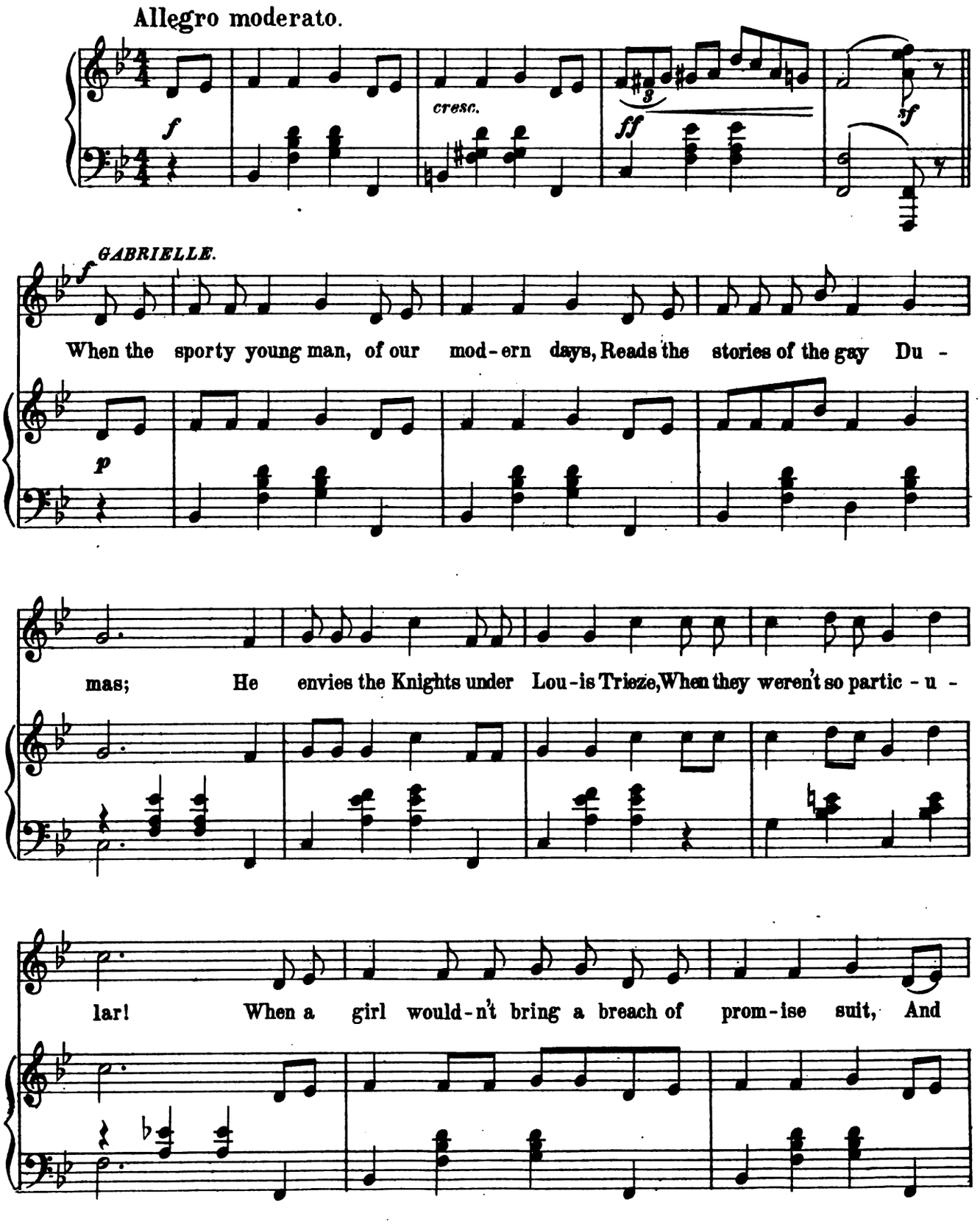
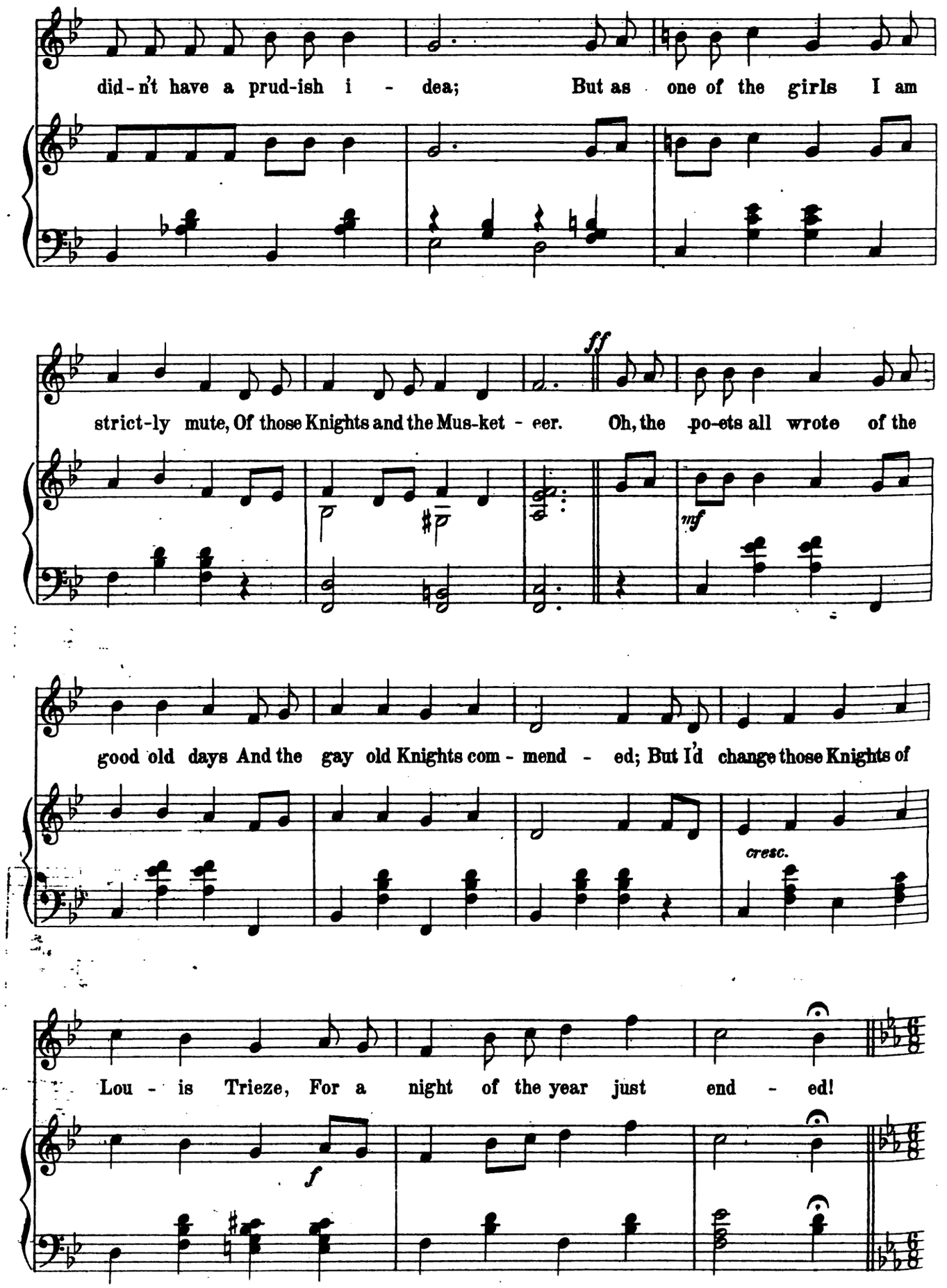
Tempo di Valse.

f

sing Tra - la! Bob - by and I, we dance voi - la!

Bob - by and I, we kiss_ comme - ça! Bob - by and I, we
drink_ le Roi! Bob - by and I, we fight_ a bas! Sol-diers of
cresc.
ff
rit.
Andante.
For-tune, Bob-by and I, We'll live and die to - geth-er!
Andante.
rit.
sf
sf sf
sf sf
sf
sf

End of Act I.

ACT II.
Opening.
"The Good Old Days."

No. 10. *GABRIELLE, MAIDS-IN-WAITING & CHORUS.*

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Allegro moderato.
cresc.
GABRIELLE.
When the sporty young man, of our mod-ern days, Reads the stories of the gay Du -
mas; He envies the Knights under Lou-is Trieze, When they weren't so partic-u -
lar! When a girl would-n't bring a breach of prom-ise suit, And

did-n't have a prud-ish i - dea; But as one of the girls I am
ff
strict-ly mute, Of those Knights and the Mus-ket - eer. Oh, the po-ets all wrote of the
mf
good old days And the gay old Knights com - mend - ed; But I'd change those Knights of
cresc.
Lou - is Trieze, For a night of the year just end - ed!
f

Vivace.

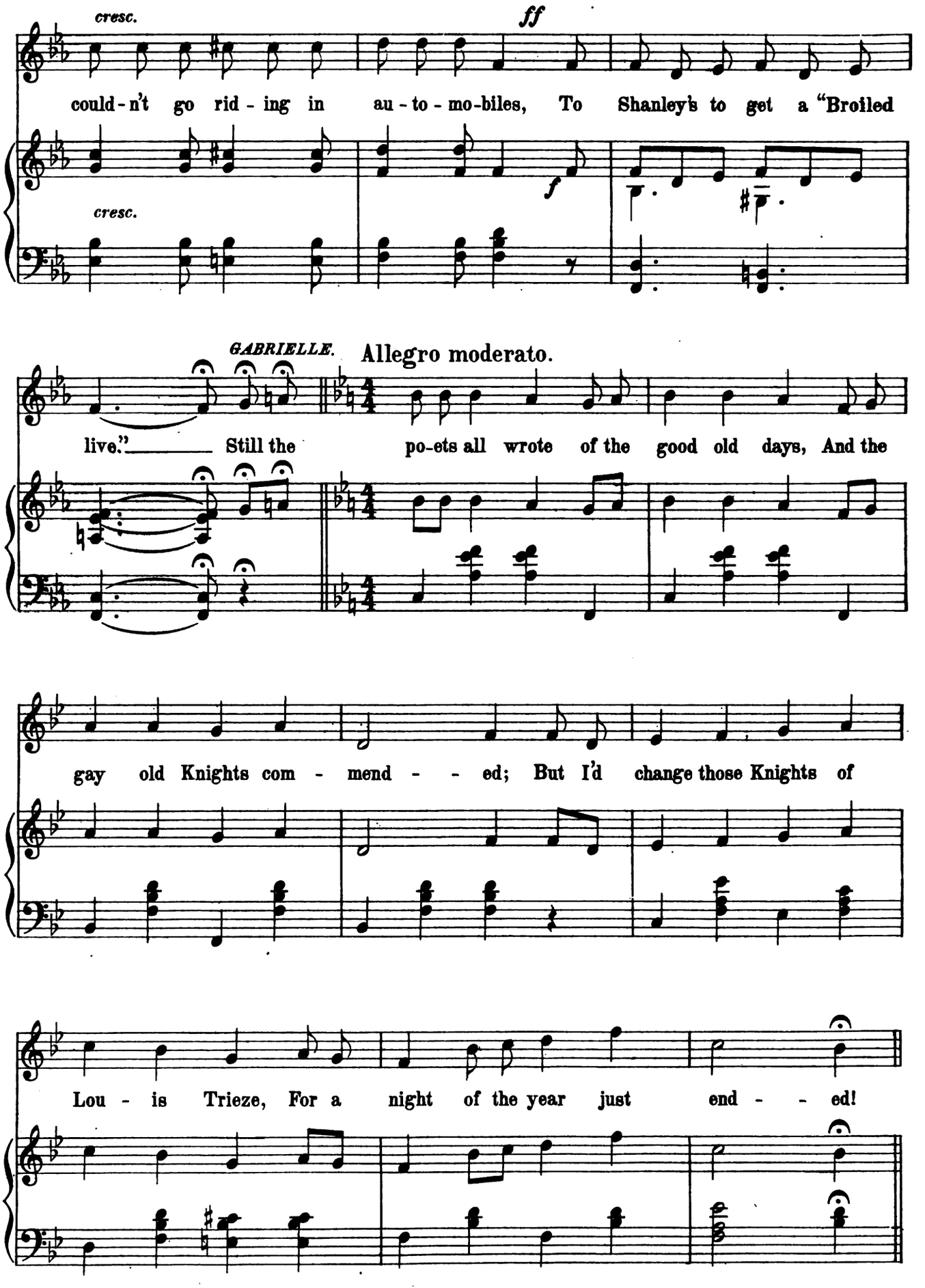
f *MAIDS-IN-WAITING.*

While the men quaff'd their flagons and roam'd those days, We maids were far from

mf

free; For we had no chance un - der Lou - is Trieze To go

out on a high old spree! At the beach we could not dis - play

more than our heels, Nor out on the links go to drive; We

cresc.
ff
could-n't go rid-ing in au-to-mo-biles, To Shanley's to get a "Broiled
cresc.
f
GABRIELLE. Allegro moderato.
live."_____ Still the po-ets all wrote of the good old days, And the
gay old Knights com-mend--ed; But I'd change those Knights of
Lou-is Trieze, For a night of the year just end--ed!

TUTTI. (Unaccompanied.)

f

Oh, the po-ets all wrote of the good old days, And the gay old Knights com -

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.*

mend - ed; But I'd change those Knights of Lou-is Trieze, For a night of the year just end-ed!

DANCE. Vivace.

f

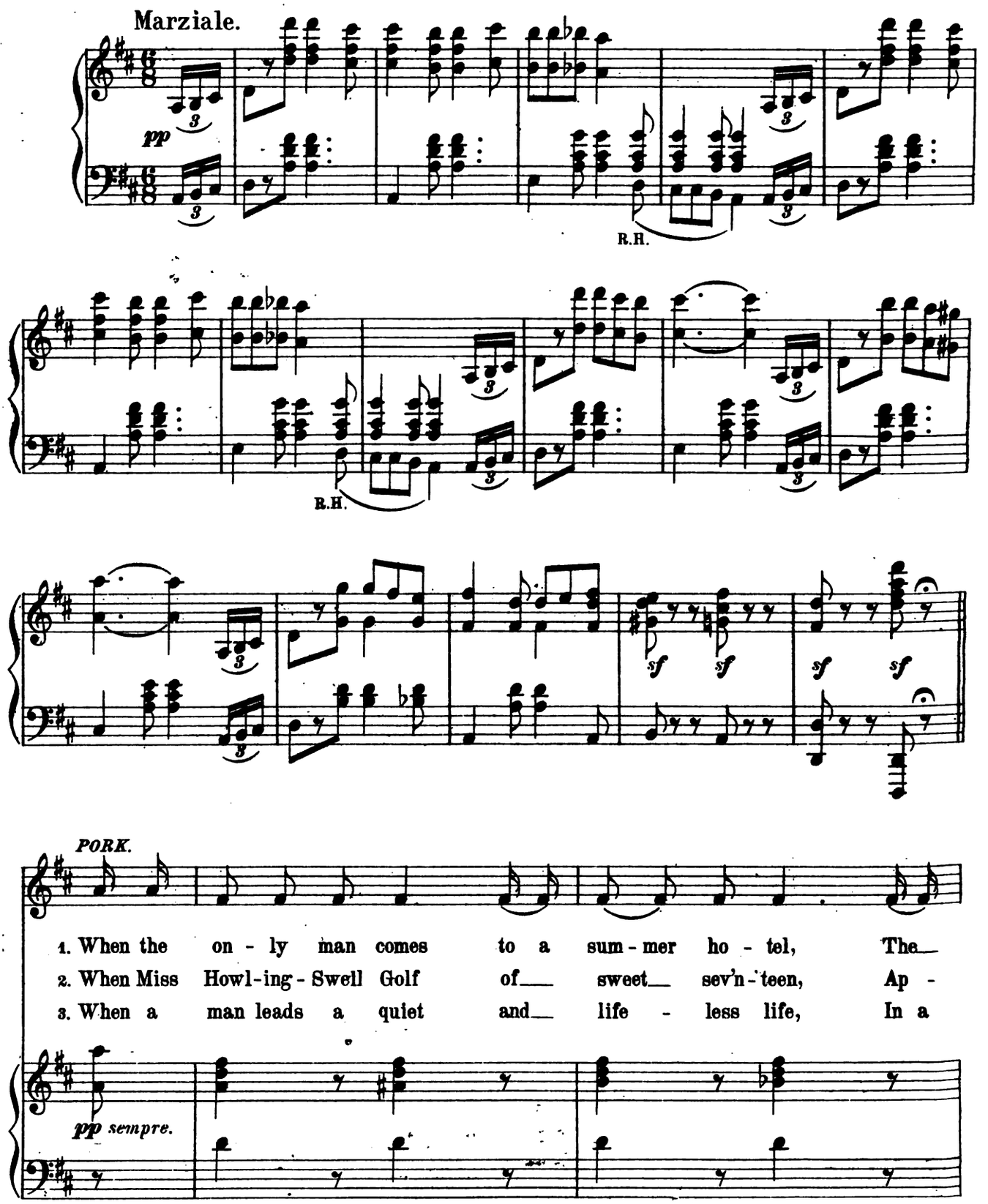
sf *cresc.* *poco* *a*

poco. *ff* *sf*

The Idol of the Day.

D'ART., PORK., ARRAH. & AHTHOSE.

No. 11.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Marziale.
pp
R.H.
R.H.
sf sf sf sf
PORK.
1. When the on - ly man comes to a sum - mer ho - tel, The
2. When Miss Howl-ing - Swell Golf of sweet sev'n - teen, Ap -
3. When a man leads a quiet and life - less life, In a
pp sempre.

ARRAH.

dear girls say "Is - n't he nice!" It is "Is - n't he handsome!" and
pears on the Lah - de - dah Links, She's the pink-let and peach-let now
town - less coun - try town, Don't kill all his chil - dren and

ARTHOSE.

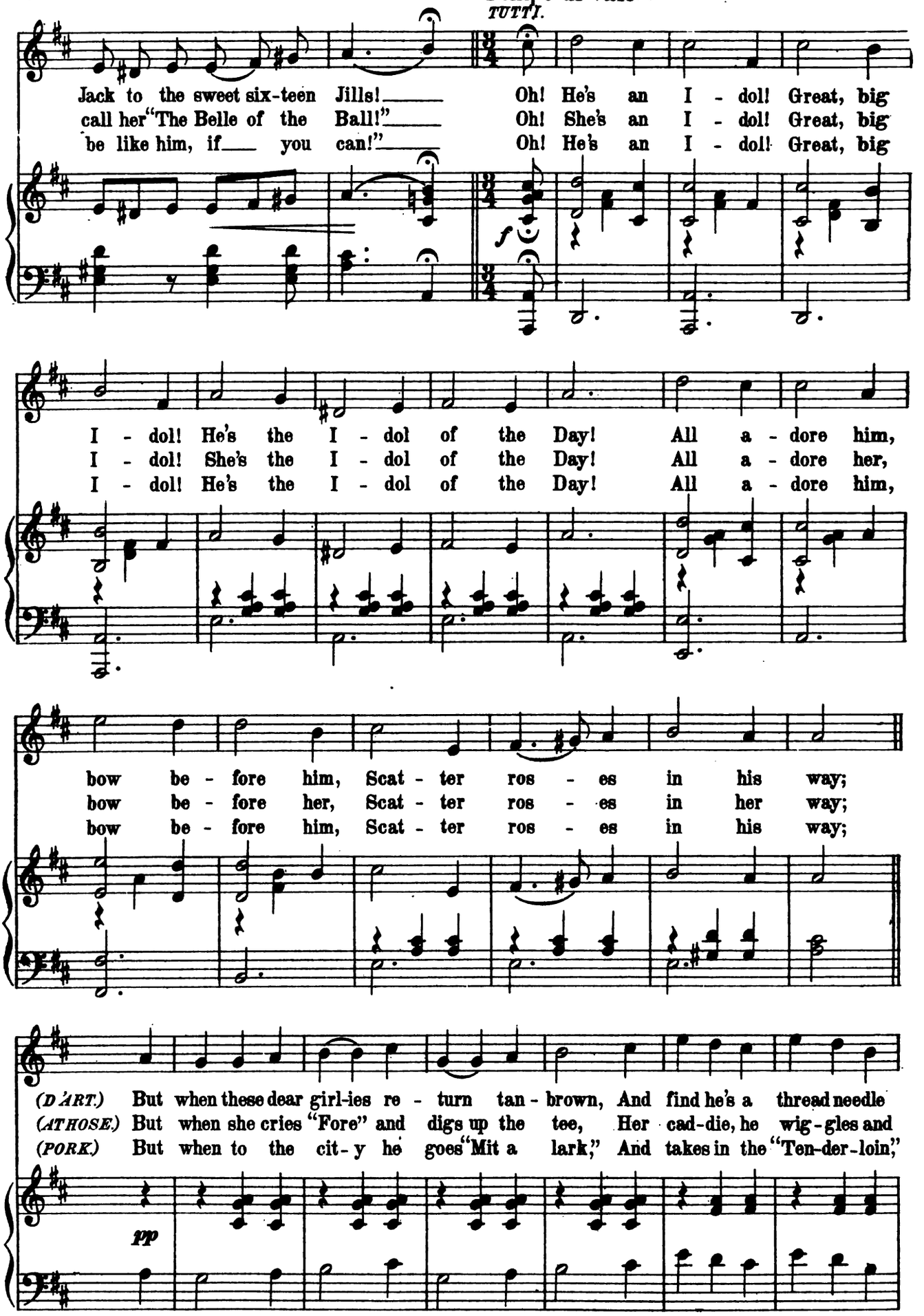
"Is - n't he swell!" And tho' warm he cuts lots of ice. He in -
on the fair green, A tail - or made poem, me - thinks! She's ac -
don't beat his wife, And lo - cal - ly wins re - nown; His

vites them out sail - ing, he hires a yacht, They in - sist that he pays the
quir'd the lan-guage, her form is O. K., Her cad-die's the cut - est of
neigh-bors all point with pride and cry, "Just look at this won-der - ful

D'ART.

bills, In a ver - y short time he's en - gaged to the lot, He is
all; All the rest hold their breath when she starts in to play, They
man!" And say to their chil - dren "Now ev - 'ry one try To

Tempo di Valse.

TUTTI.

Jack to the sweet six-teen Jills!
call her "The Belle of the Ball!"
be like him, if you can!"
Oh! He's an I - dol! Great, big
Oh! She's an I - dol! Great, big
Oh! He's an I - dol! Great, big
f
I - dol! He's the I - dol of the Day! All a - dore him,
I - dol! She's the I - dol of the Day! All a - dore her,
I - dol! He's the I - dol of the Day! All a - dore him,
bow be - fore him, Scat - ter ros - es in his way;
bow be - fore her, Scat - ter ros - es in her way;
bow be - fore him, Scat - ter ros - es in his way;
(D'ART.) But when these dear girl-ies re - turn tan - brown, And find he's a thread needle
(ATHOSE.) But when she cries "Fore" and digs up the tee, Her cad-die, he wig-gles and
(PORK.) But when to the cit-y he goes "Mit a lark," And takes in the "Ten-der-loin,"
pp

clerk down town, Their Sum - mer - y smile has a Win - ter street frown:
gig-gles with glee, For she says something naugh-ty that sounds like a D:
just aft - er dark, Next morn - ing he's found on a bench in the Park:

TUTTI.

I - dol's feet are clay! I - dol's feet are clay!
I - dol's feet are clay! I - dol's feet are clay!
I - dol's feet are mud! I - dol's feet are mud!

p *pp*

DANCE.

Allegro.

f

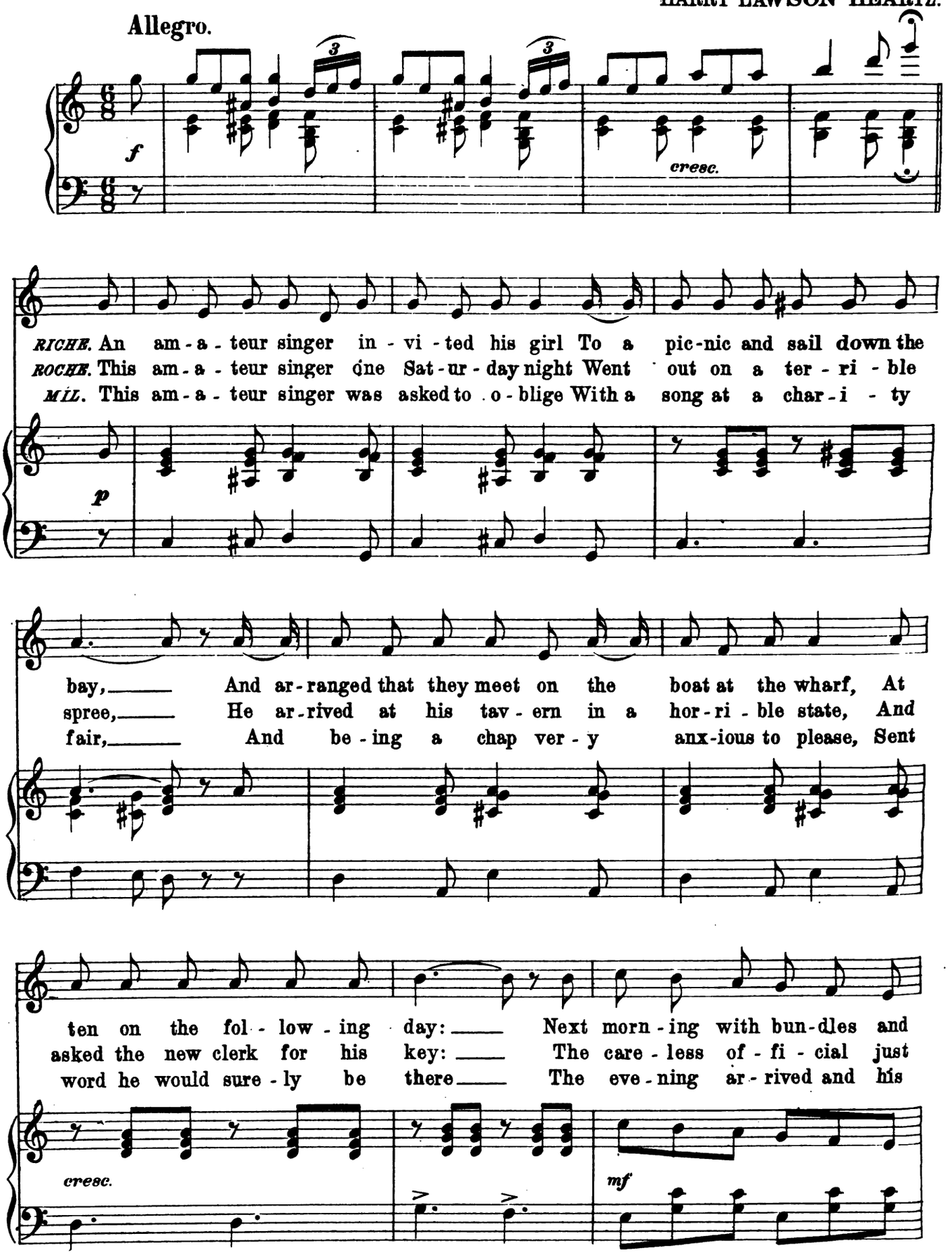
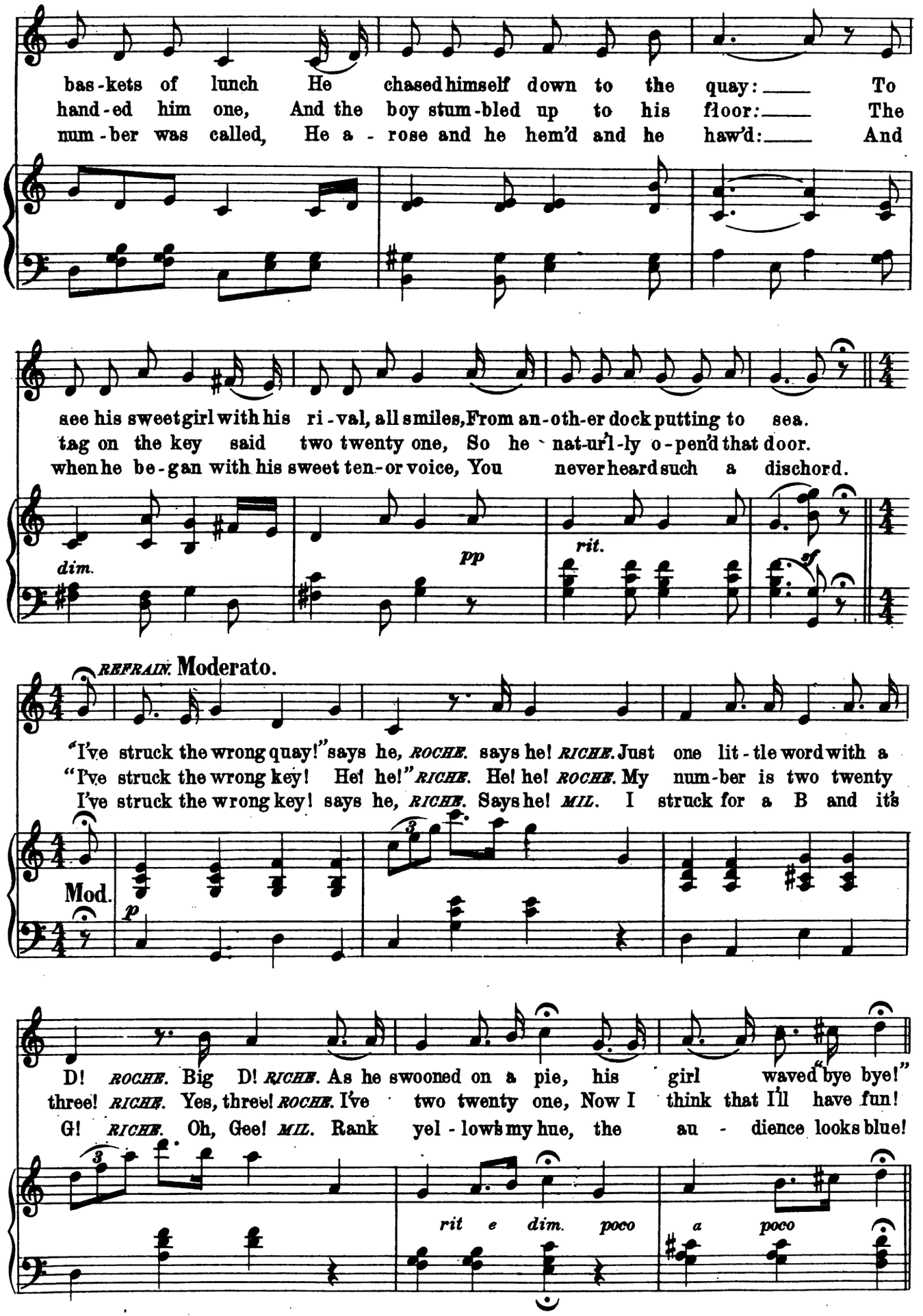
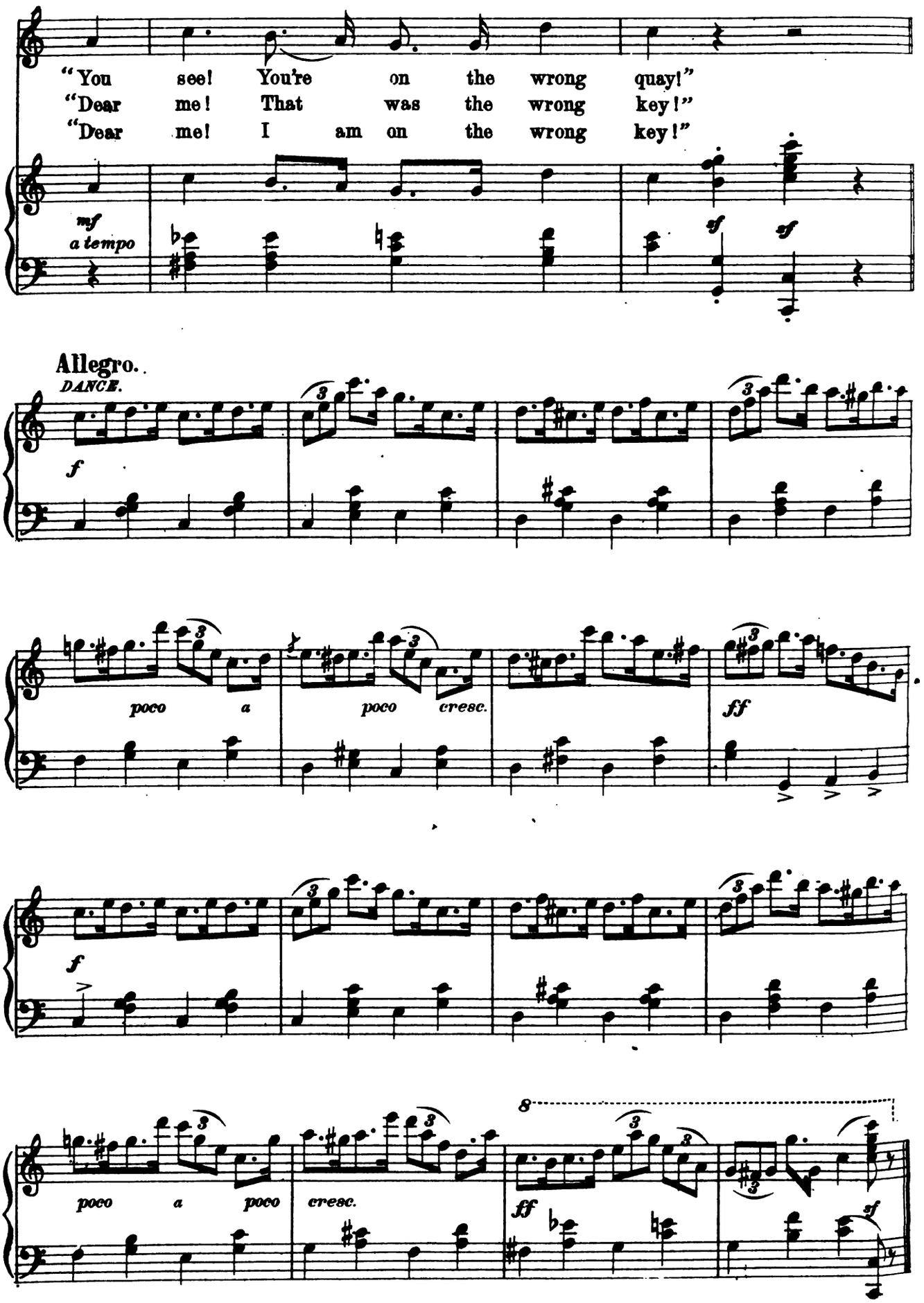
cresc. *ff* *sf*

On the Wrong Quay.

RICHELIEU, ROCHEFORT and MILADI.

No. 12.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

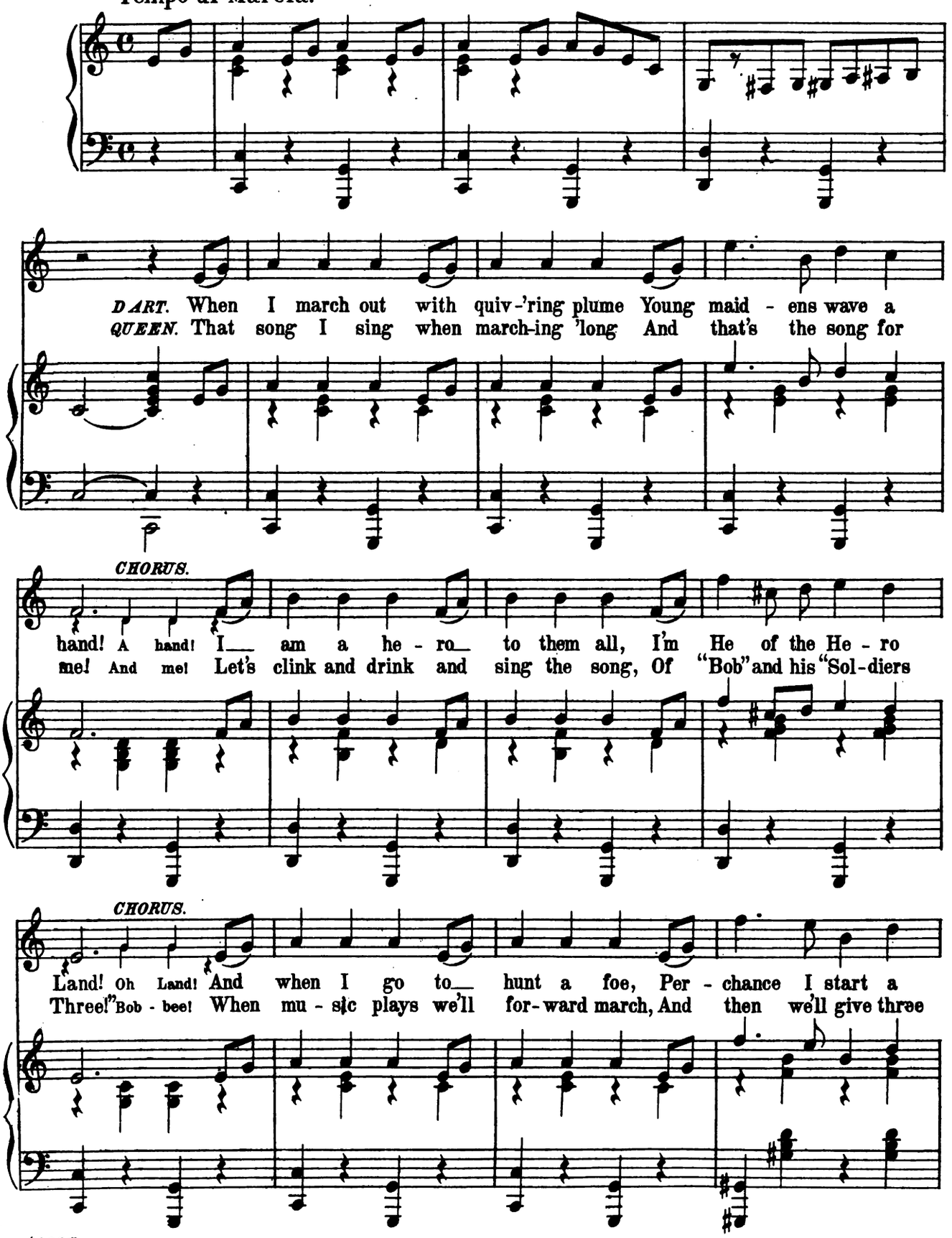
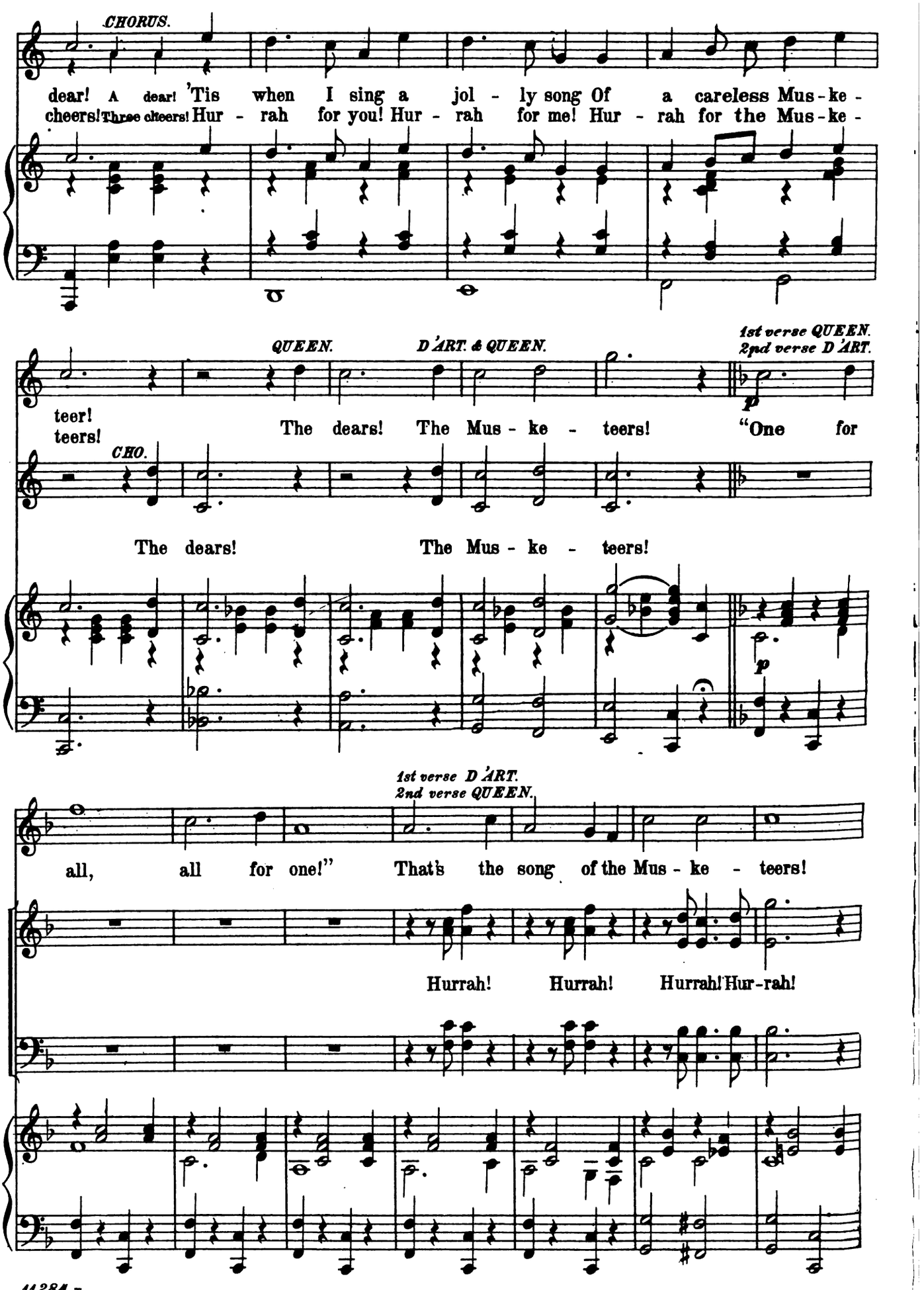
Allegro.

f
cresc.
RICHE. An am-a-teur singer in-vi-ted his girl To a pic-nic and sail down the
ROCHE. This am-a-teur singer one Sat-ur-day night Went out on a ter-ri-ble
MIL. This am-a-teur singer was asked to o-blige With a song at a char-i-ty
p
bay, And ar-ranged that they meet on the boat at the wharf, At
spree, He ar-rived at his tav-ern in a hor-ri-ble state, And
fair, And be-ing a chap ver-y anx-ious to please, Sent
ten on the fol-low-ing day: Next morn-ing with bun-dles and
asked the new clerk for his key: The care-less of-fi-cial just
word he would sure-ly be there The eve-ning ar-rived and his
cresc.
mf

bas-kets of lunch He chased himself down to the quay: To
hand-ed him one, And the boy stum-bled up to his floor: The
num-ber was called, He a-rose and he hem'd and he haw'd: And
see his sweet girl with his ri-val, all smiles, From an-oth-er dock putting to sea.
tag on the key said two twenty one, So he nat-ur'l-ly o-pen'd that door.
when he be-gan with his sweet ten-or voice, You never heard such a dischord.
dim.
pp
rit.
ff
REFRAIN. Moderato.
"I've struck the wrong quay!" says he, ROCHE. says he! RICHE. Just one lit-tle word with a
"I've struck the wrong key! He! he!" RICHE. He! he! ROCHE. My num-ber is two twenty
I've struck the wrong key! says he, RICHE. Says he! MIL. I struck for a B and it's
Mod.
p
D! ROCHE. Big D! RICHE. As he swooned on a pie, his girl waved "bye bye!"
three! RICHE. Yes, three! ROCHE. I've two twenty one, Now I think that I'll have fun!
G! RICHE. Oh, Gee! MIL. Rank yel-lows my hue, the au-dience looks blue!
rit e dim. poco a poco

"You see! You're on the wrong quay!"
"Dear me! That was the wrong key!"
"Dear me! I am on the wrong key!"
mf
a tempo
sf
sf
Allegro.
DANCE.
f
poco a poco cresc.
ff
f
poco a poco cresc.
ff
8
sf

"One for All, All for One"!

D'ARTAGNAN, QUEEN AND CHORUS.

No. 13.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.

Tempo di Marcia.

D'ART. When I march out with quiv-'ring plume Young maid - ens wave a
QUEEN. That song I sing when march-ing 'long And that's the song for
CHORUS.
hand! A hand! I___ am a he - ro___ to them all, I'm He of the He - ro
me! And me! Let's clink and drink and sing the song, Of "Bob" and his "Sol-diers
CHORUS.
Land! Oh Land! And when I go to___ hunt a foe, Per - chance I start a
Three!" Bob - bee! When mu - sic plays we'll for-ward march, And then we'll give three

CHORUS.
dear! A dear! 'Tis when I sing a jol - ly song Of a careless Mus-ke -
cheers! Three cheers! Hur - rah for you! Hur - rah for me! Hur - rah for the Mus-ke -
QUEEN.
D'ART. & QUEEN.
1st verse QUEEN.
2nd verse D'ART.
teer!
teers!
The dears! The Mus - ke - teers! "One for
CHO.
The dears! The Mus - ke - teers!
1st verse D'ART.
2nd verse QUEEN.
all, all for one!" That's the song of the Mus - ke - teers!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hur-rah!

1st verse QUEEN.
2nd verse D'ART.

1st verse D'ART.
2nd verse QUEEN.

"All for one, one for all!" That's the toast of the cup that

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hur

1st v. Q.
2nd v. D.

1st v. D.
2nd v. Q.

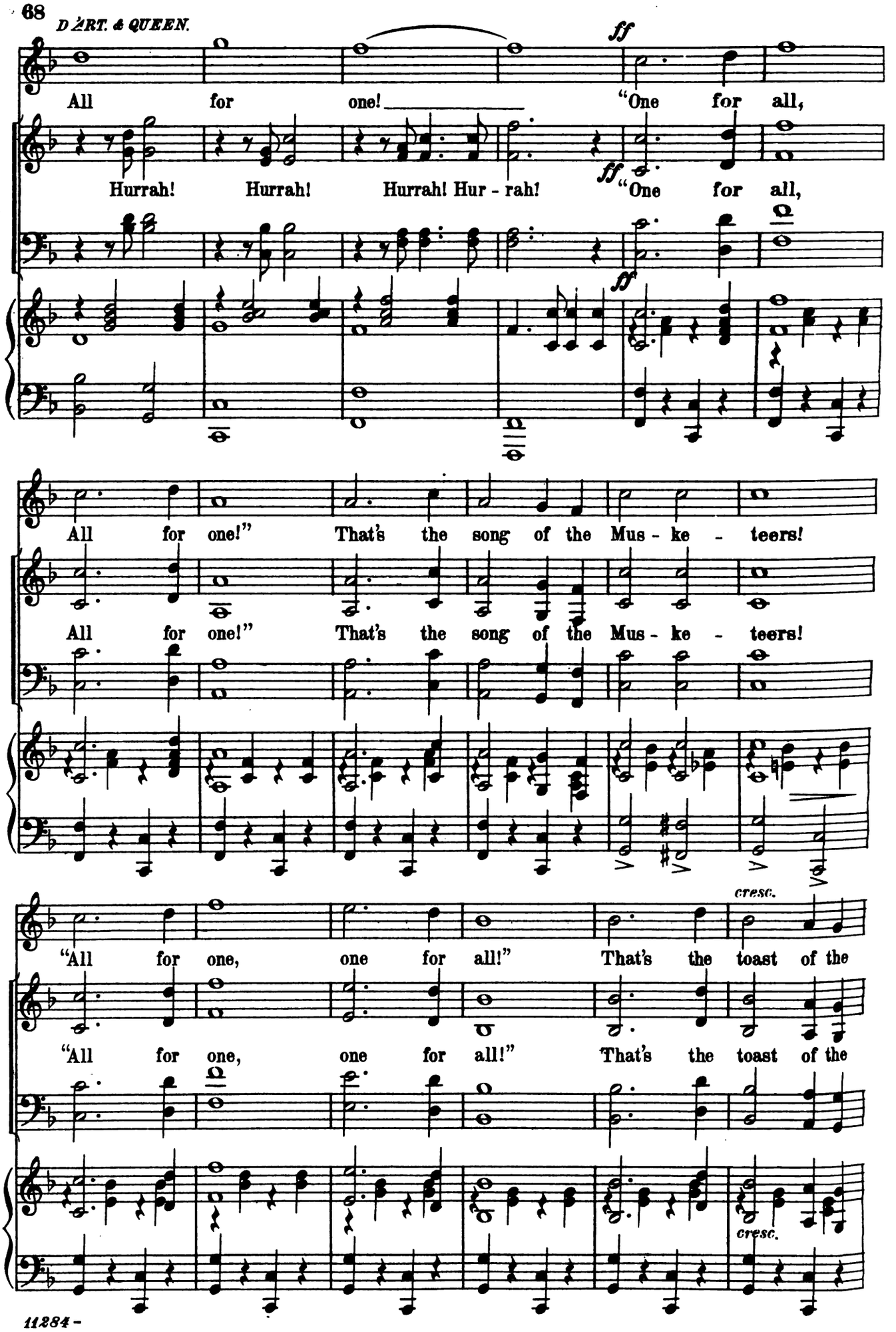
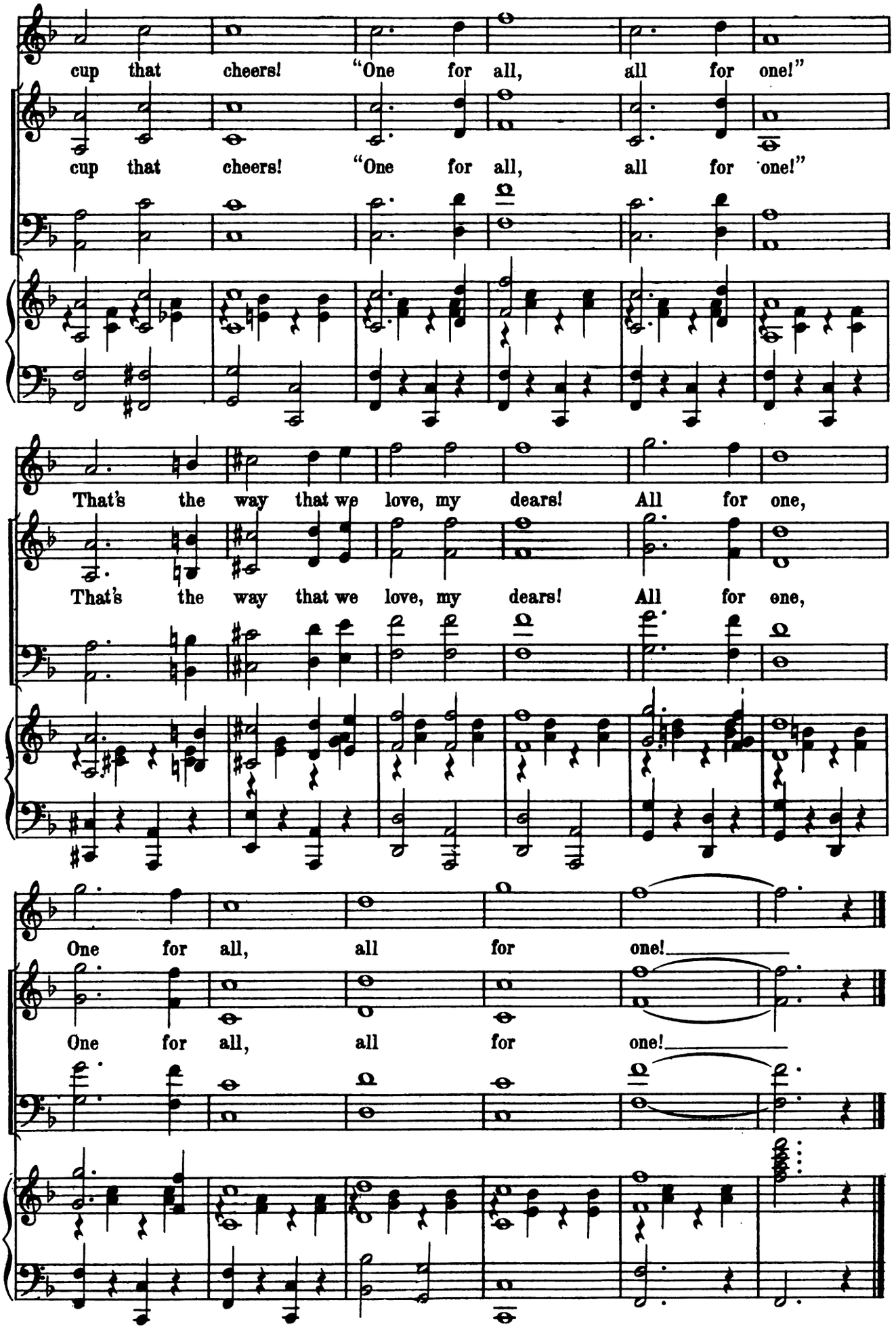
cheers! *p.* One for all, all for one!" That's the way that we

rah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

p

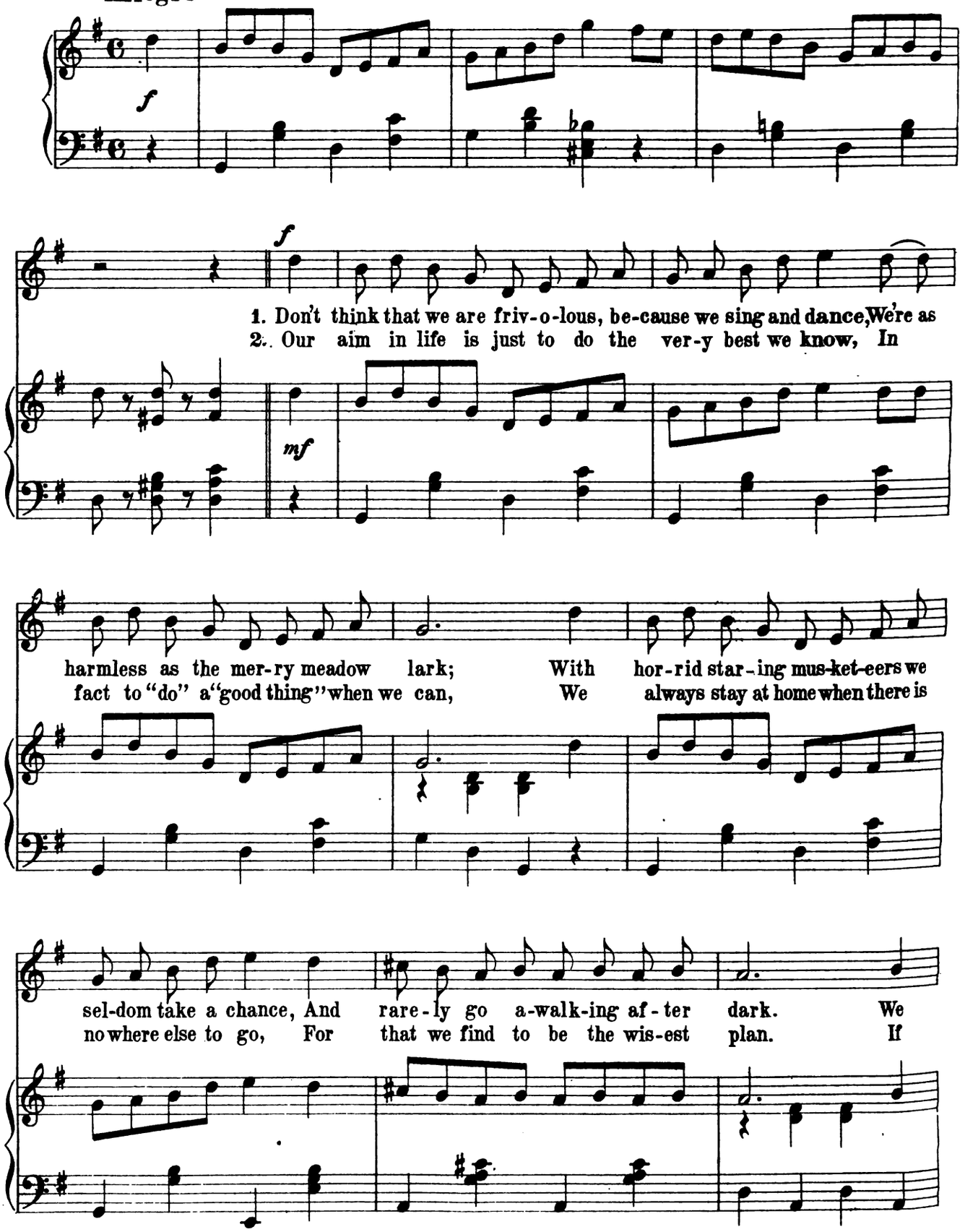
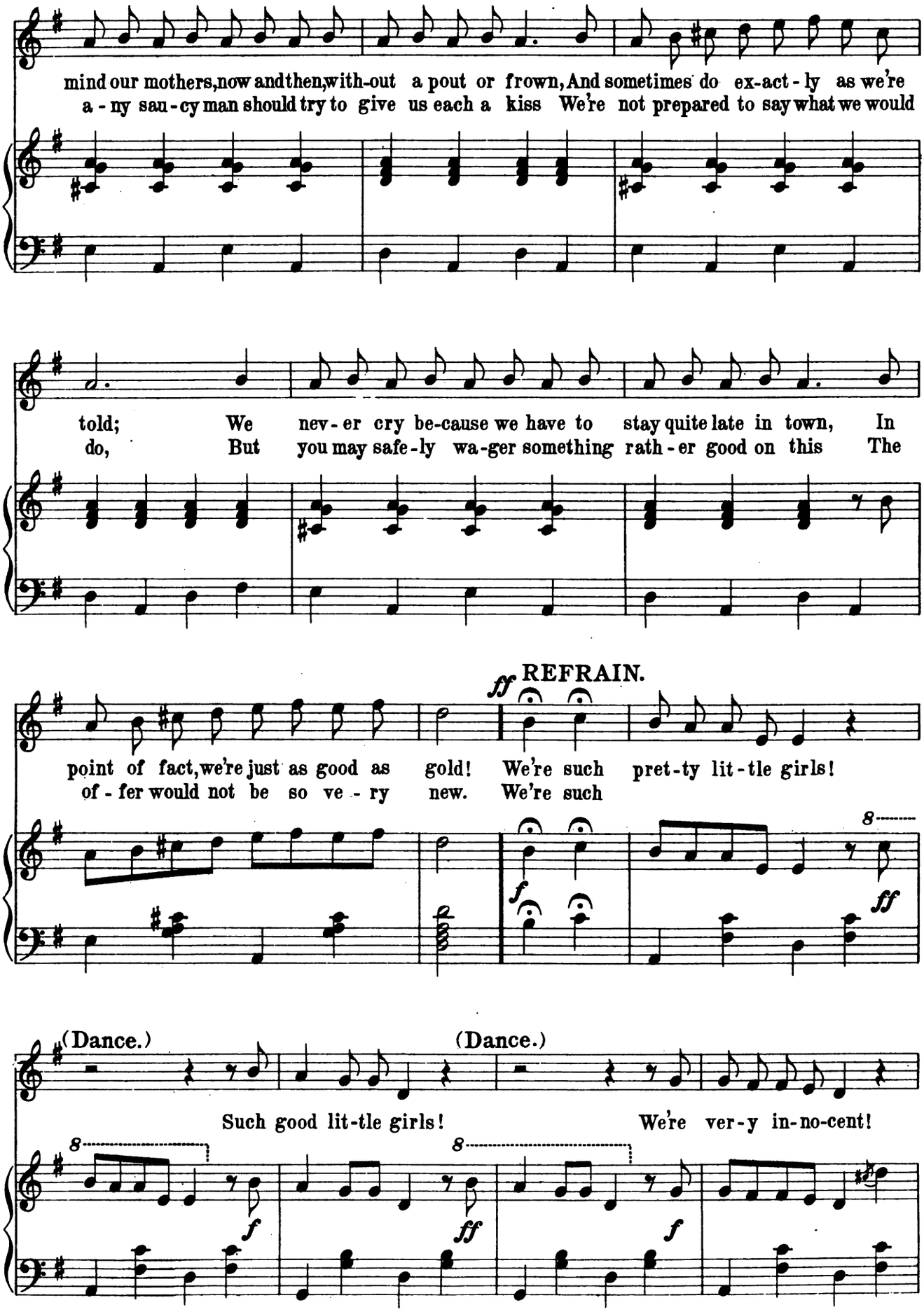
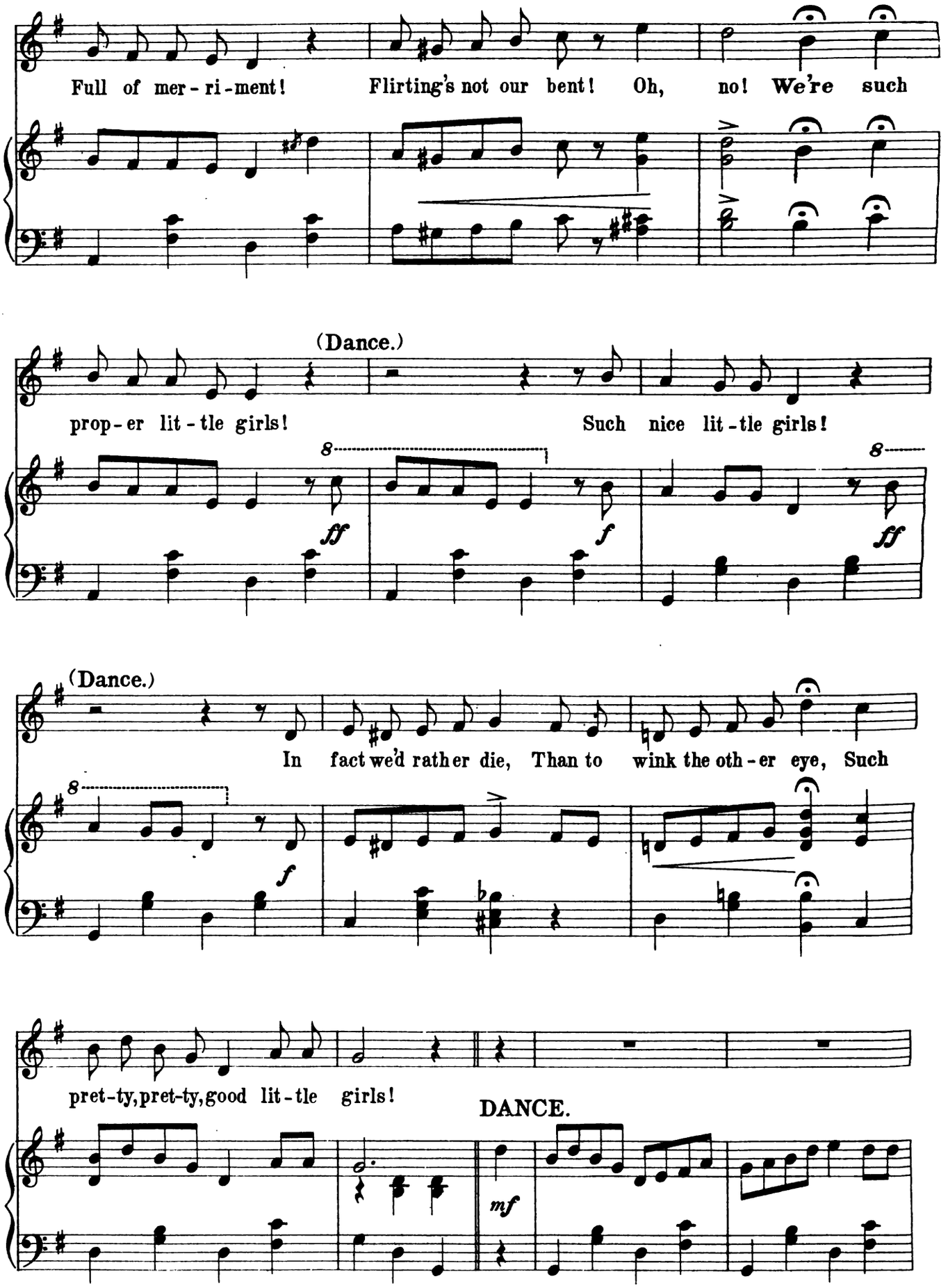
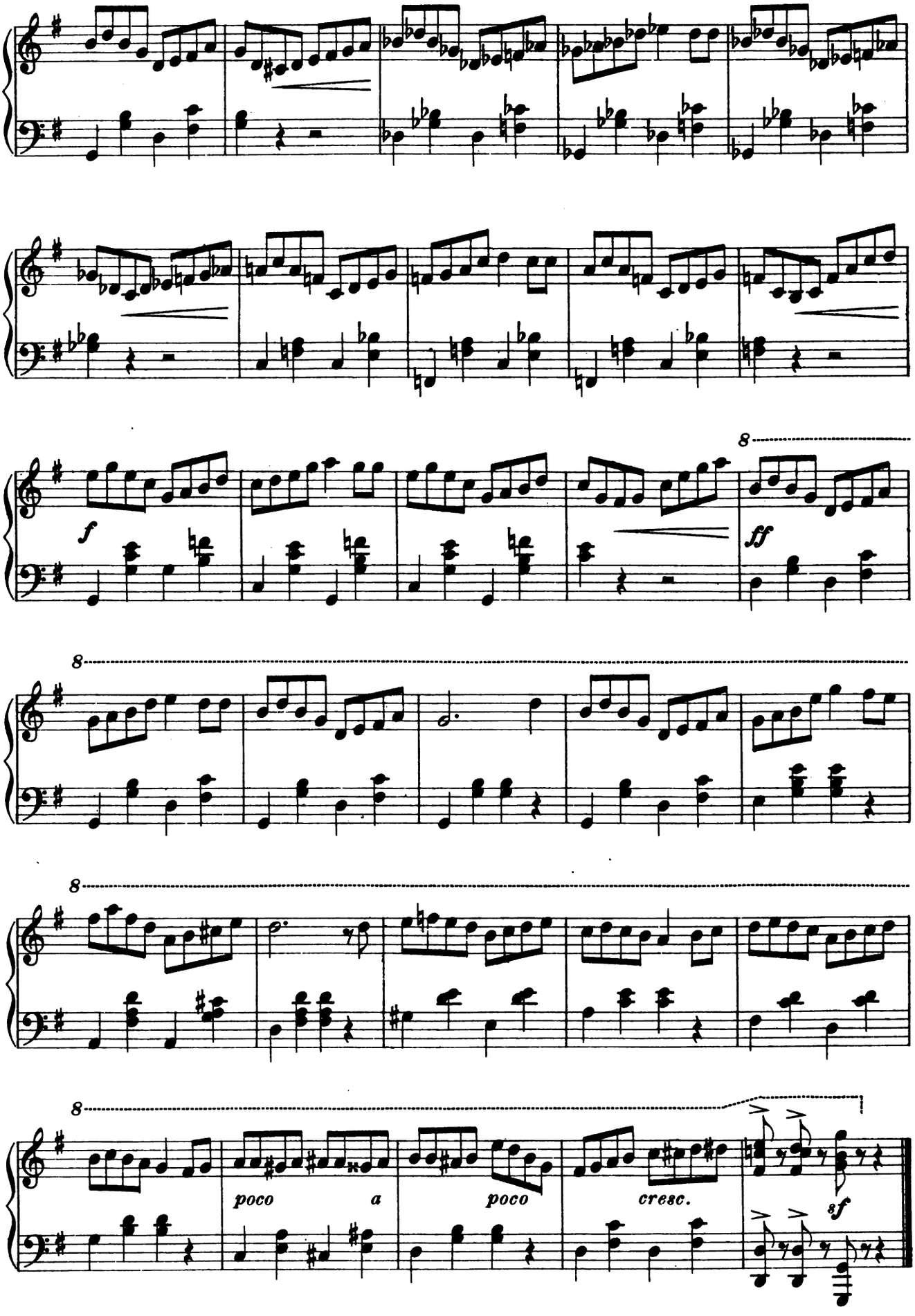
1st v. Q.
2nd v. D.

love, my dears! All for one, one for all,

Hurrah! Hur rah!

All for one! "One for all,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hur - rah! "One for all,
All for one!" That's the song of the Mus - ke - teers!
All for one!" That's the song of the Mus - ke - teers!
"All for one, one for all!" That's the toast of the
"All for one, one for all!" That's the toast of the
ff
ff
ff
cresc.
cresc.

cup that cheers! "One for all, all for one!"
cup that cheers! "One for all, all for one!"
That's the way that we love, my dears! All for one,
That's the way that we love, my dears! All for one,
One for all, all for one!
One for all, all for one!

Such Good Little Girls.

No. 14. *MAIDS-IN-WAITING.* HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

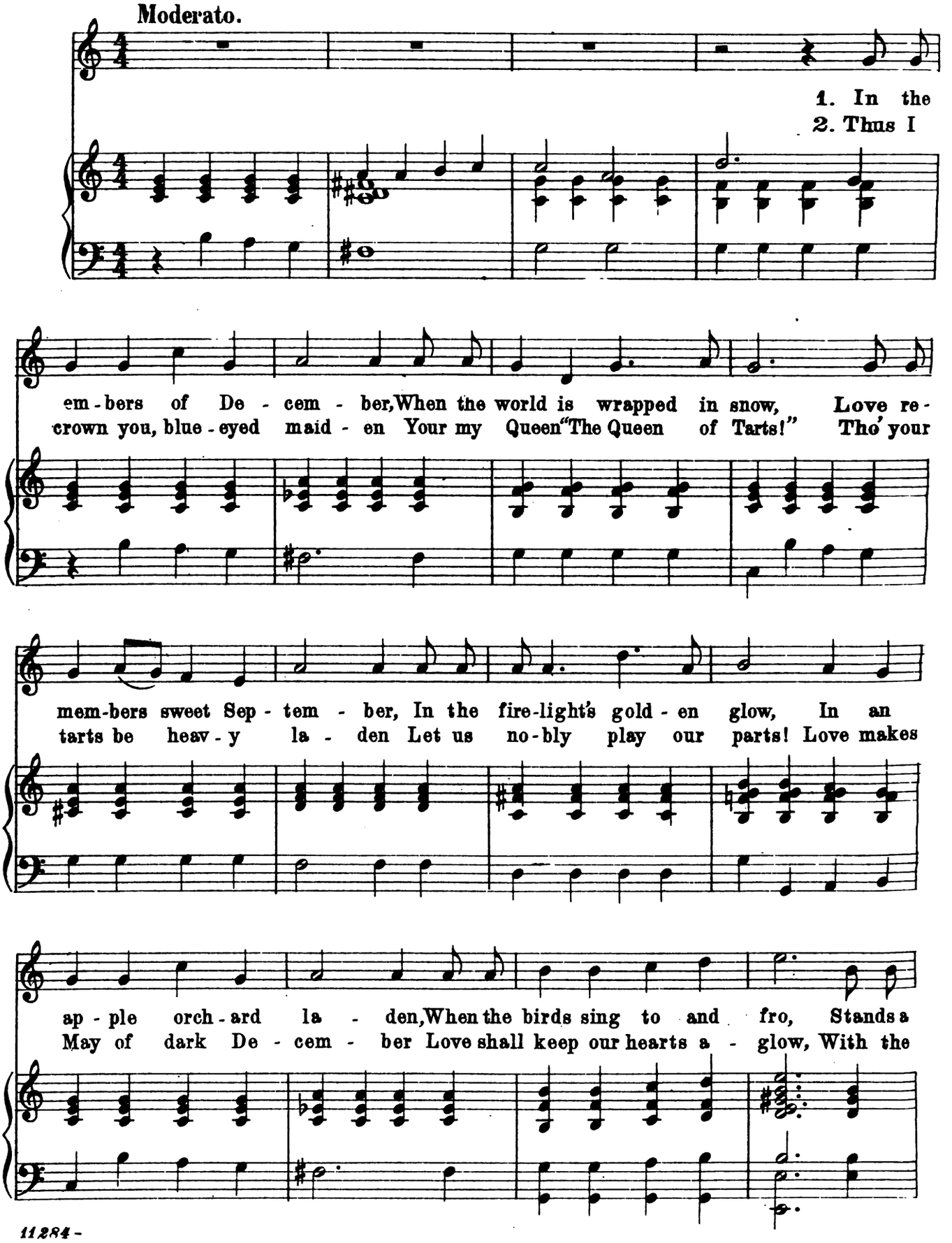
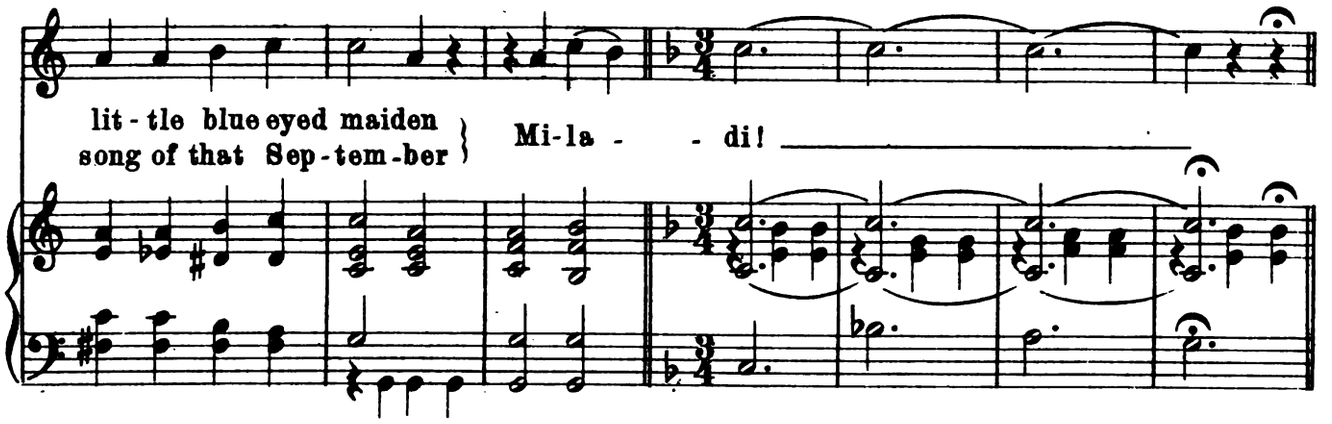
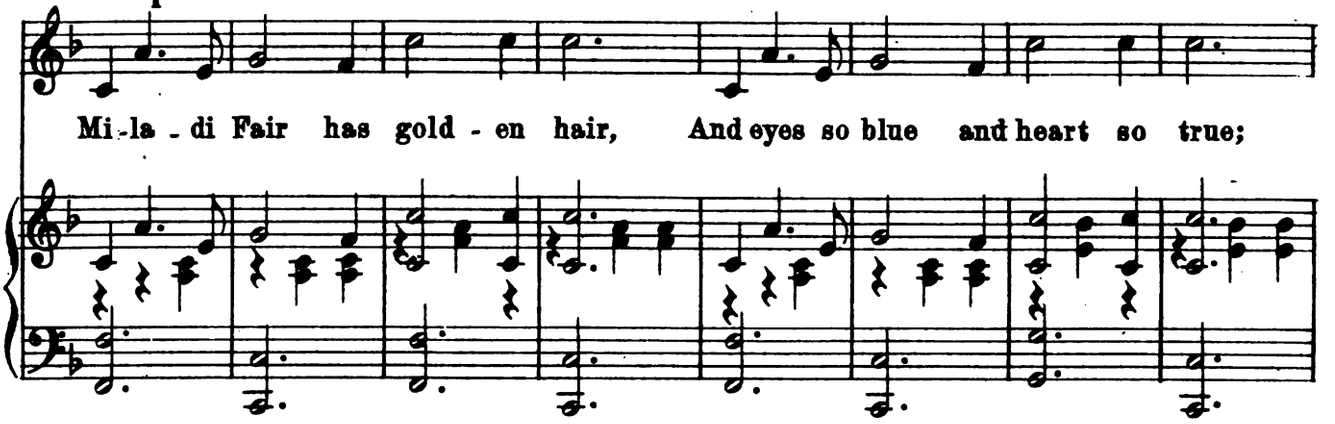
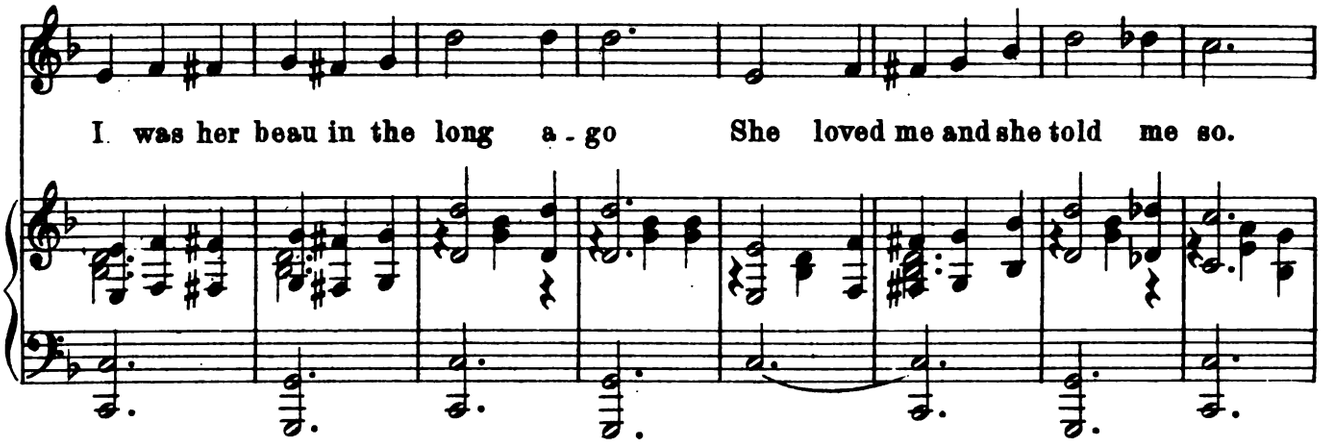
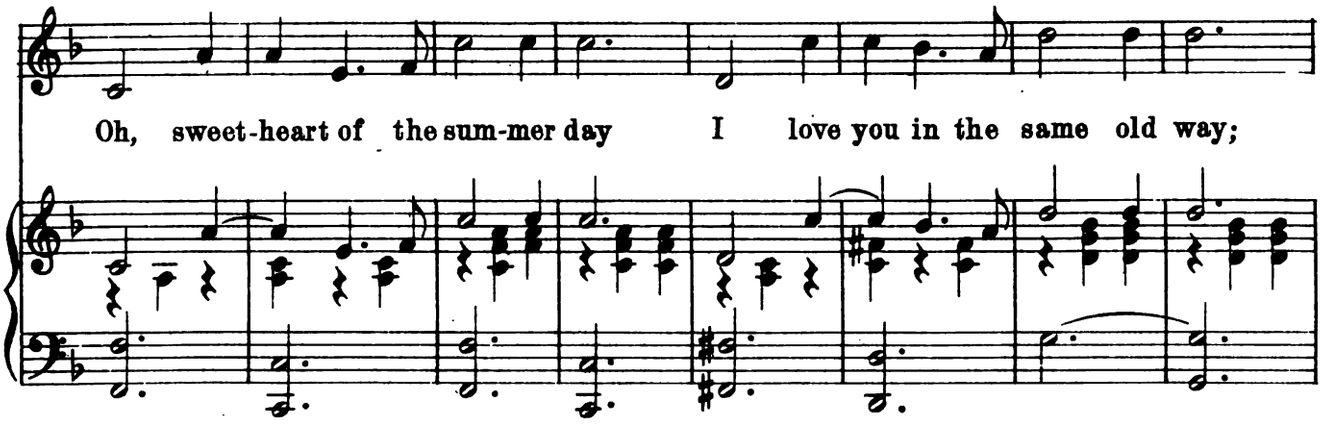
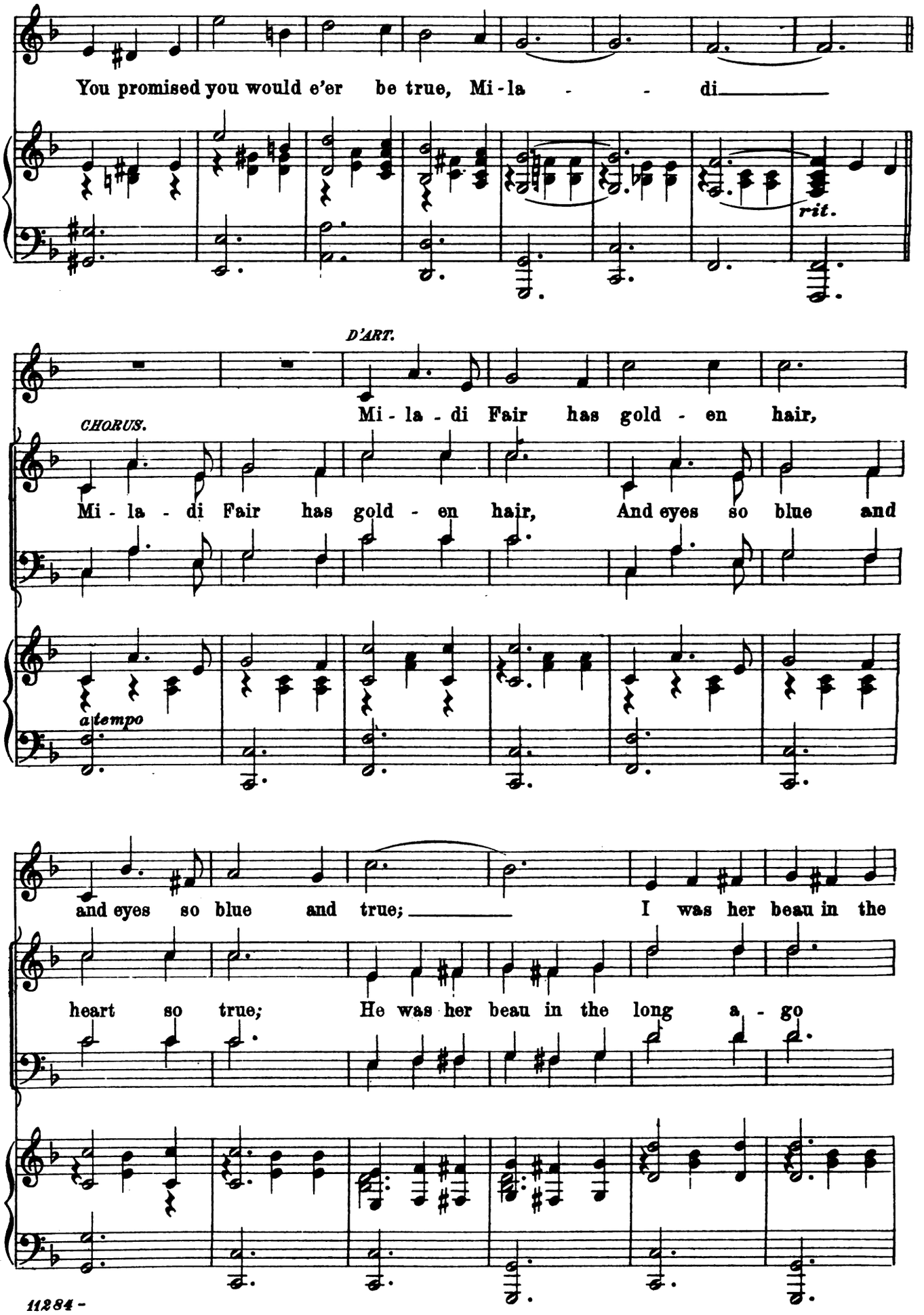
Allegro

f
f
1. Don't think that we are friv-o-lous, be-cause we sing and dance, We're as
2. Our aim in life is just to do the ver-y best we know, In
mf
harmless as the mer-ry meadow lark; With hor-rid star-ing mus-ket-eers we
fact to "do" a "good thing" when we can, We always stay at home when there is
sel-dom take a chance, And rare-ly go a-walk-ing af-ter dark. We
nowhere else to go, For that we find to be the wis-est plan. If

mind our mothers, now and then, with-out a pout or frown, And sometimes do ex-act-ly as we're
a-ny sau-cy man should try to give us each a kiss We're not prepared to say what we would
told; We nev-er cry be-cause we have to stay quite late in town, In
do, But you may safe-ly wa-ger something rath-er good on this The
ff REFRAIN.
point of fact, we're just as good as gold! We're such pret-ty lit-tle girls!
of-fer would not be so ve-ry new. We're such
f
ff
(Dance.)
(Dance.)
Such good lit-tle girls! We're ver-y in-no-cent!
f
ff
f

Full of mer-ri-ment! Flirting's not our bent! Oh, no! We're such
(Dance.)
prop-er lit-tle girls! Such nice lit-tle girls!
ff
f
ff
(Dance.)
In fact we'd rather die, Than to wink the oth-er eye, Such
f
pret-ty, pret-ty, good lit-tle girls!
DANCE.
mf

f
ff
8
poco a poco
cresc.
sf

Miladi!

D'ARTAGNAN & CHORUS.

No. 15.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.

Moderato.

1. In the
2. Thus I
em-bers of De-cem-ber, When the world is wrapped in snow, Love re-
crown you, blue-eyed maid-en Your my Queen "The Queen of Tarts!" Tho' your
mem-bers sweet Sep-tem-ber, In the fire-light's gold-en glow, In an
tarts be heav-y la-den Let us no-bly play our parts! Love makes
ap-ple orch-ard la-den, When the birds sing to and fro, Stands a
May of dark De-cem-ber Love shall keep our hearts a-glow, With the

Tempo di Valse.

You promised you would e'er be true, Mi - la - - di
rit.
D'ART.
Mi - la - di Fair has gold - en hair,
CHORUS.
Mi - la - di Fair has gold - en hair, And eyes so blue and
a tempo
and eyes so blue and true; I was her beau in the
heart so true; He was her beau in the long a - go

long a - go long a - go Oh sweet-heart, oh sweet-heart of the

She loved him and she told him so. Oh sweet-heart, of the Sum - mer

summer day, I love you, I love you in the same old way; You prom - ised

day Do you love in the same old way? You promised you would

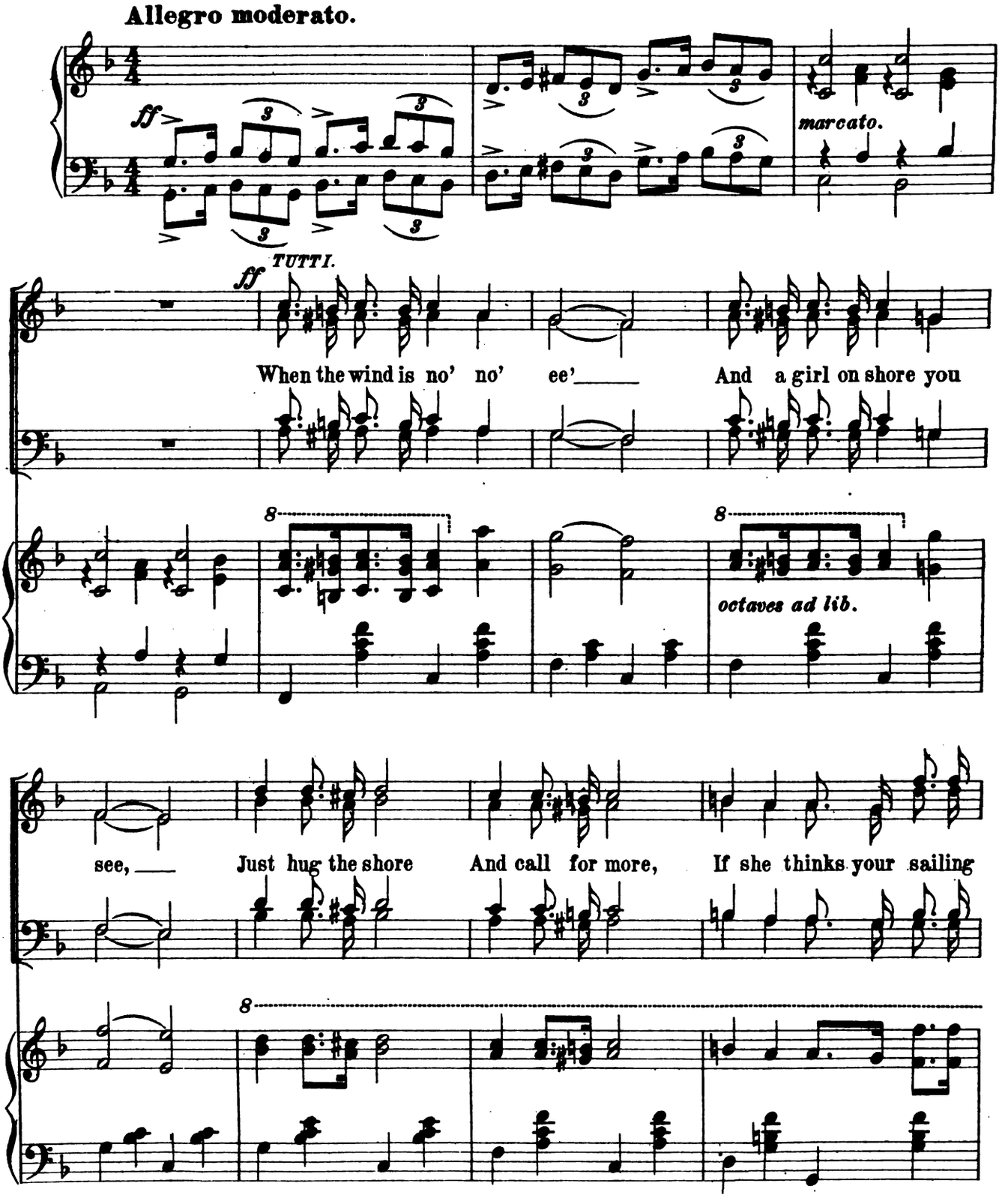
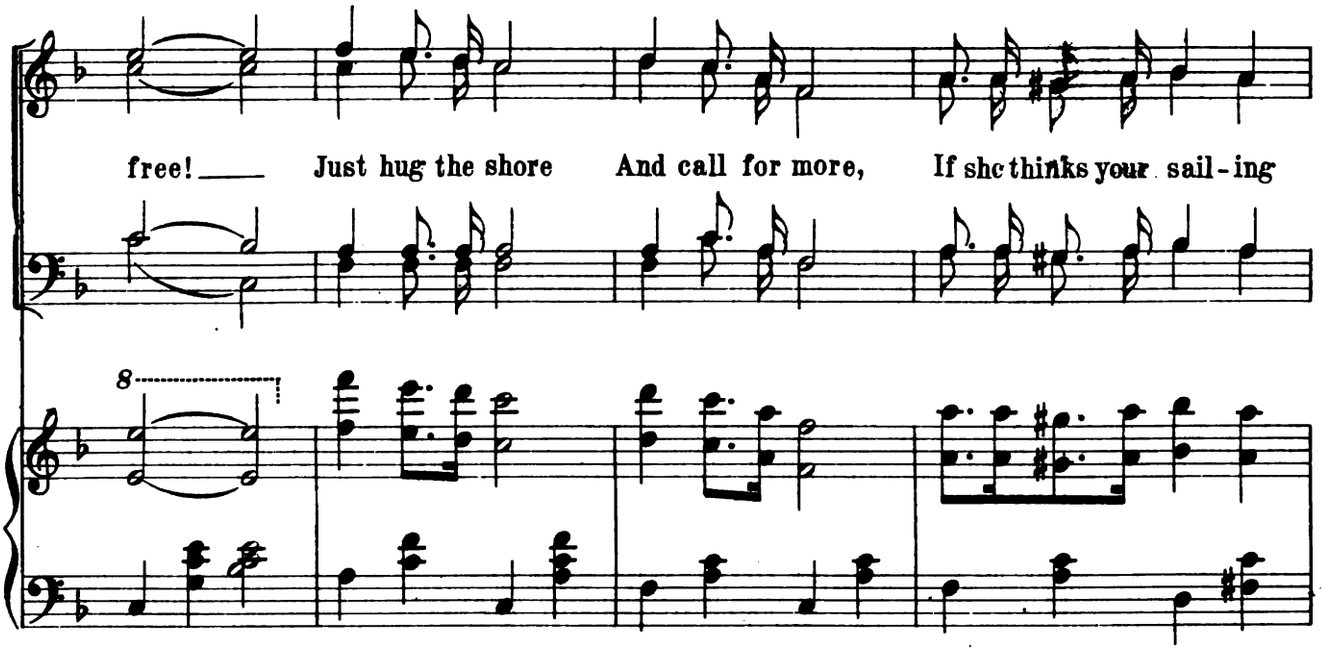
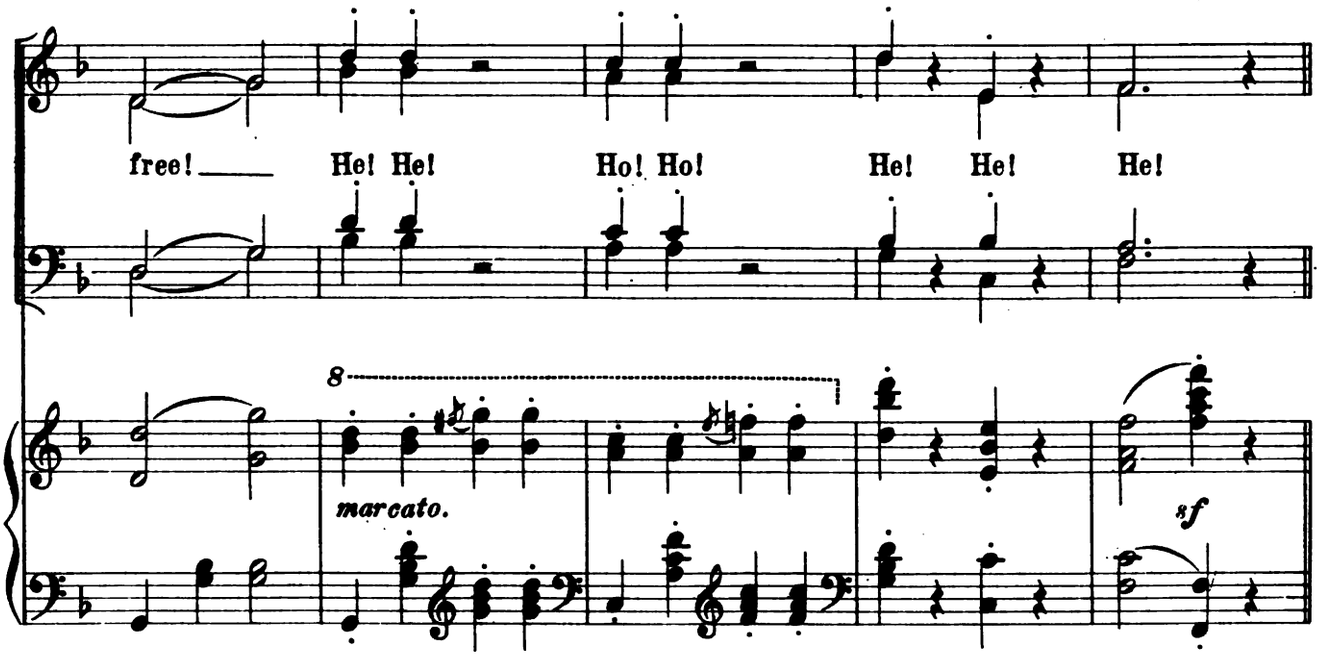
you'd be true, Mi - la - di, Mi - la - - di.

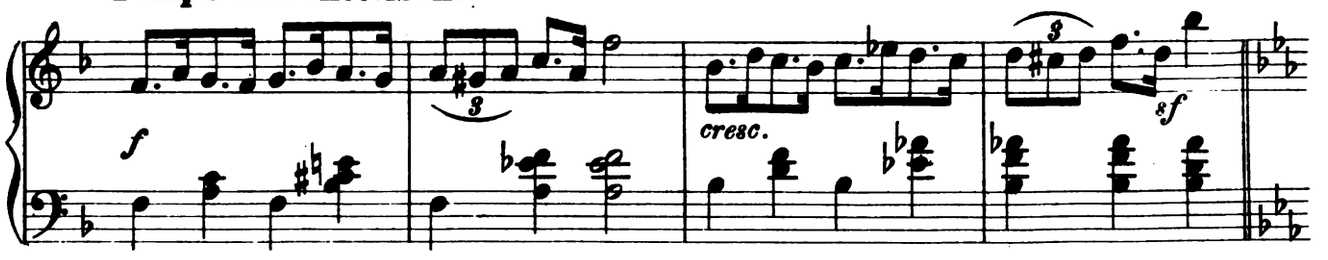
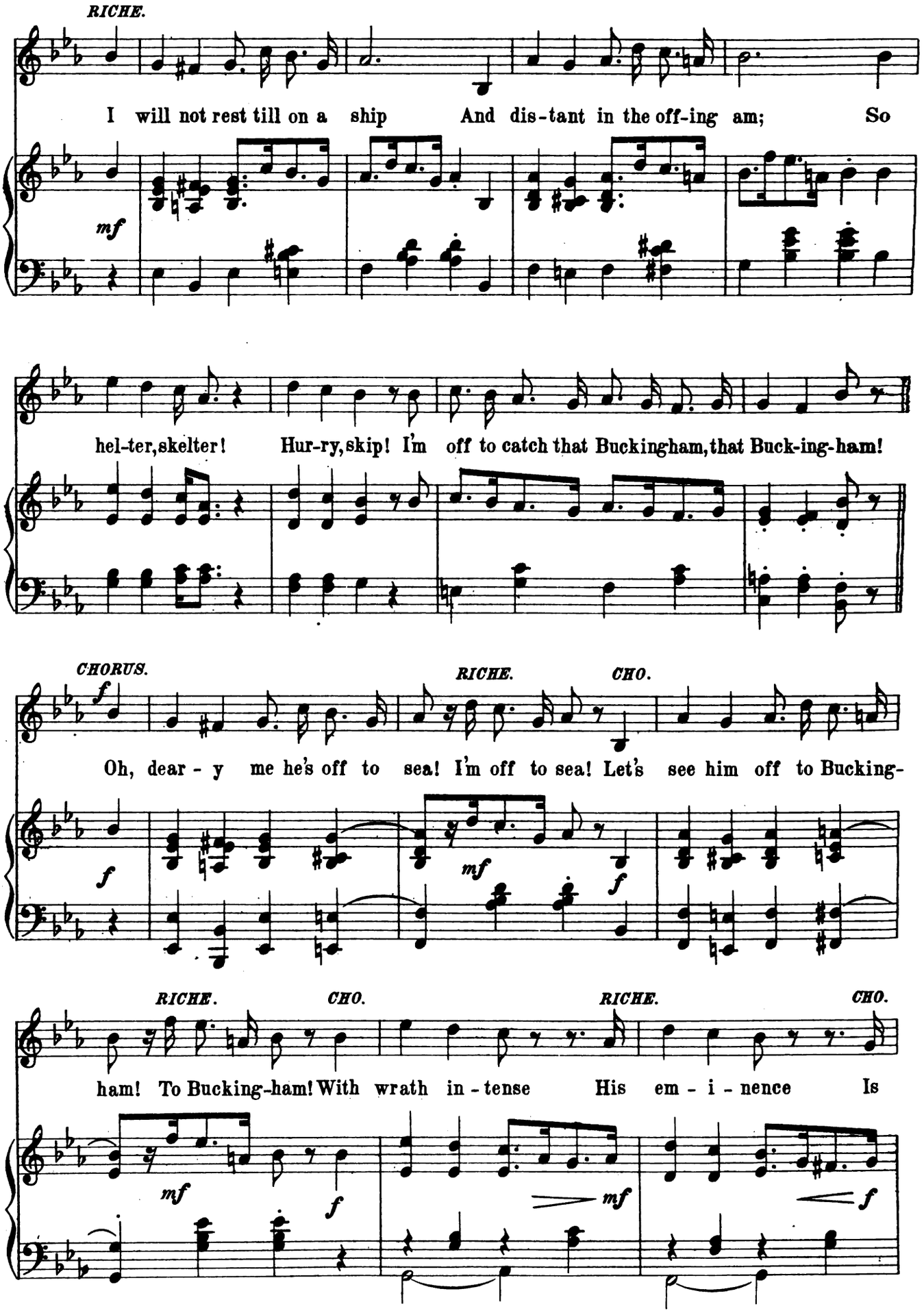
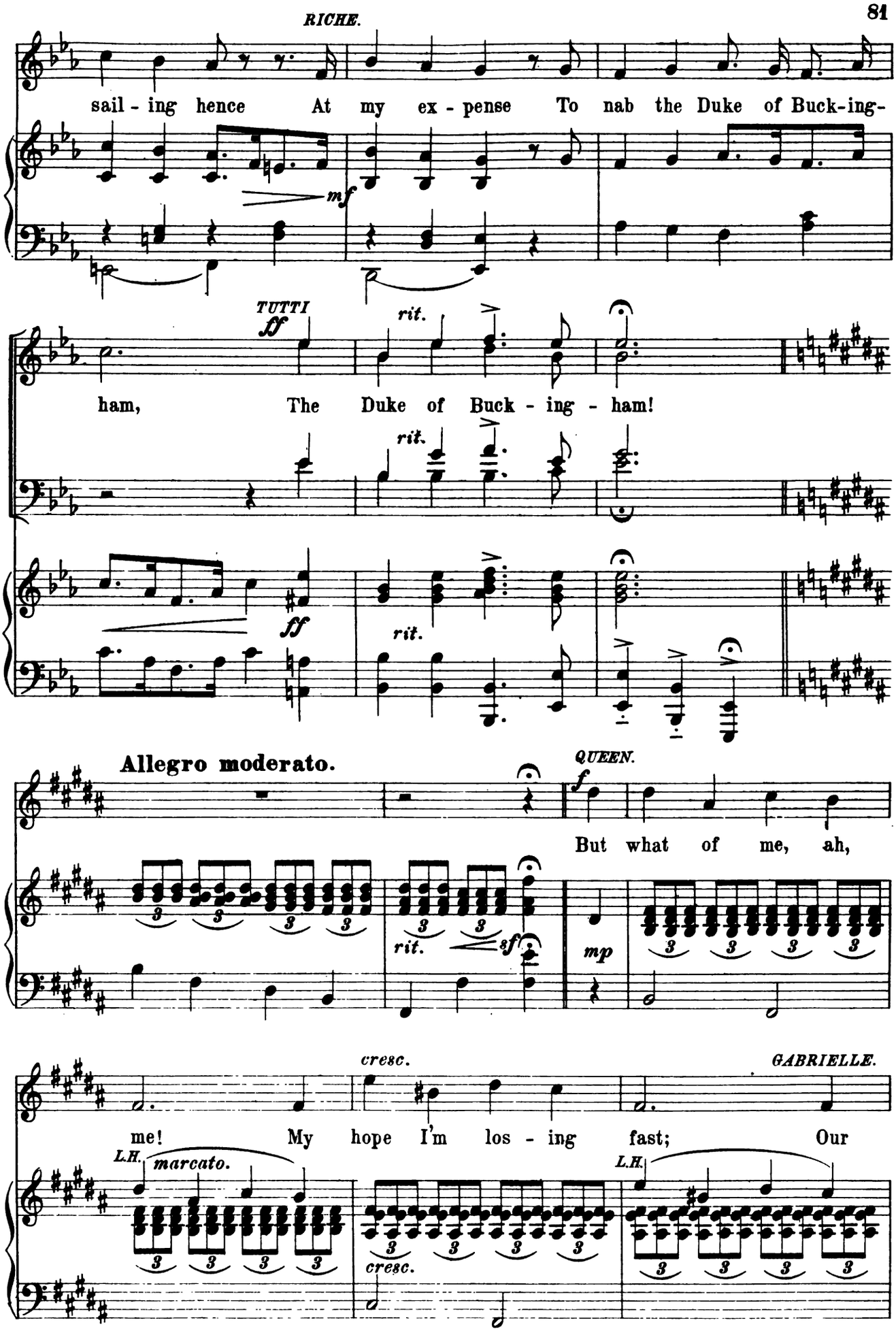
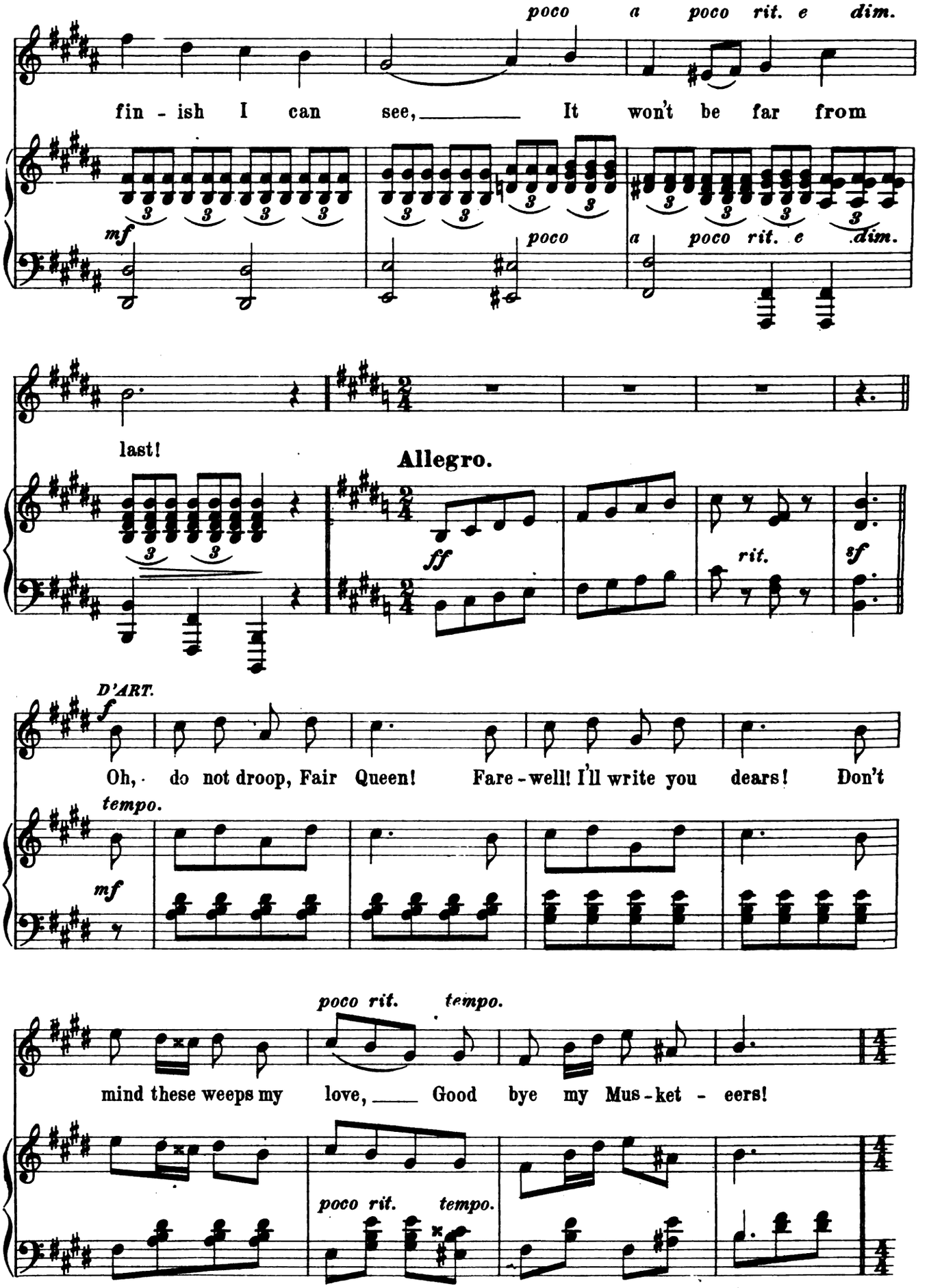
e'er be true, Mi - la - - - - - - di.

Finale. Act II.

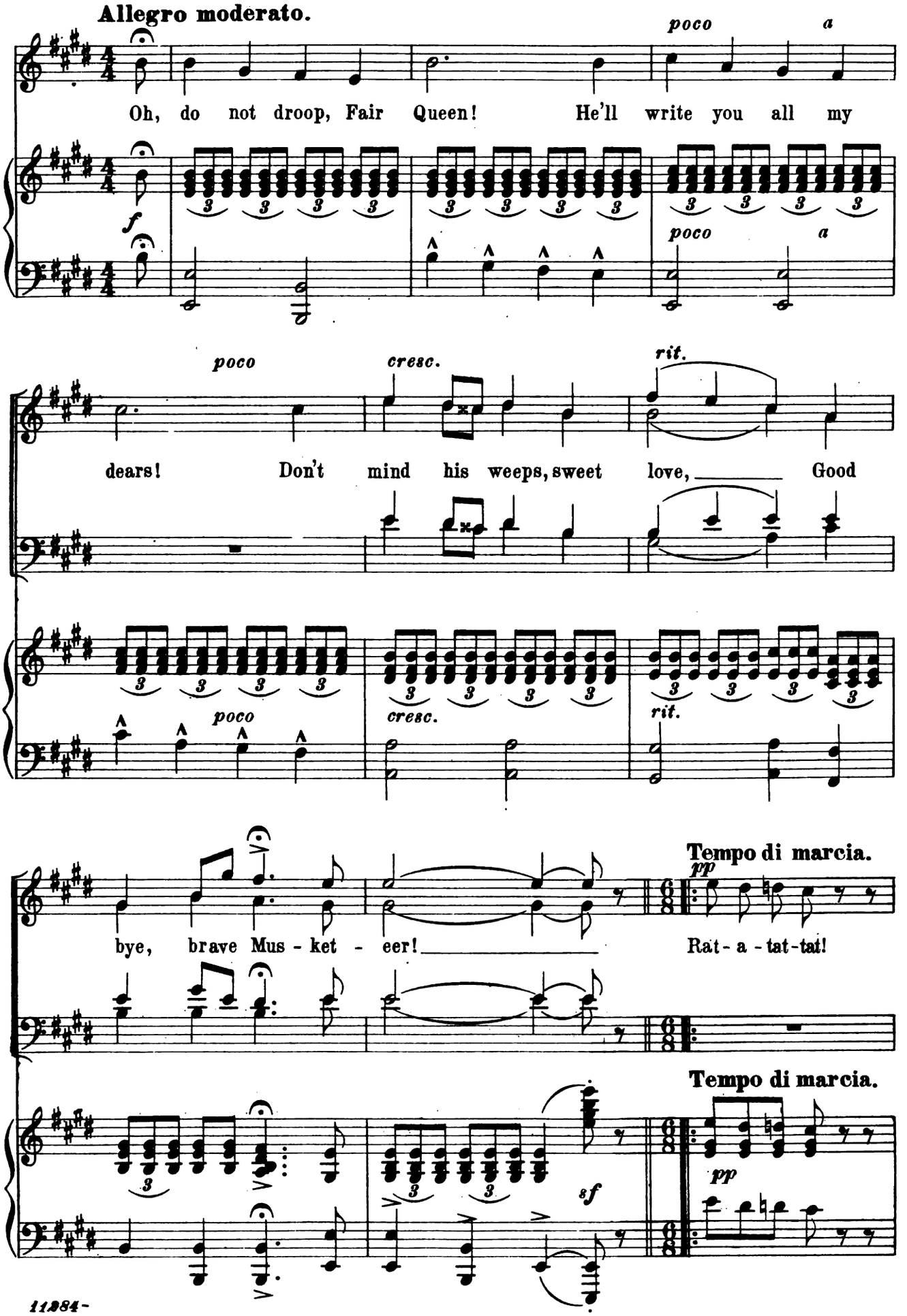
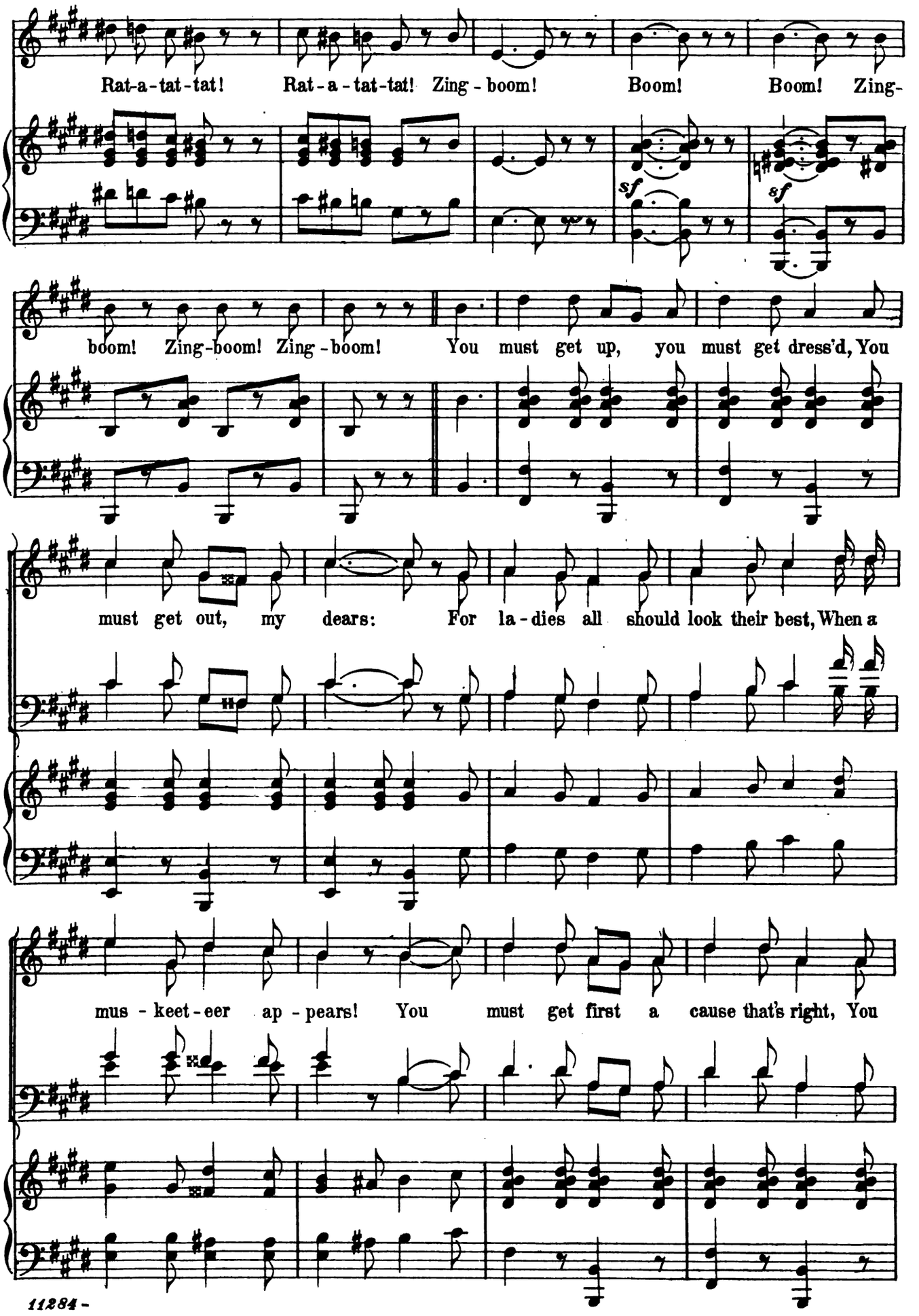
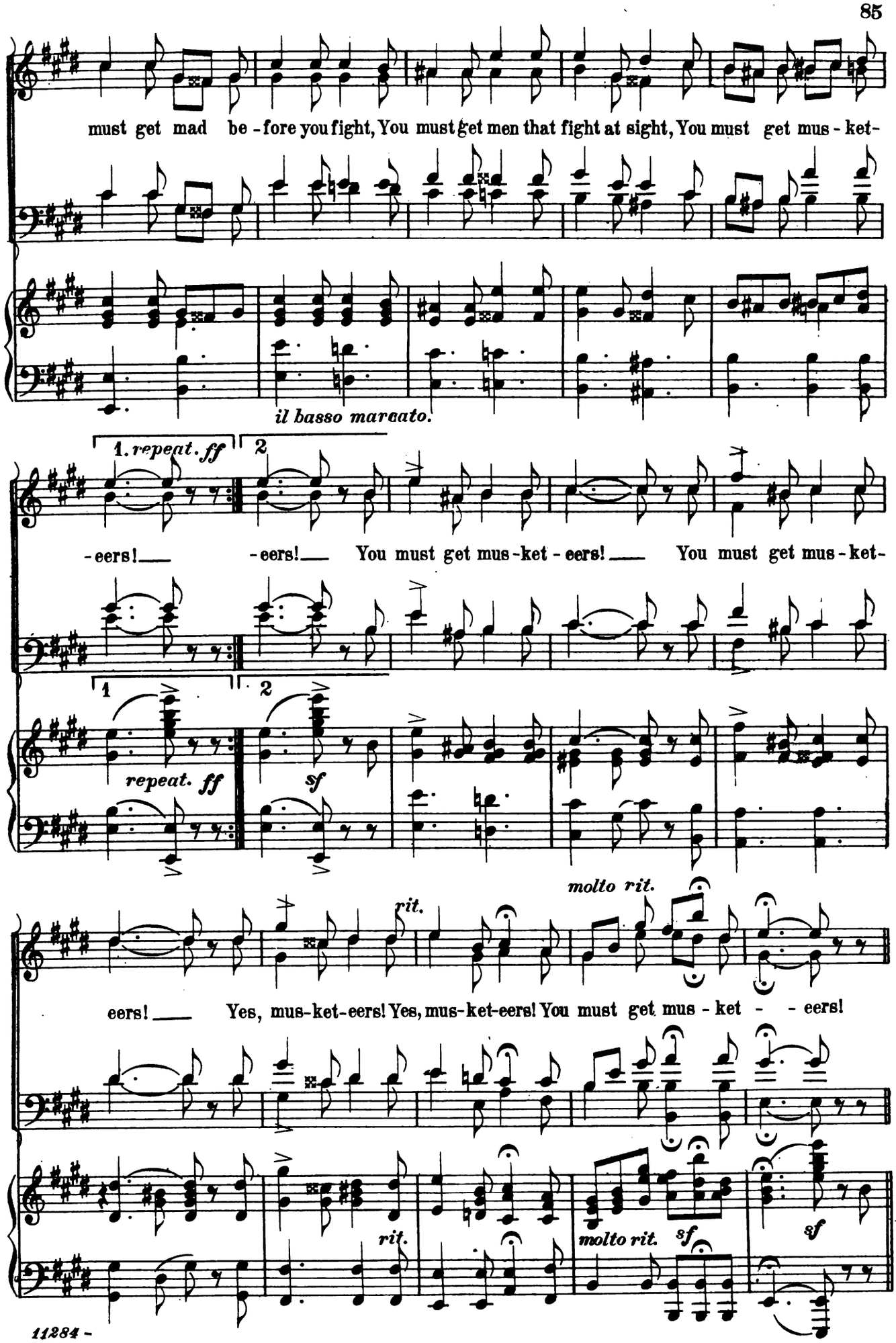
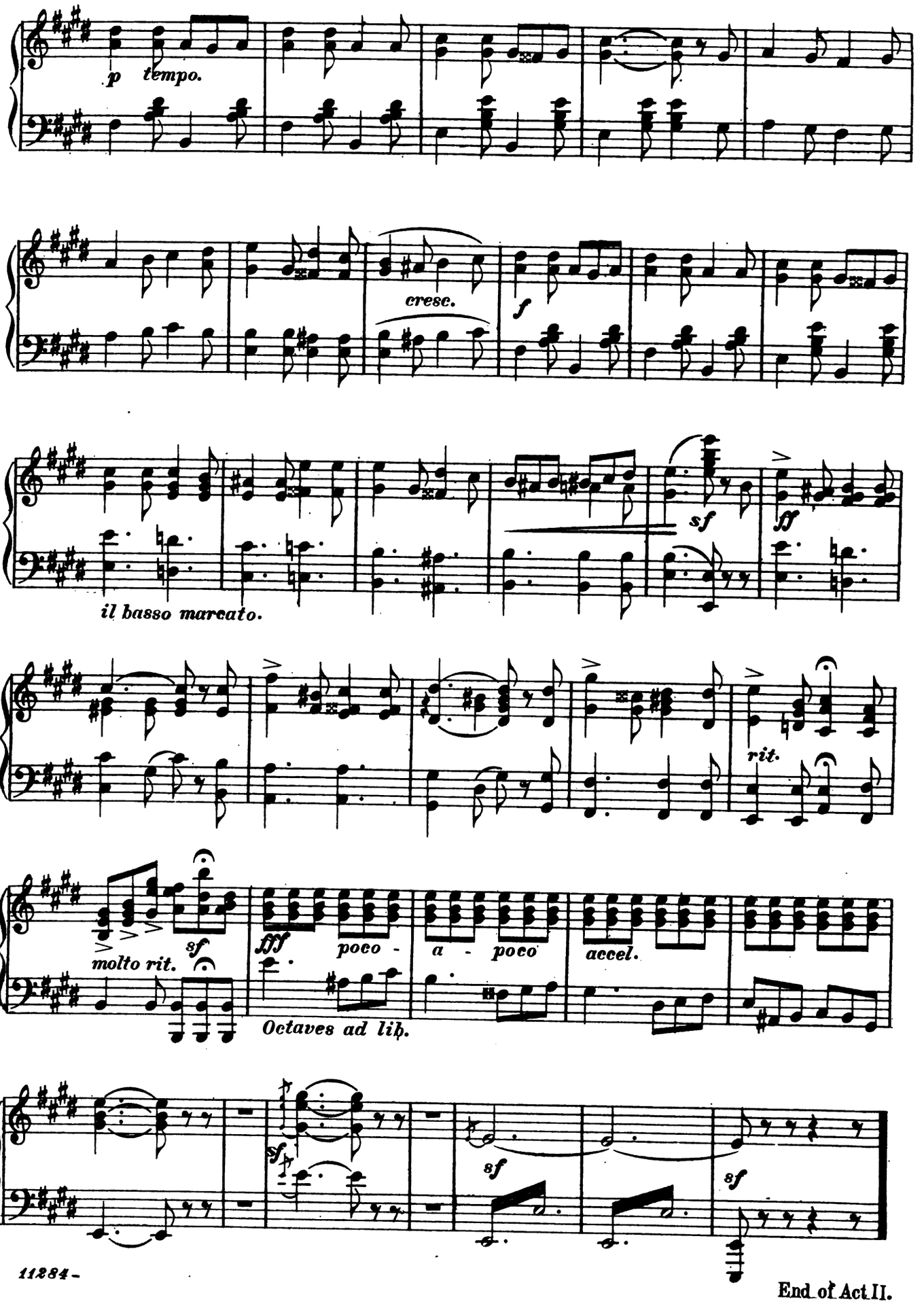
No. 16.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Allegro moderato.



Tempo di Schottische.

RICHE.
I will not rest till on a ship And dis-tant in the off-ing am; So
mf
hel-ter, skelter! Hur-ry, skip! I'm off to catch that Buckingham, that Buck-ing-ham!
CHORUS.
RICHE.
CHO.
Oh, dear - y me he's off to sea! I'm off to sea! Let's see him off to Bucking-
f
mf
f
RICHE.
CHO.
RICHE.
CHO.
ham! To Bucking-ham! With wrath in - tense His em - i - nence Is
mf
f
mf
f

RICHE.
sail - ing hence At my ex - pense To nab the Duke of Buck-ing-
mf
TUTTI
ff
rit.
ham, The Duke of Buck - ing - ham!
rit.
ff
rit.
Allegro moderato.
QUEEN.
f
But what of me, ah,
rit.
sf
mp
cresc.
GABRIELLE.
me! My hope I'm los - ing fast; Our
L.H.
marcato.
cresc.
L.H.

poco a poco rit. e dim.
fin - ish I can see, It won't be far from
mf
poco
a poco rit. e dim.
last!
Allegro.
ff
rit.
sf
D'ART.
f
Oh, do not droop, Fair Queen! Fare - well! I'll write you dears! Don't
tempo.
mf
poco rit. tempo.
mind these weeps my love, Good bye my Mus - ket - eers!
poco rit. tempo.

CHORUS.

Allegro moderato.

Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat! Zing-boom! Boom! Boom! Zing-
sf
sf
boom! Zing-boom! Zing-boom! You must get up, you must get dress'd, You
must get out, my dears: For la-dies all should look their best, When a
mus-keet-eer ap-pears! You must get first a cause that's right, You

must get mad be - fore you fight, You must get men that fight at sight, You must get mus - ket-
il basso marcato.
1. repeat. ff
2
- eers! - eers! You must get mus - ket - eers! You must get mus - ket-
1
2
repeat. ff
sf
molto rit.
rit.
eers! Yes, mus-ket-eers! Yes, mus-ket-eers! You must get mus - ket - - eers!
rit.
molto rit.
sf
sf

p tempo.
cresc.
f
sf
ff
il basso marcato.
rit.
molto rit.
sf
fff
poco -
a - poco
accel.
Octaves ad lib.
sf
sf

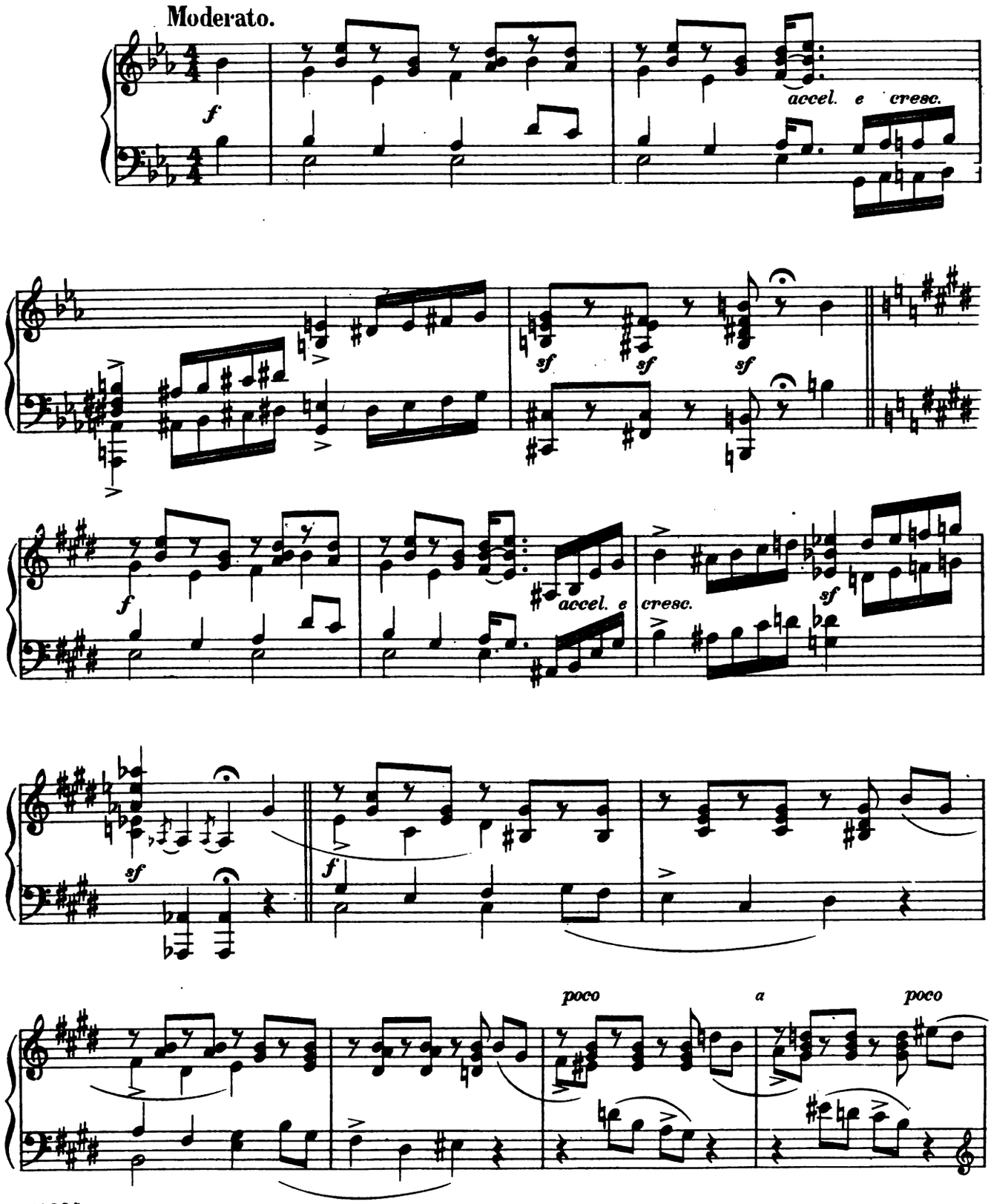
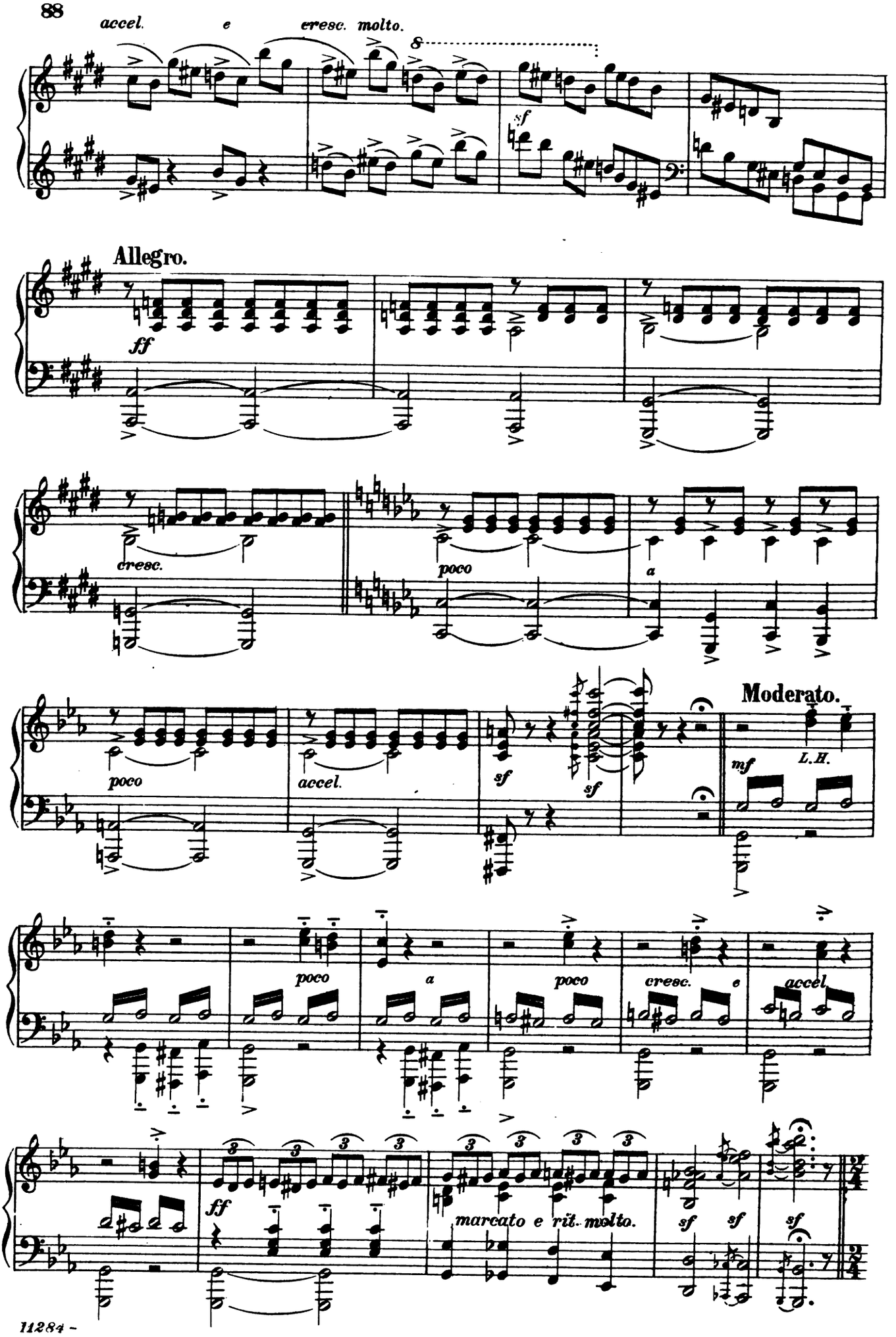
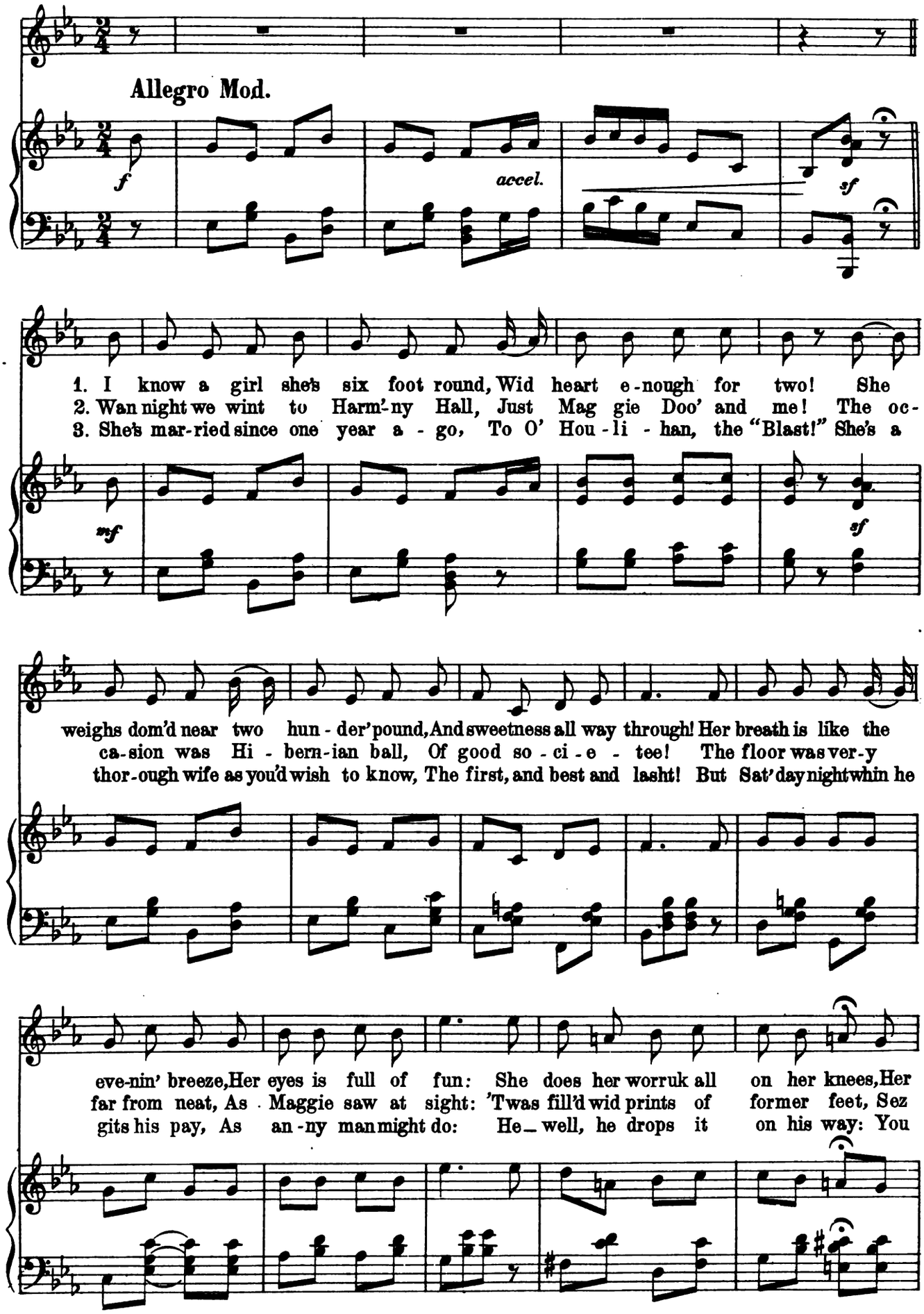
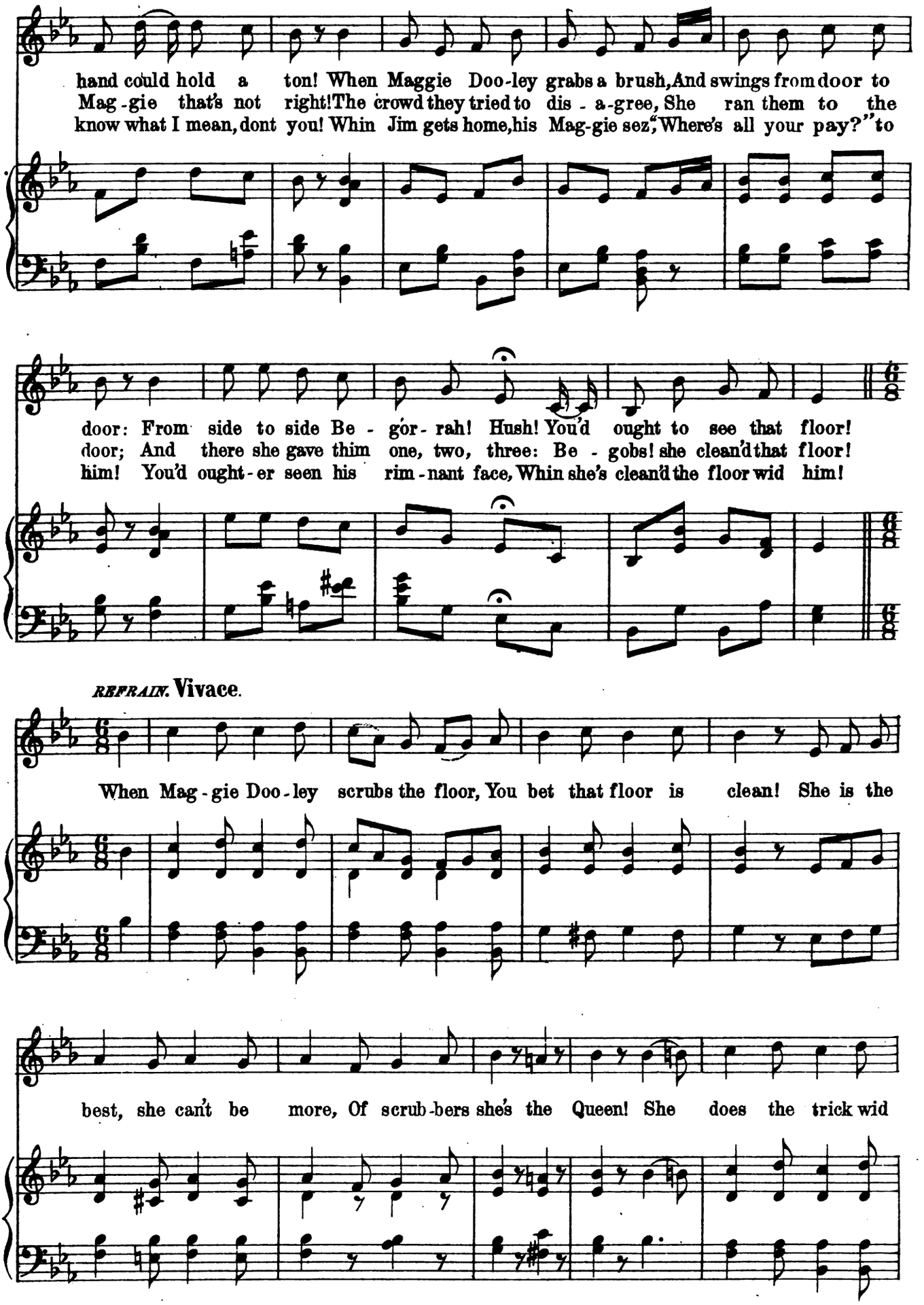
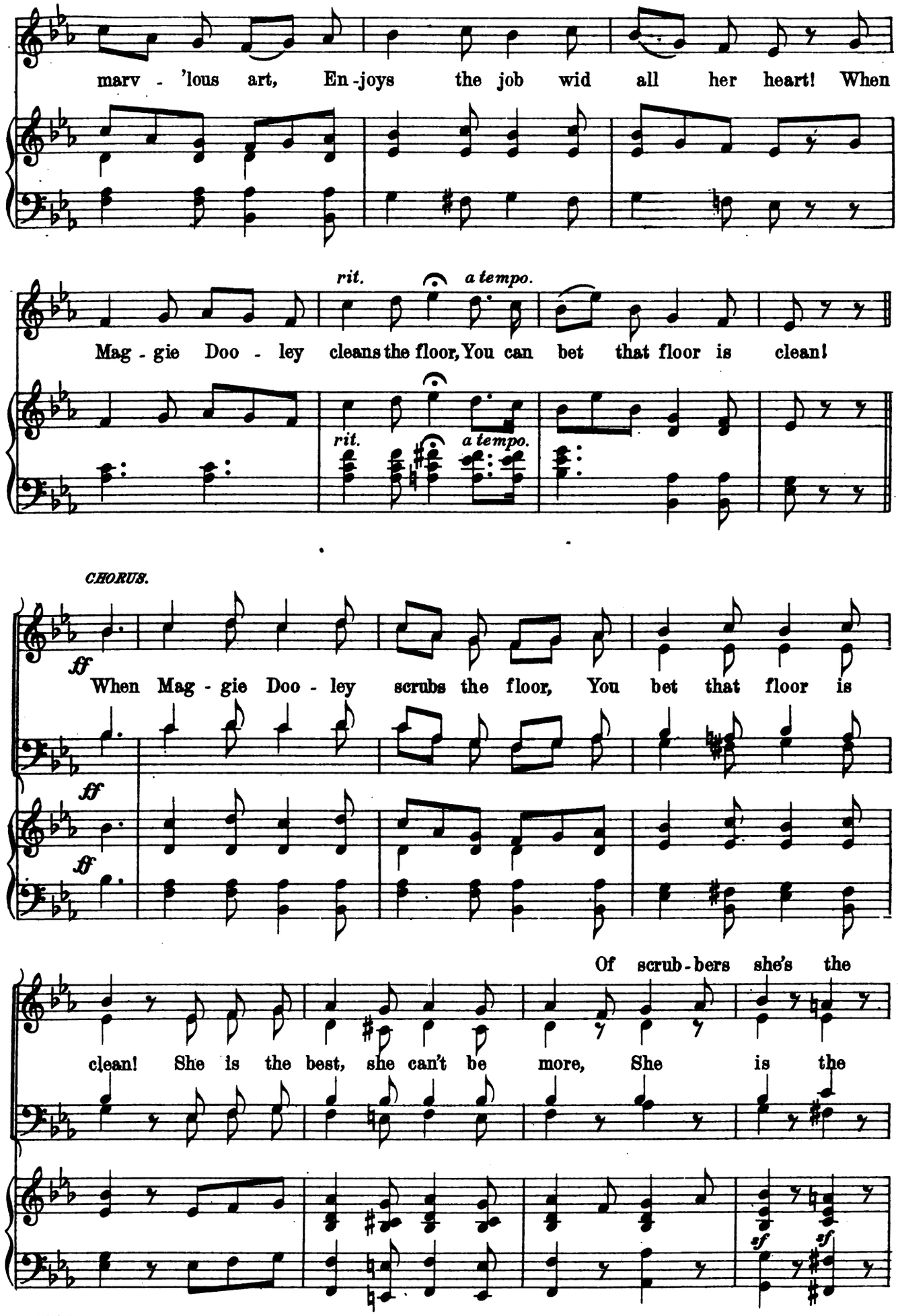
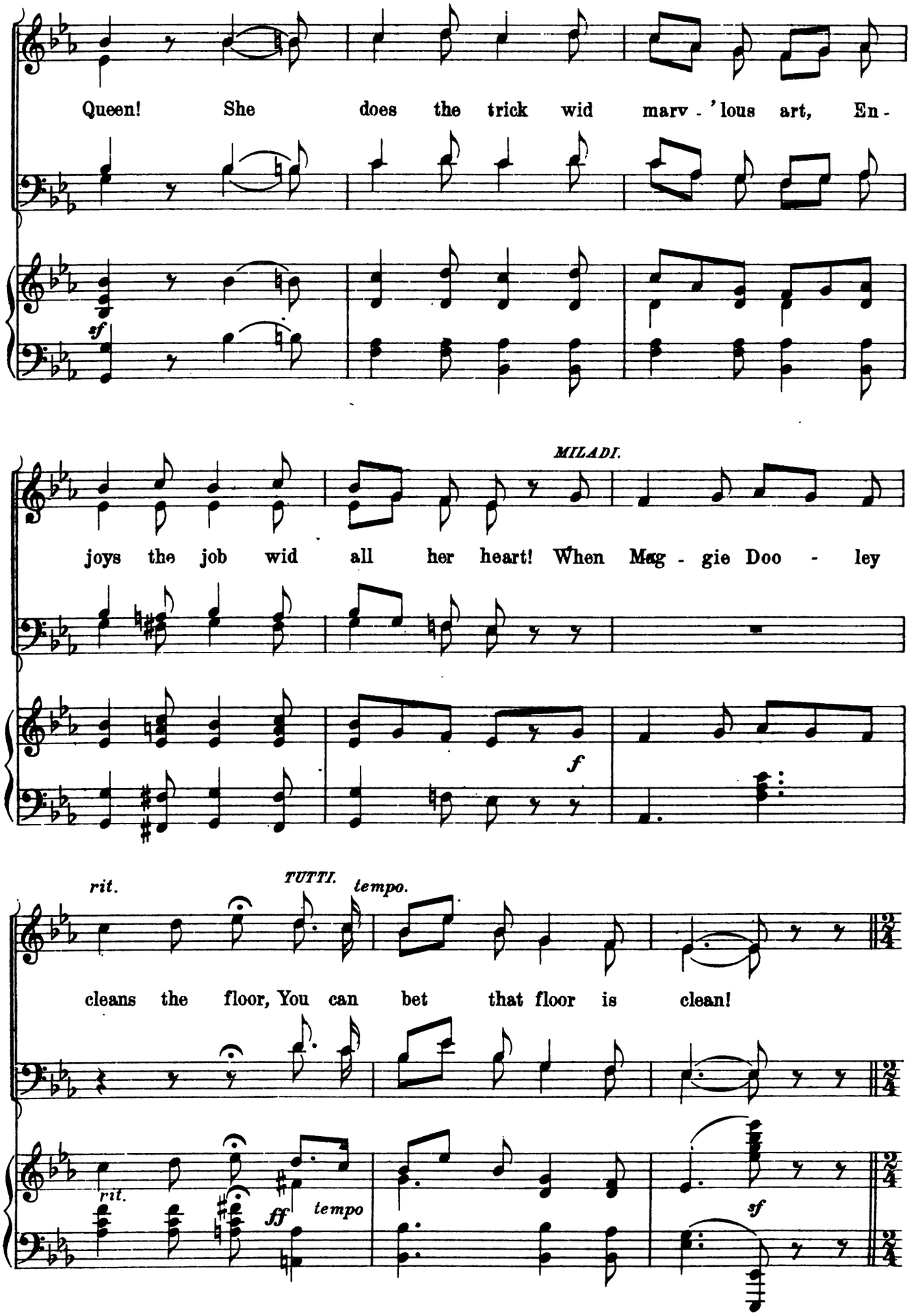
End of Act II.

ACT III.

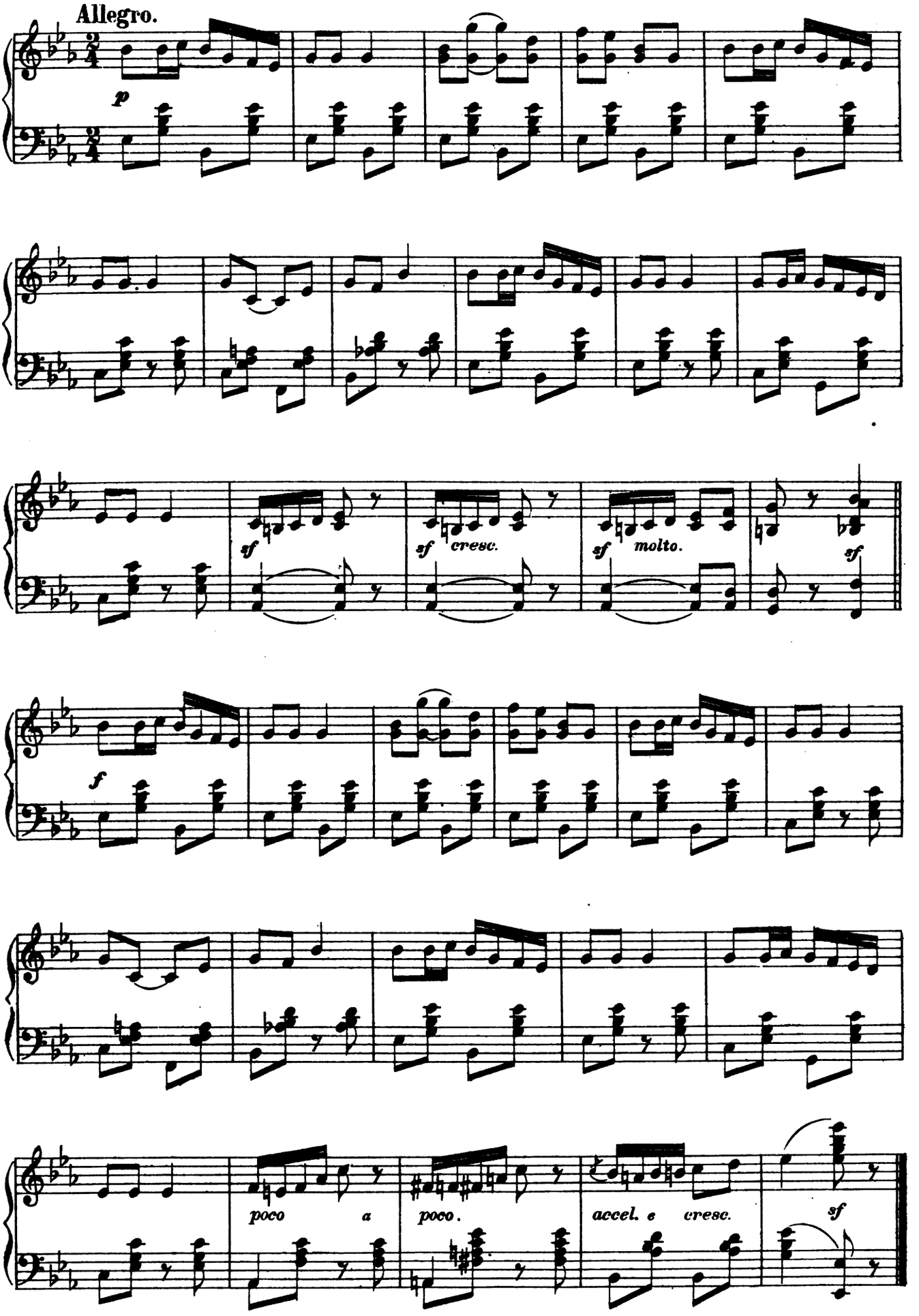
When Maggie Dooley scrubs the floor.

MILADI & CHORUS.

No. 17.

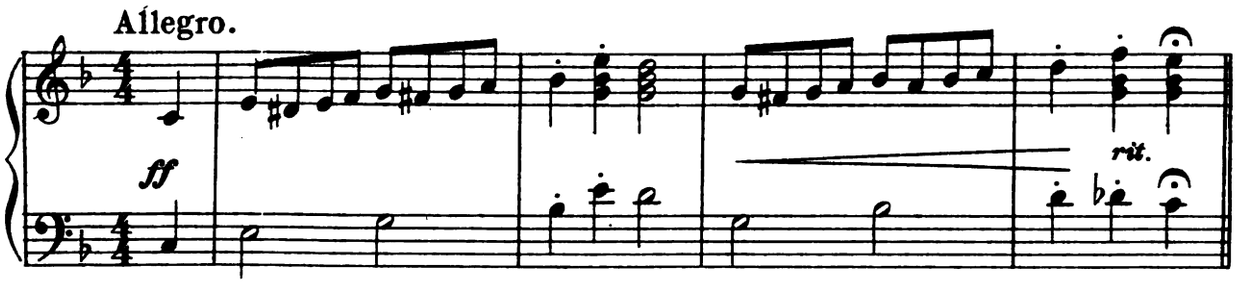
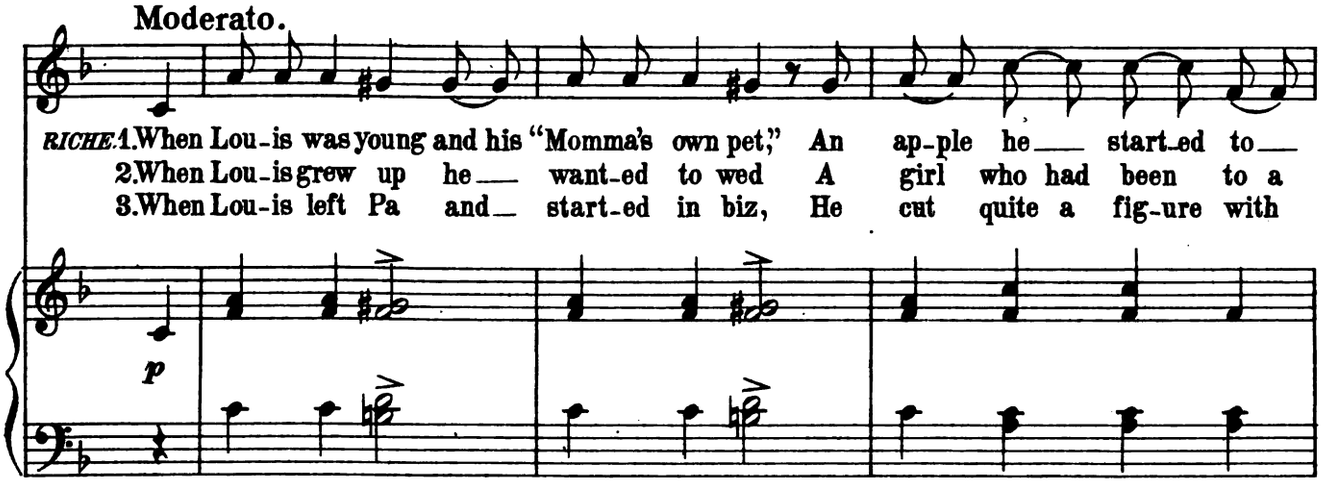
HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

accel.
e
cresc. molto.
8
sf
Allegro.
ff
cresc.
poco
a
poco
accel.
sf
sf
Moderato.
mf
L.H.
poco
a
poco
cresc.
e
accel.
ff
marcato e rit. molto.
sf
sf
sf

Allegro Mod.
f
accel.
sf
1. I know a girl she's six foot round, Wid heart e-nough for two! She
2. Wan night we wint to Harm'-ny Hall, Just Mag gie Doo' and me! The oc-
3. She's mar-ried since one year a-go, To O' Hou-li-han, the "Blast!" She's a
mf
sf
weighs dom'd near two hun-der'pound, And sweetness all way through! Her breath is like the
ca-sion was Hi-bern-ian ball, Of good so-ci-e-tee! The floor was ver-y
thor-ough wife as you'd wish to know, The first, and best and lasht! But Sat'day night whin he
eve-nin' breeze, Her eyes is full of fun: She does her worruk all on her knees, Her
far from neat, As Maggie saw at sight: 'Twas fill'd wid prints of former feet, Sez
gits his pay, As an-ny man might do: He_ well, he drops it on his way: You

hand could hold a ton! When Maggie Doo-ley grabs a brush, And swings from door to
Mag-gie that's not right! The crowd they tried to dis-a-gree, She ran them to the
know what I mean, dont you! Whin Jim gets home, his Mag-gie sez, "Where's all your pay?" to
door: From side to side Be-gor-rah! Hush! You'd ought to see that floor!
door; And there she gave thim one, two, three: Be-gobs! she clean'd that floor!
him! You'd ought-er seen his rim-nant face, Whin she's clean'd the floor wid him!
REFRAIN. Vivace.
When Mag-gie Doo-ley scrubs the floor, You bet that floor is clean! She is the
best, she can't be more, Of scrub-bers she's the Queen! She does the trick wid

marv - 'lous art, En-joys the job wid all her heart! When
rit.
a tempo.
Mag - gie Doo - ley cleans the floor, You can bet that floor is clean!
rit.
a tempo.
CHORUS.
ff
When Mag - gie Doo - ley scrubs the floor, You bet that floor is
ff
ff
Of scrub-bers she's the
clean! She is the best, she can't be more, She is the
sf
sf

Queen! She does the trick wid marv - 'lous art, En -
sf
joys the job wid all her heart! When Mag - gie Doo - ley
MILADI.
f
rit.
TUTTI.
tempo.
cleans the floor, You can bet that floor is clean!
rit.
ff
tempo
sf

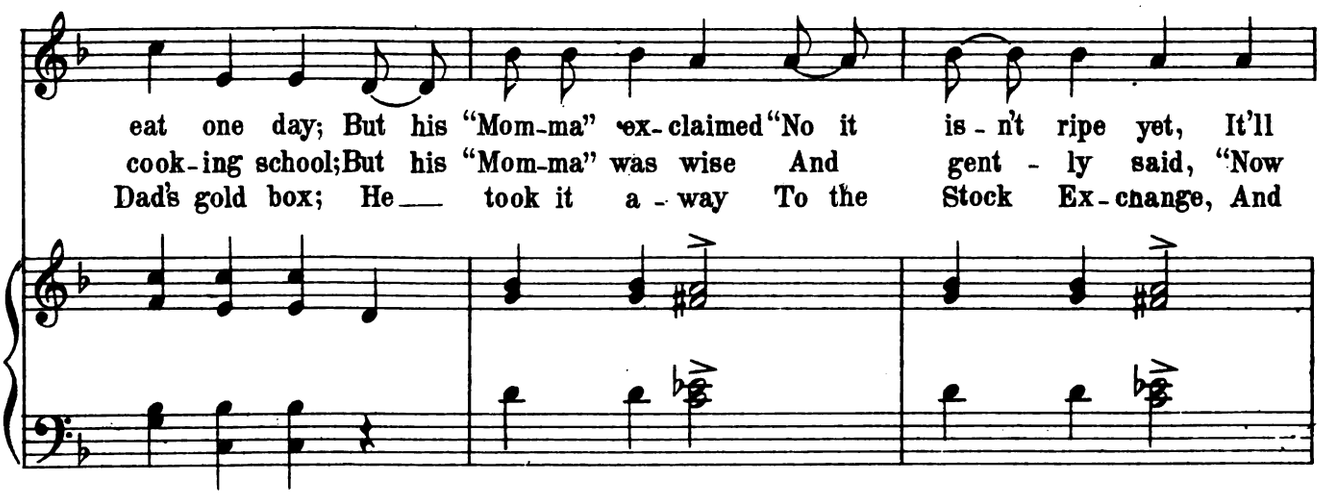
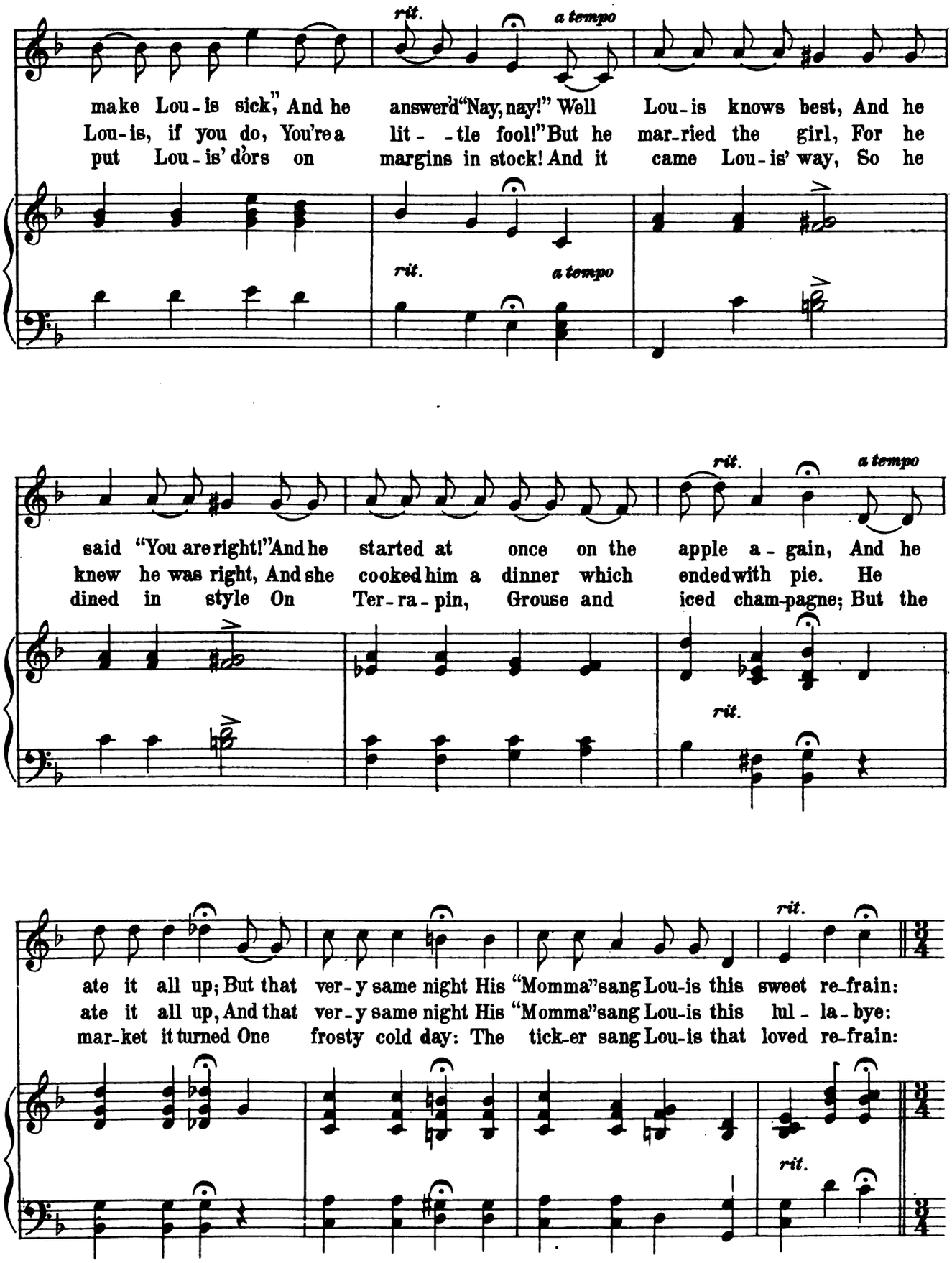
DANCE.

Allegro.

"I told you so!"

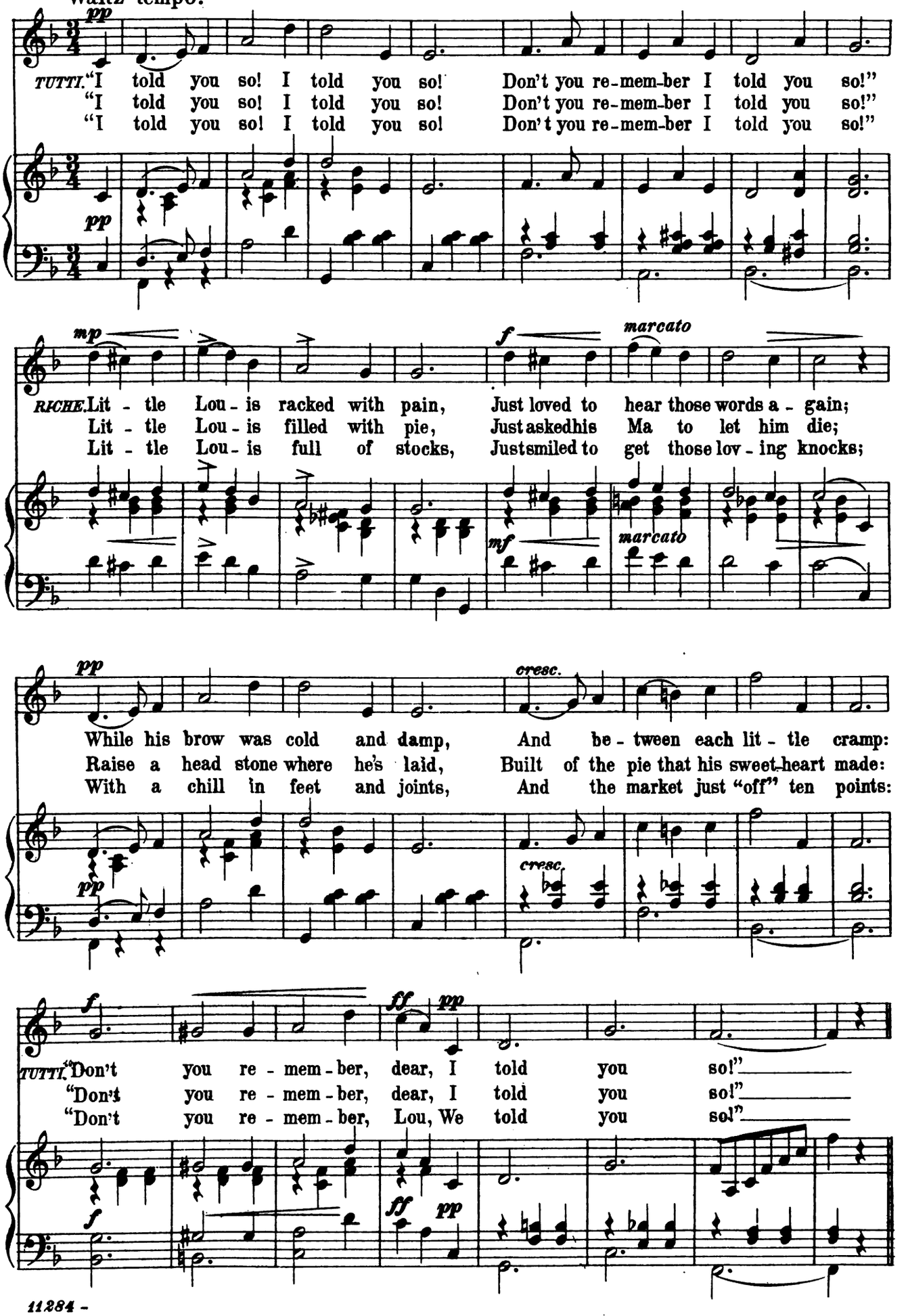
RICHE., ROCH., AH-THOSE, ARRAH., PORK., MIL., QUEEN & MIGN.

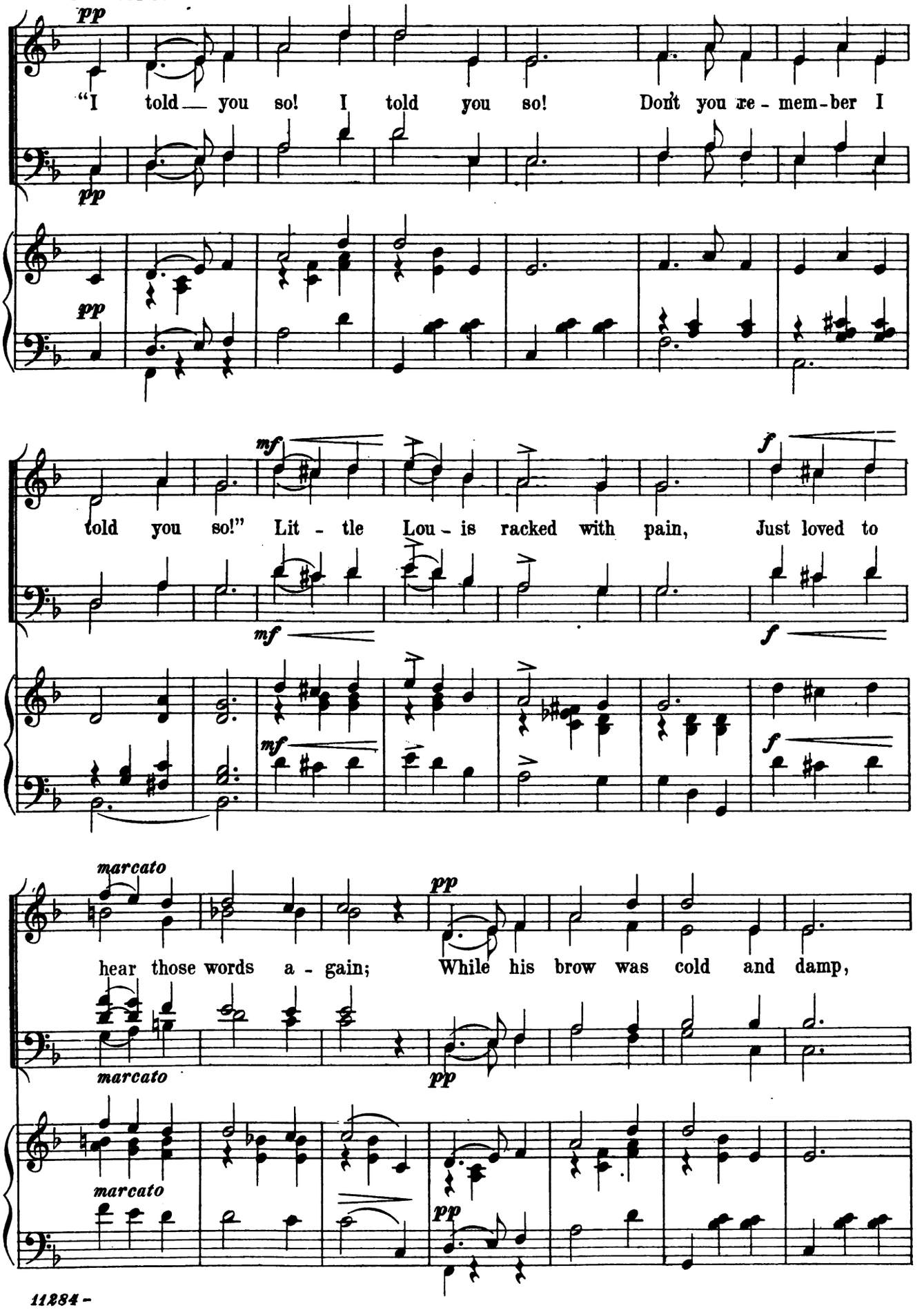
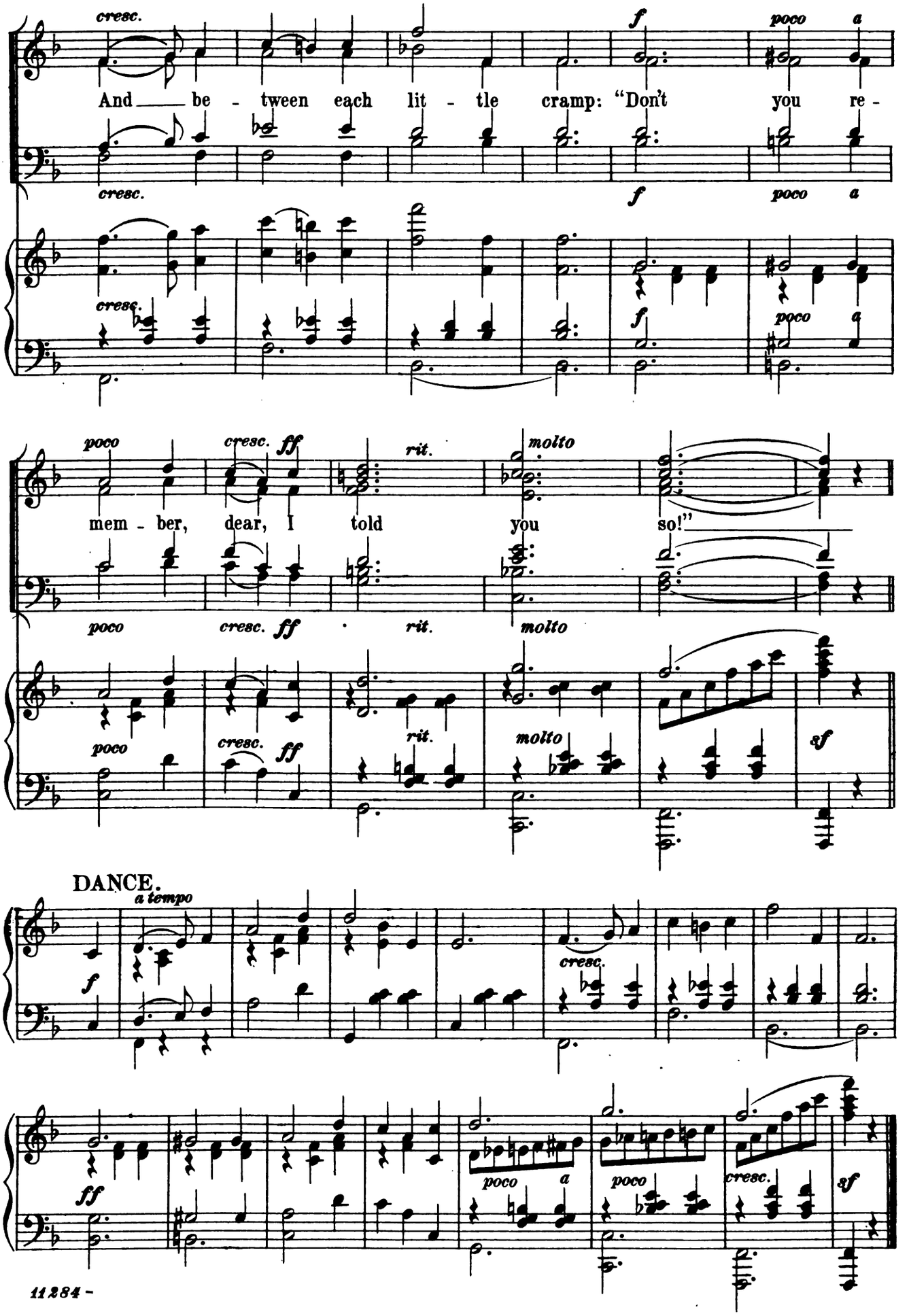
No. 18.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.


Moderato.
RICHE. 1. When Lou-is was young and his "Momma's own pet," An ap-ple he start-ed to
2. When Lou-is grew up he want-ed to wed A girl who had been to a
3. When Lou-is left Pa and start-ed in biz, He cut quite a fig-ure with
p


eat one day; But his "Mom-ma" ex-claimed "No it is-n't ripe yet, It'll
cook-ing school; But his "Mom-ma" was wise And gent-ly said, "Now
Dad's gold box; He took it a-way To the Stock Ex-change, And

rit.
a tempo
make Lou-is sick," And he answer'd "Nay, nay!" Well Lou-is knows best, And he
Lou-is, if you do, You're a lit- -tle fool!" But he mar-ried the girl, For he
put Lou-is' dors on margins in stock! And it came Lou-is' way, So he
rit.
a tempo
said "You are right!" And he started at once on the apple a-gain, And he
knew he was right, And she cooked him a dinner which ended with pie. He
dined in style On Ter-ra-pin, Grouse and iced cham-pagne; But the
rit.
ate it all up; But that ver-y same night His "Momma" sang Lou-is this sweet re-frain:
ate it all up, And that ver-y same night His "Momma" sang Lou-is this lul-la-bye:
mar-ket it turned One frosty cold day: The tick-er sang Lou-is that loved re-frain:
rit.
rit.

REFRAIN.

Waltz tempo.

pp
TUTTI. "I told you so! I told you so! Don't you re-mem-ber I told you so!"
"I told you so! I told you so! Don't you re-mem-ber I told you so!"
"I told you so! I told you so! Don't you re-mem-ber I told you so!"
mp
f
marcato
RICHE. Lit - tle Lou - is racked with pain, Just loved to hear those words a - gain;
Lit - tle Lou - is filled with pie, Just asked his Ma to let him die;
Lit - tle Lou - is full of stocks, Just smiled to get those lov - ing knocks;
mf
marcato
pp
cresc.
While his brow was cold and damp, And be - tween each lit - tle cramp:
Raise a head stone where he's laid, Built of the pie that his sweet-heart made:
With a chill in feet and joints, And the market just "off" ten points:
cresc.
f
ff
pp
TUTTI. "Don't you re - mem - ber, dear, I told you so!"
"Don't you re - mem - ber, dear, I told you so!"
"Don't you re - mem - ber, Lou, We told you so!"
f
ff
pp

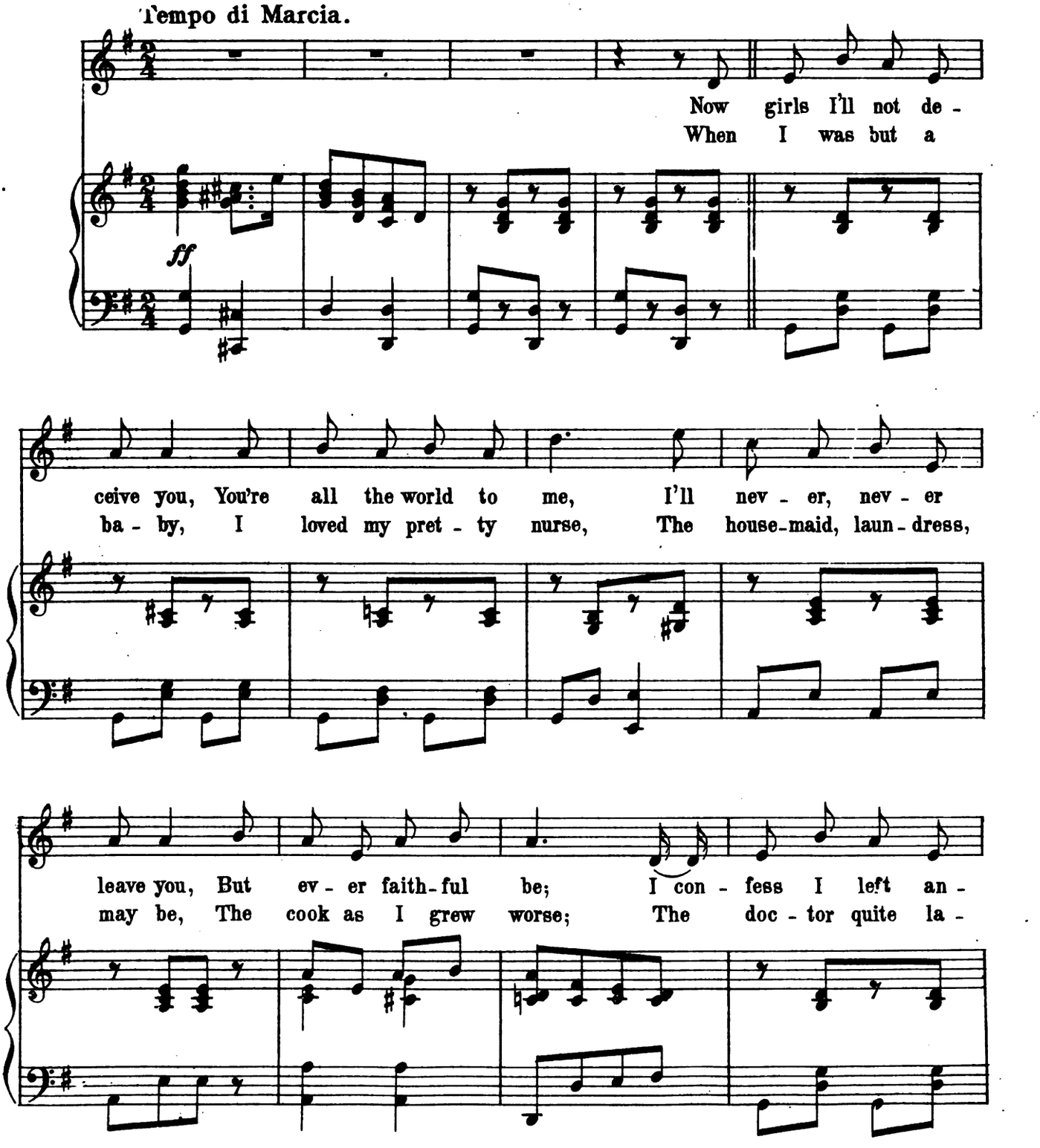
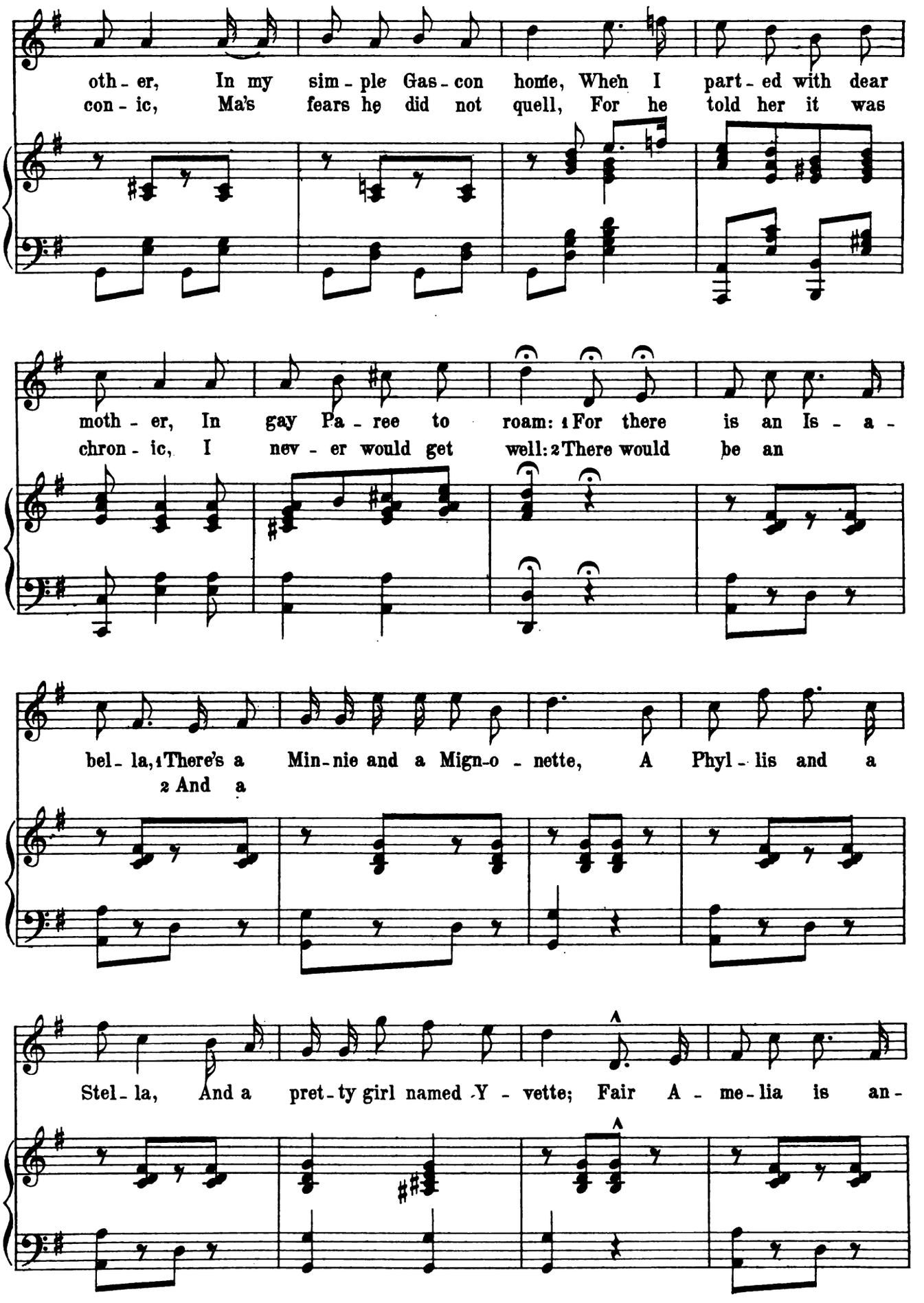
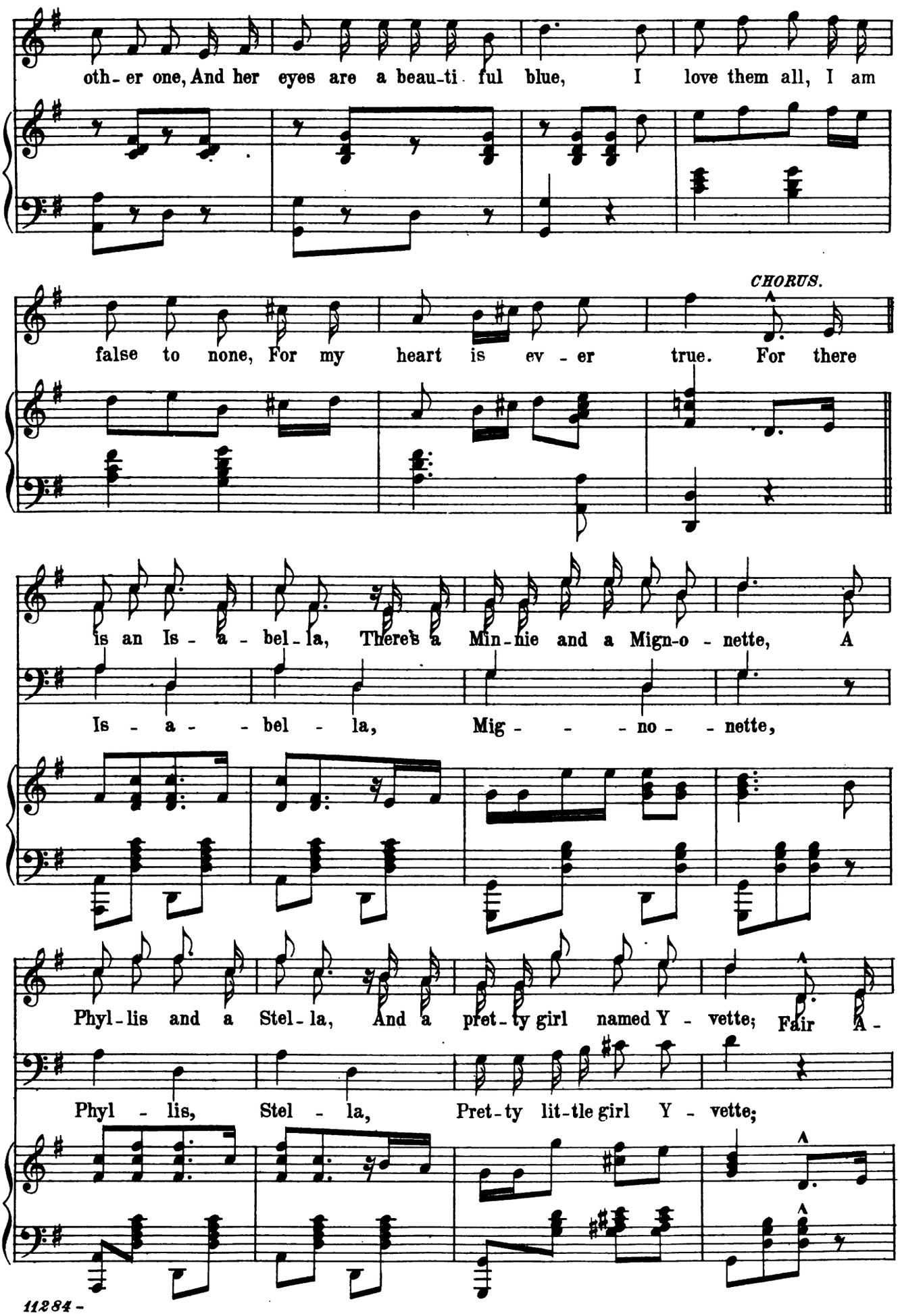
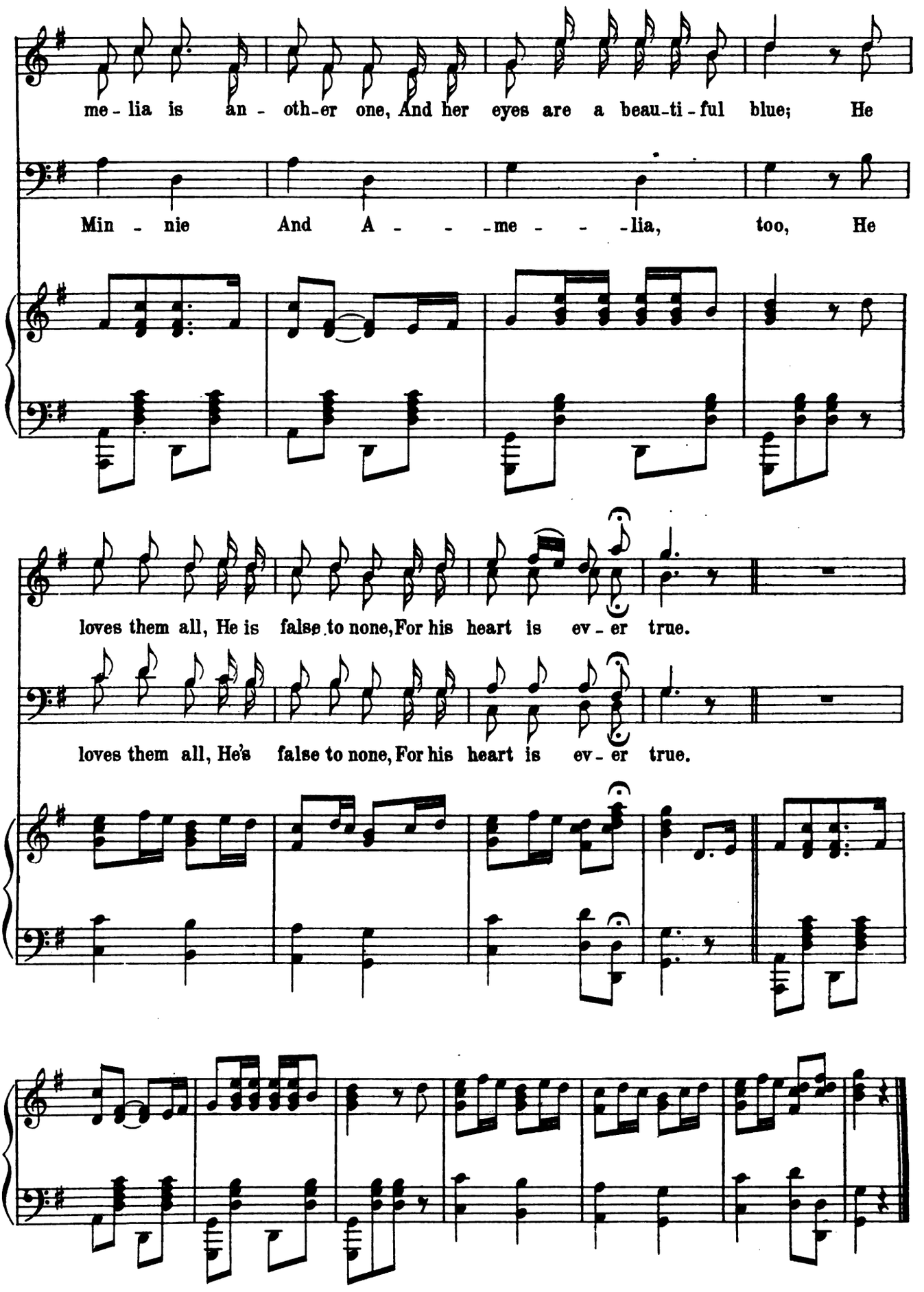
CHORUS.

pp
"I told you so! I told you so! Don't you re-mem-ber I
told you so!" Lit-tle Lou-is racked with pain, Just loved to
mf
f
marcato
pp
hear those words a-gain; While his brow was cold and damp,

cresc.
f
poco a
And be - tween each lit - tle cramp: "Don't you re -
poco
cresc. ff
rit.
molto
mem - ber, dear, I told you so!"
sf
DANCE.
a tempo
ff

My Heart is Ever True.

MARCH SONG and CHORUS.

D'ARTAGNAN.

No. 19.

D. K. STEVENS.

Tempo di Marcia.
ff
Now girls I'll not de -
When I was but a
ceive you, You're all the world to me, I'll nev - er, nev - er
ba - by, I loved my pret - ty nurse, The house-maid, laun - dress,
leave you, But ev - er faith-ful be; I con - fess I left an -
may be, The cook as I grew worse; The doc - tor quite la -

oth - er, In my sim - ple Gas - con home, When I part - ed with dear
con - ic, Ma's fears he did not quell, For he told her it was
moth - er, In gay Pa - ree to roam: 1 For there is an Is - a -
chron - ic, I nev - er would get well: 2 There would be an
bel - la, 1 There's a Min - nie and a Mign - o - nette, A Phyl - lis and a
2 And a
Stel - la, And a pret - ty girl named Y - vette; Fair A - me - lia is an -

oth- er one, And her eyes are a beau-ti ful blue, I love them all, I am
CHORUS.
false to none, For my heart is ev - er true. For there
is an Is - a - bel - la, There's a Min-nie and a Mign-o - nette, A
Is - a - - bel - la, Mig - - - no - - nette,
Phyl-lis and a Stel-la, And a pret-ty girl named Y - vette; Fair A -
Phyl - lis, Stel - la, Pret-ty lit-tle girl Y - vette;

me - lia is an - oth-er one, And her eyes are a beau-ti - ful blue; He
Min - nie And A - - - me - - - lia, too, He
loves them all, He is false to none, For his heart is ev - er true.
loves them all, He's false to none, For his heart is ev - er true.

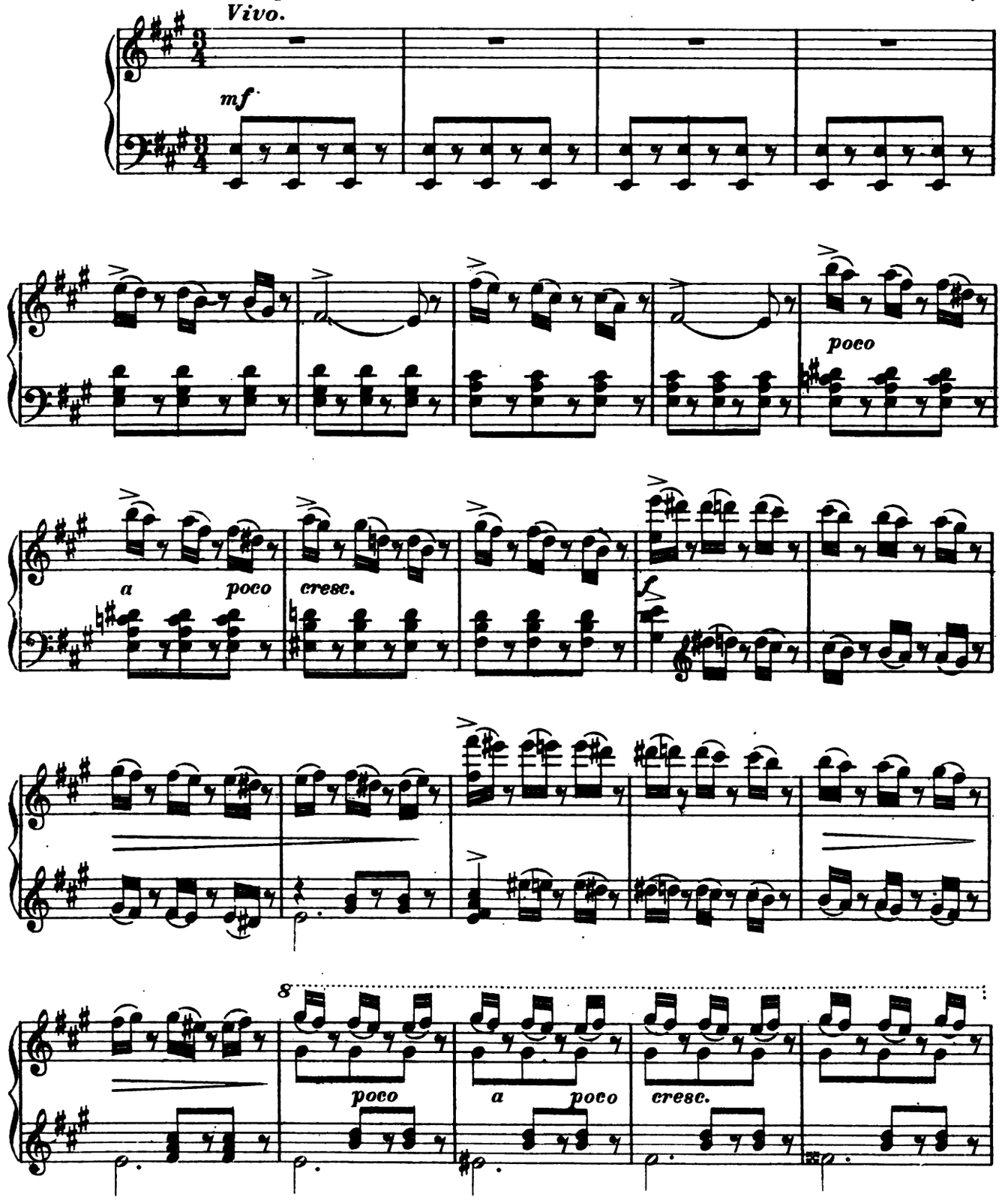
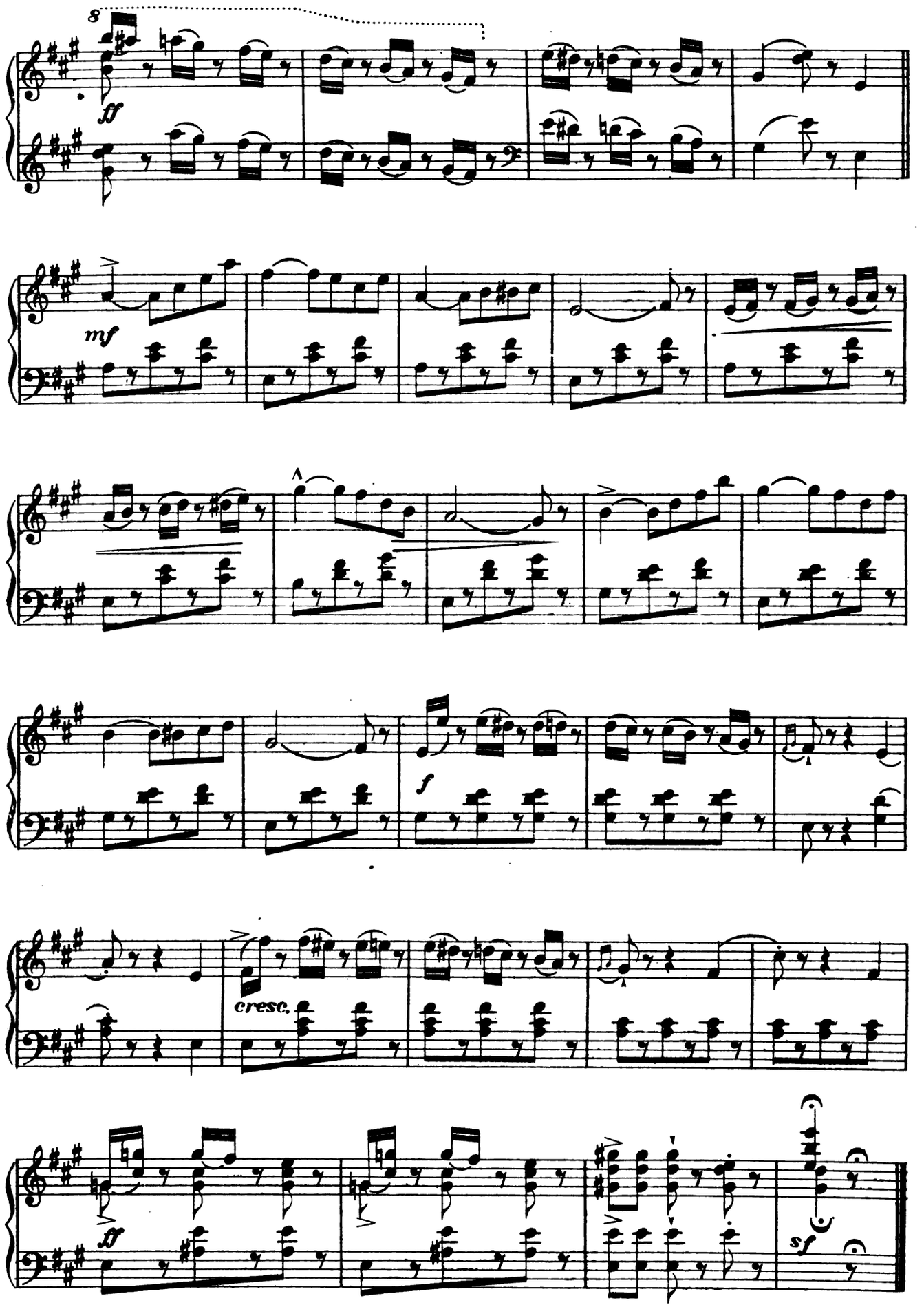
Pas de Fleur.

INTRODUCTION.

No. 20.

Tempo di Valse.

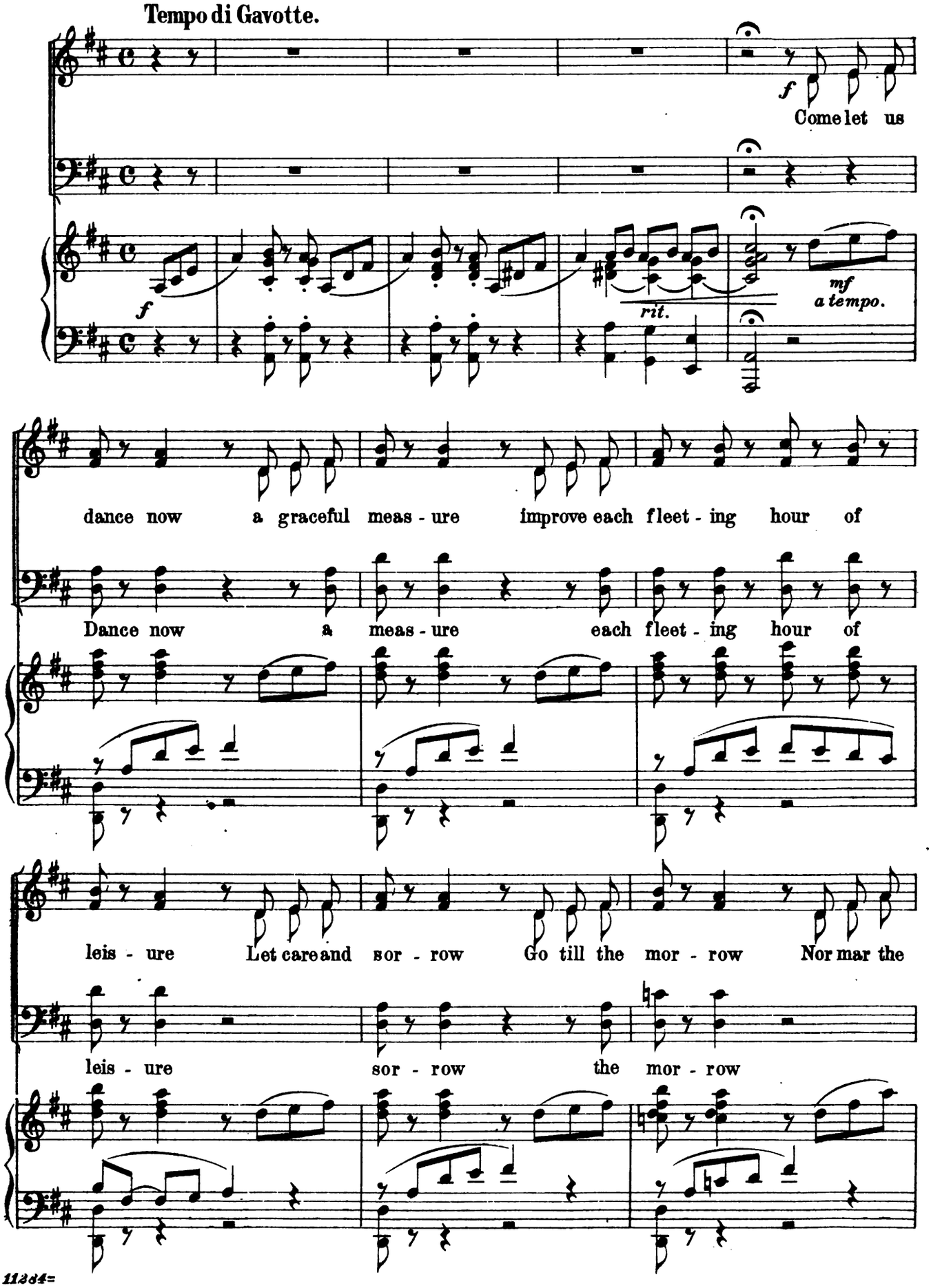
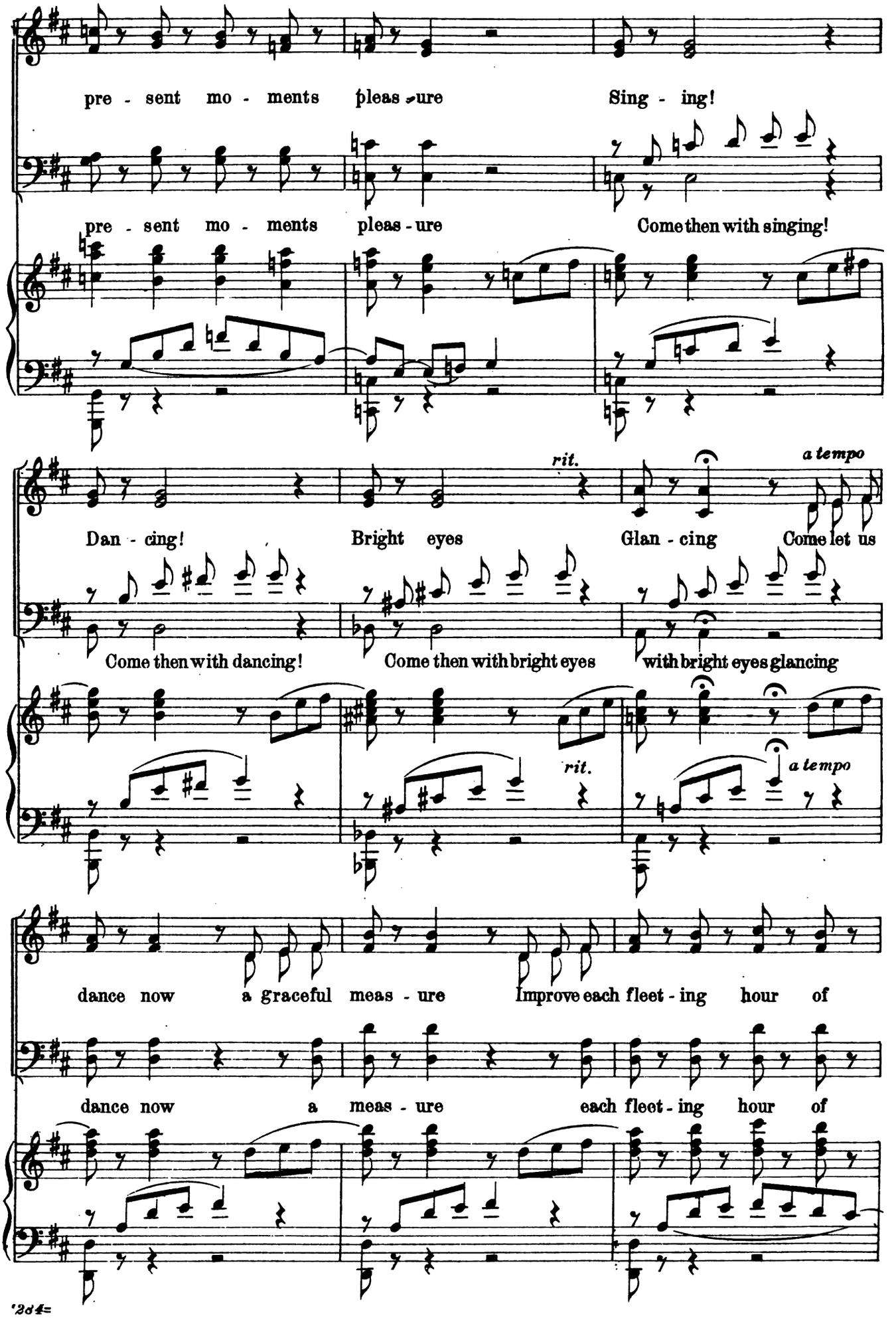
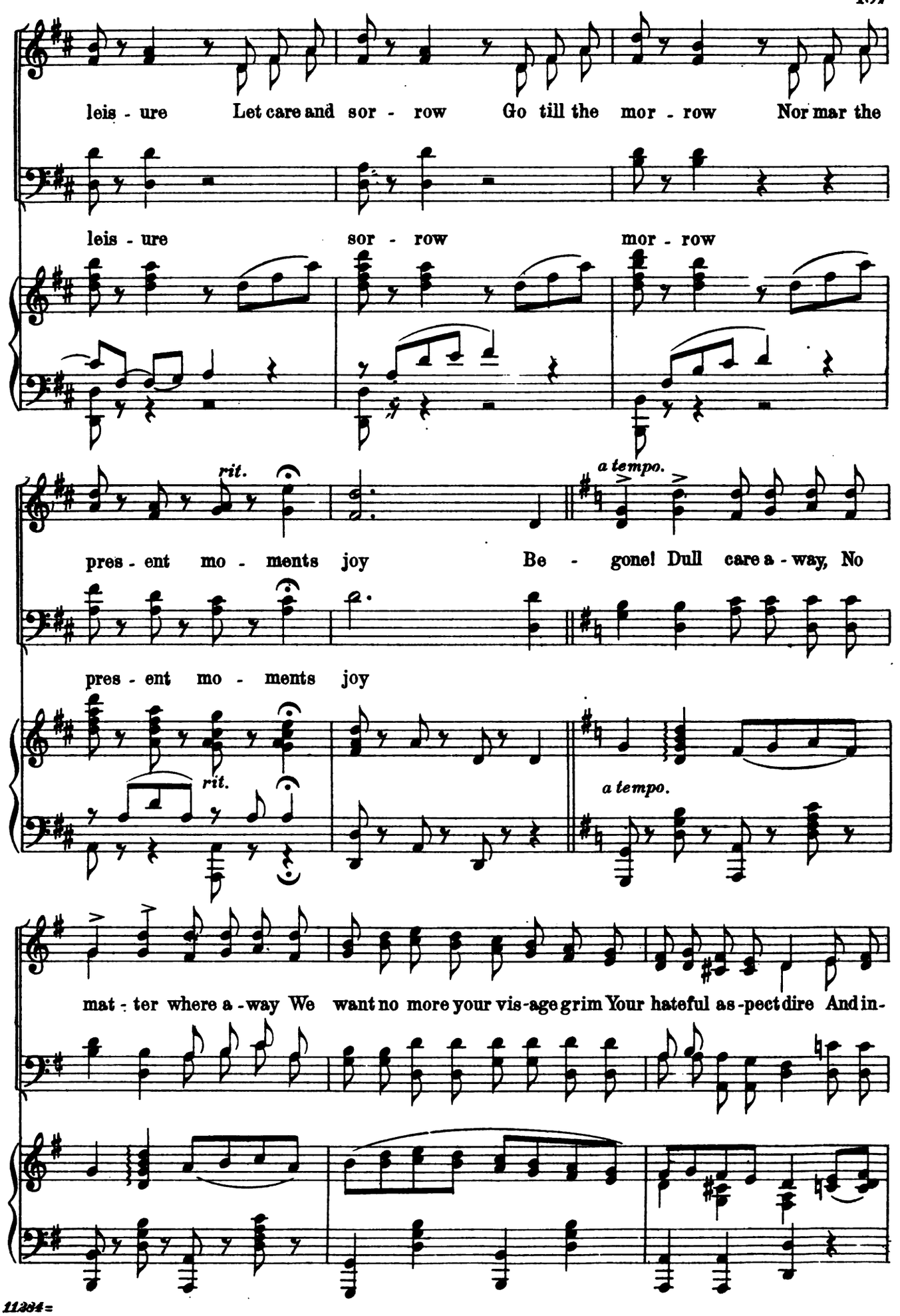
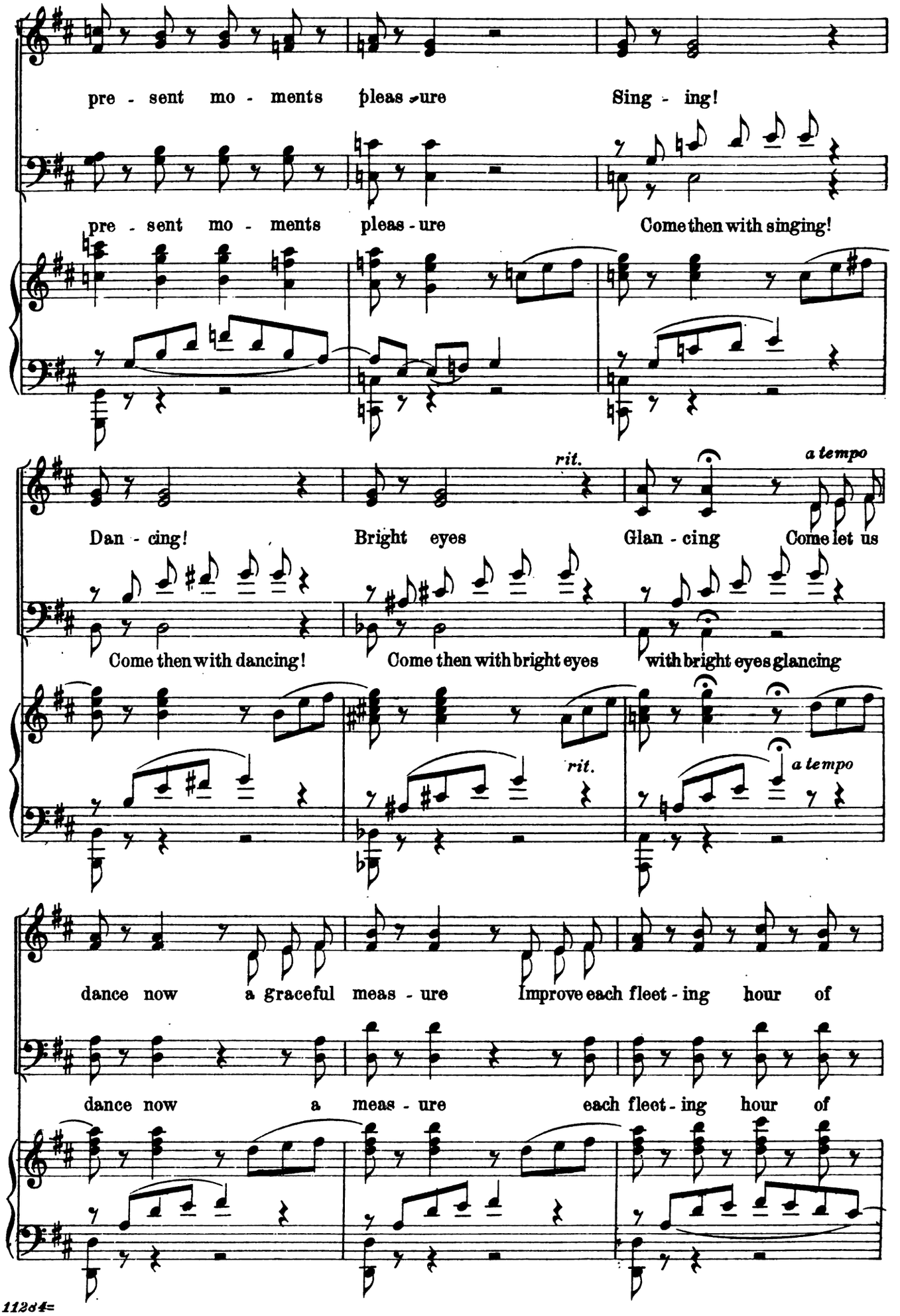
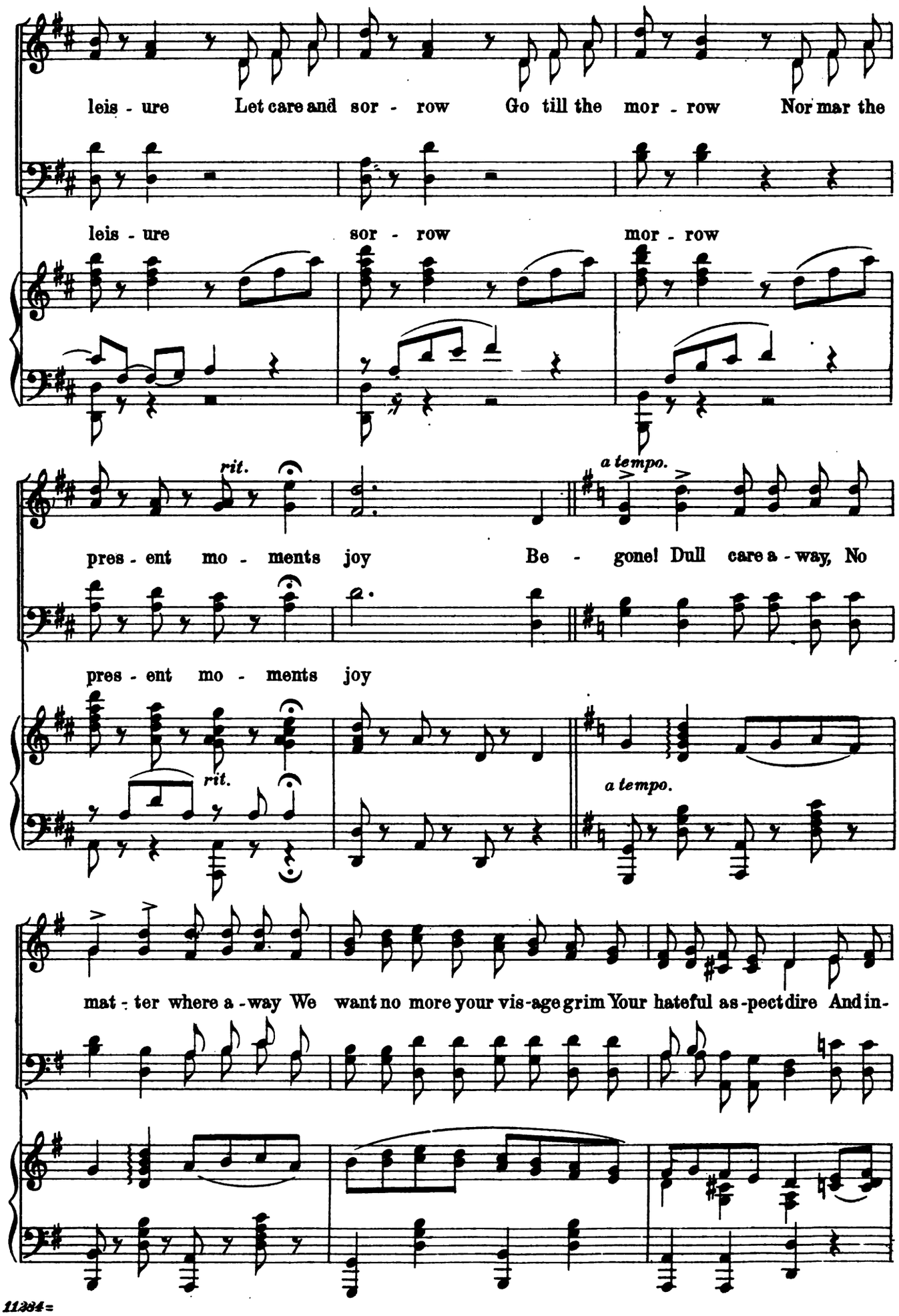
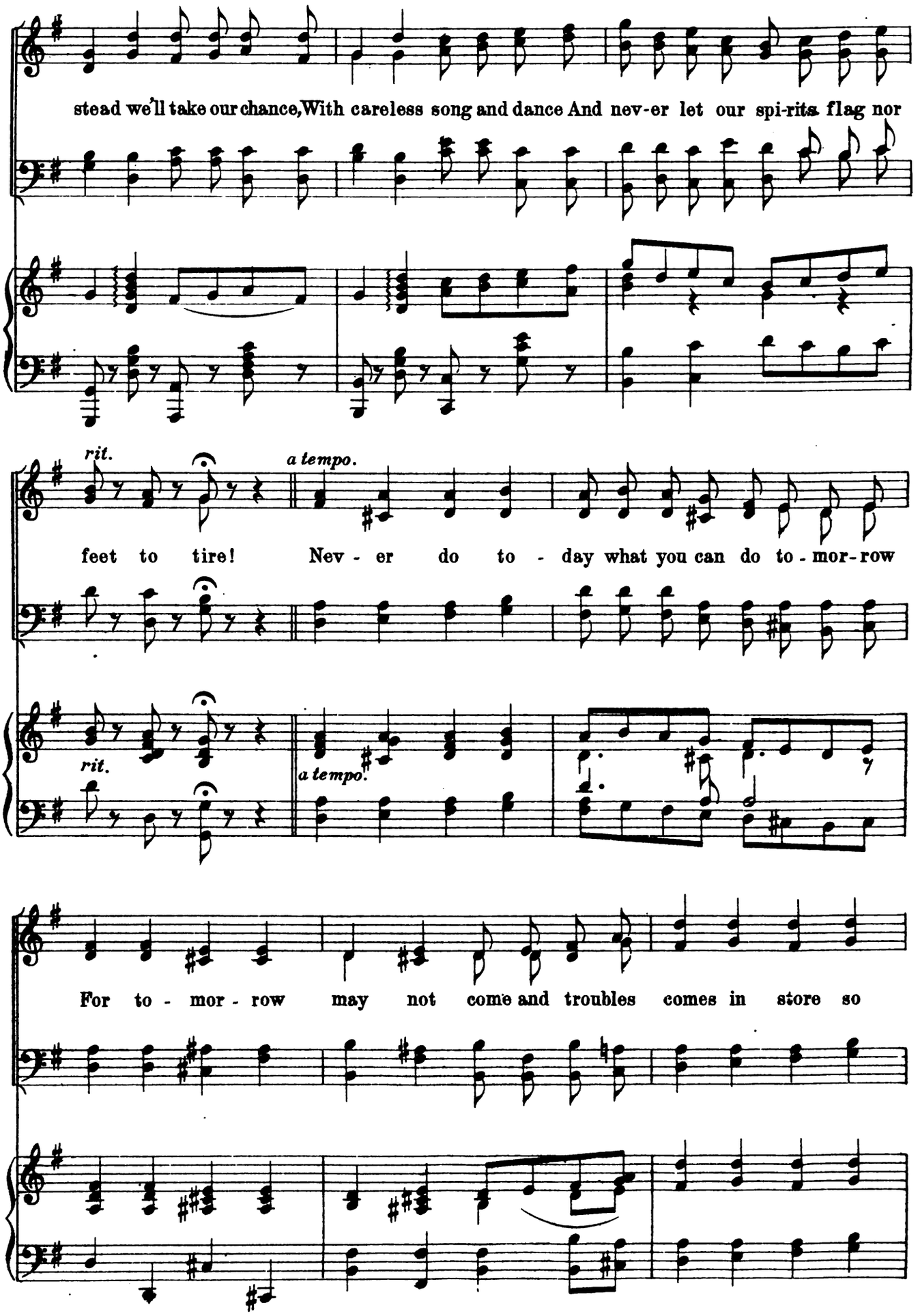
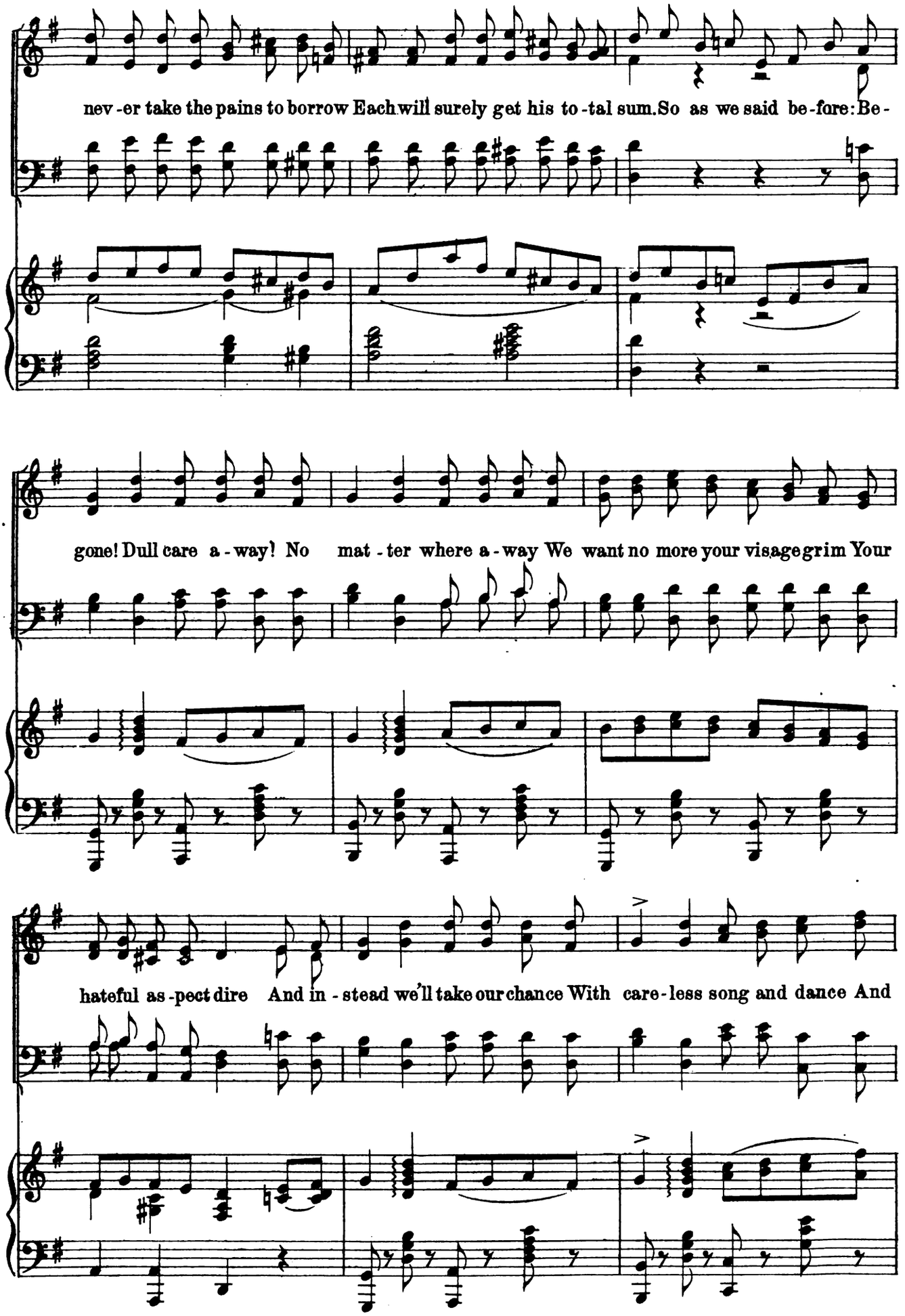
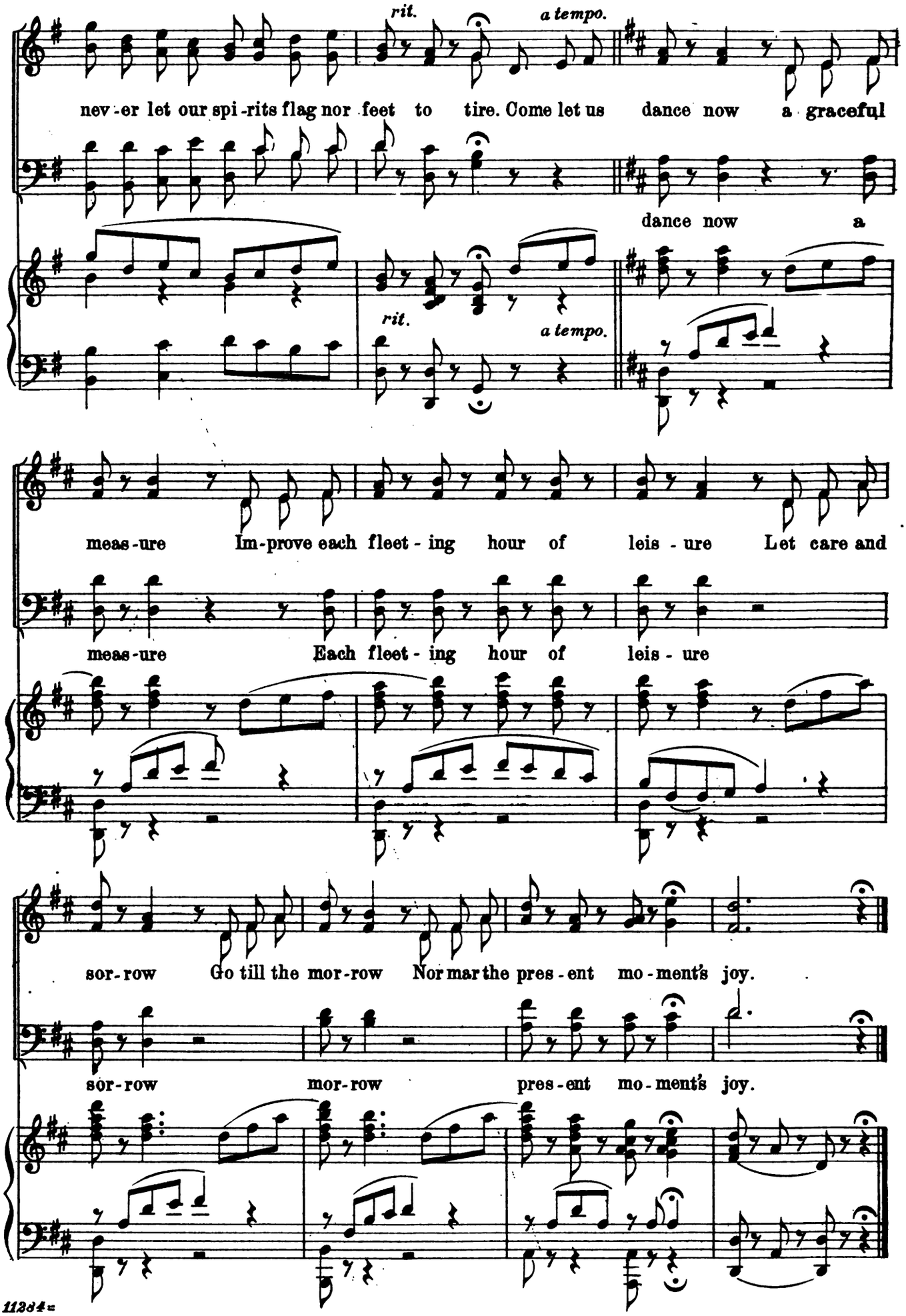
Vivo.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

8
ff
mf
f
cresc.
ff
sf

Part I.

COME LET US DANCE.

D.K.STEVENS.

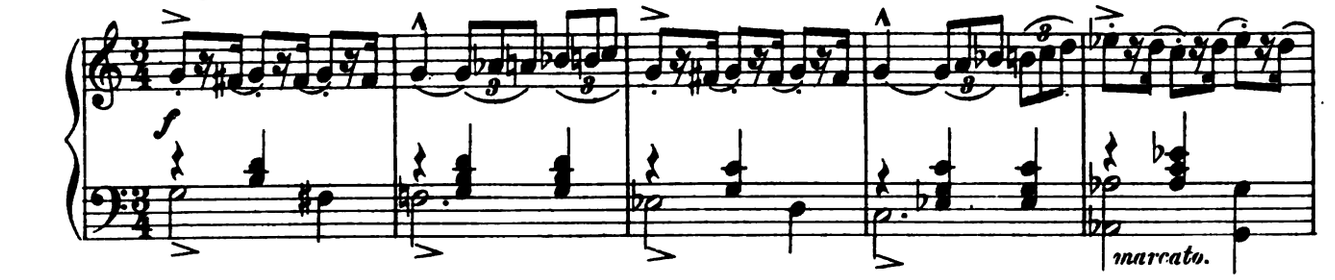
Tempo di Gavotte.

f
Come let us
f
rit.
mf
a tempo.
dance now a graceful meas - ure improve each fleet - ing hour of
Dance now a meas - ure each fleet - ing hour of
leis - ure Let care and sor - row Go till the mor - row Nor mar the
leis - ure sor - row the mor - row

pre - sent mo - ments pleas - ure Sing - ing!
pre - sent mo - ments pleas - ure Come then with singing!
rit.
a tempo
Dan - cing! Bright eyes Glan - cing Come let us
Come then with dancing! Come then with bright eyes with bright eyes glancing
rit.
a tempo
dance now a graceful meas - ure Improve each fleet - ing hour of
dance now a meas - ure each fleet - ing hour of

leis - ure Let care and sor - row Go till the mor - row Nor mar the
leis - ure sor - row mor - row
rit.
a tempo.
pres - ent mo - ments joy Be - gone! Dull care a - way, No
pres - ent mo - ments joy
rit.
a tempo.
mat - ter where a - way We want no more your vis-age grim Your hateful as-pect dire And in-

pre - sent mo - ments pleas - ure Sing - ing!
pre - sent mo - ments pleas - ure Come then with singing!
rit.
a tempo
Dan - cing! Bright eyes Glan - cing Come let us
Come then with dancing! Come then with bright eyes with bright eyes glancing
rit.
a tempo
dance now a graceful meas - ure Improve each fleet - ing hour of
dance now a meas - ure each fleet - ing hour of

leis - ure Let care and sor - row Go till the mor - row Nor mar the
leis - ure sor - row mor - row
rit.
a tempo.
pres - ent mo - ments joy Be - gone! Dull care a - way, No
pres - ent mo - ments joy
rit.
a tempo.
mat - ter where a - way We want no more your vis-age grim Your hateful as-pect dire And in-

stead we'll take our chance, With careless song and dance And nev-er let our spi-rits flag nor
rit.
a tempo.
feet to tire! Nev - er do to - day what you can do to - mor-row
rit.
a tempo.
For to - mor - row may not come and troubles comes in store so

nev-er take the pains to borrow Eachwill surely get his to-tal sum.So as we said be-fore:Be-
gone! Dull care a-way! No mat-ter where a-way We want no more your visagegrim Your
hateful as-pect dire And in-stead we'll take our chance With care-less song and dance And

rit.
a tempo.
nev-er let our spi-rits flag nor feet to tire. Come let us dance now a graceful
dance now a
rit.
a tempo.
meas-ure Im-prove each fleet-ing hour of leis-ure Let care and
meas-ure Each fleet-ing hour of leis-ure
sor-row Go till the mor-row Nor mar the pres-ent mo-ment's joy.
sor-row mor-row pres-ent mo-ment's joy.

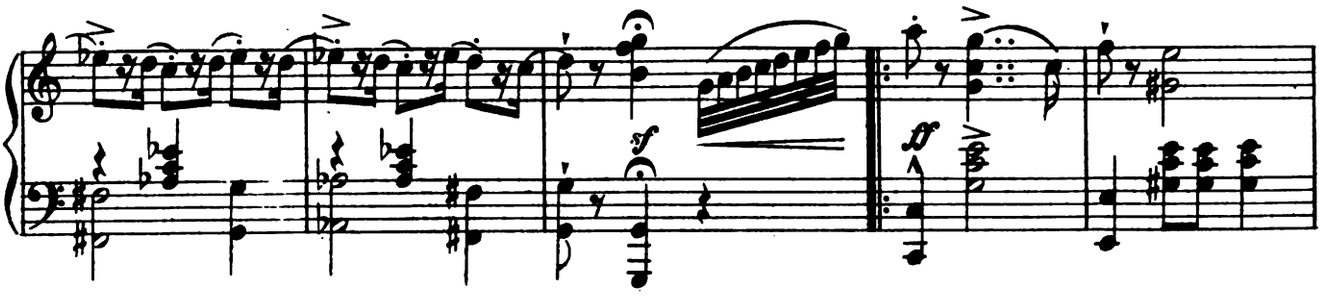
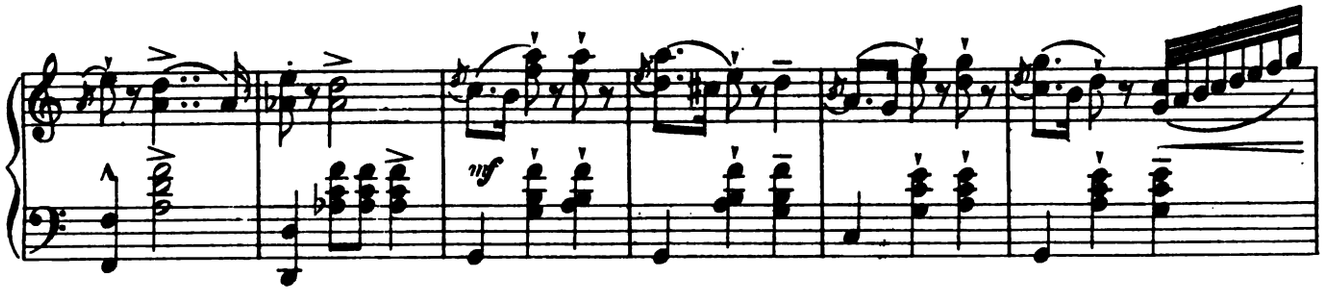
Part II.

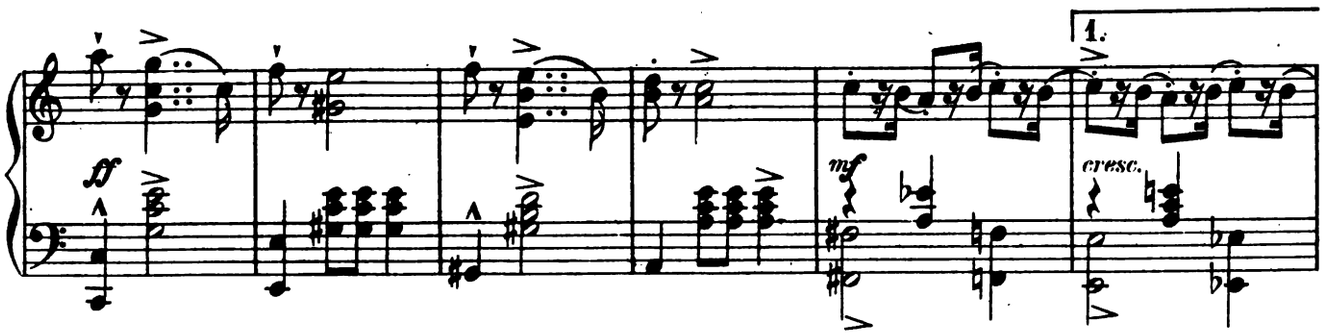
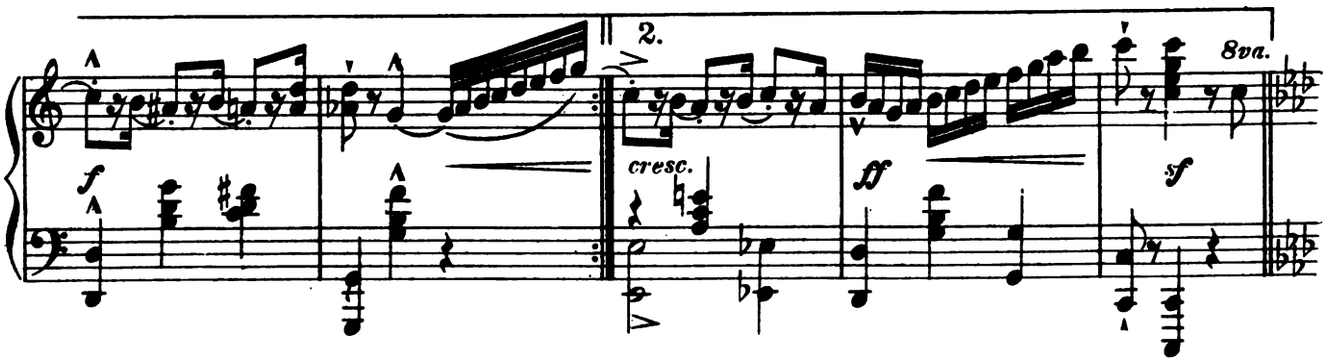
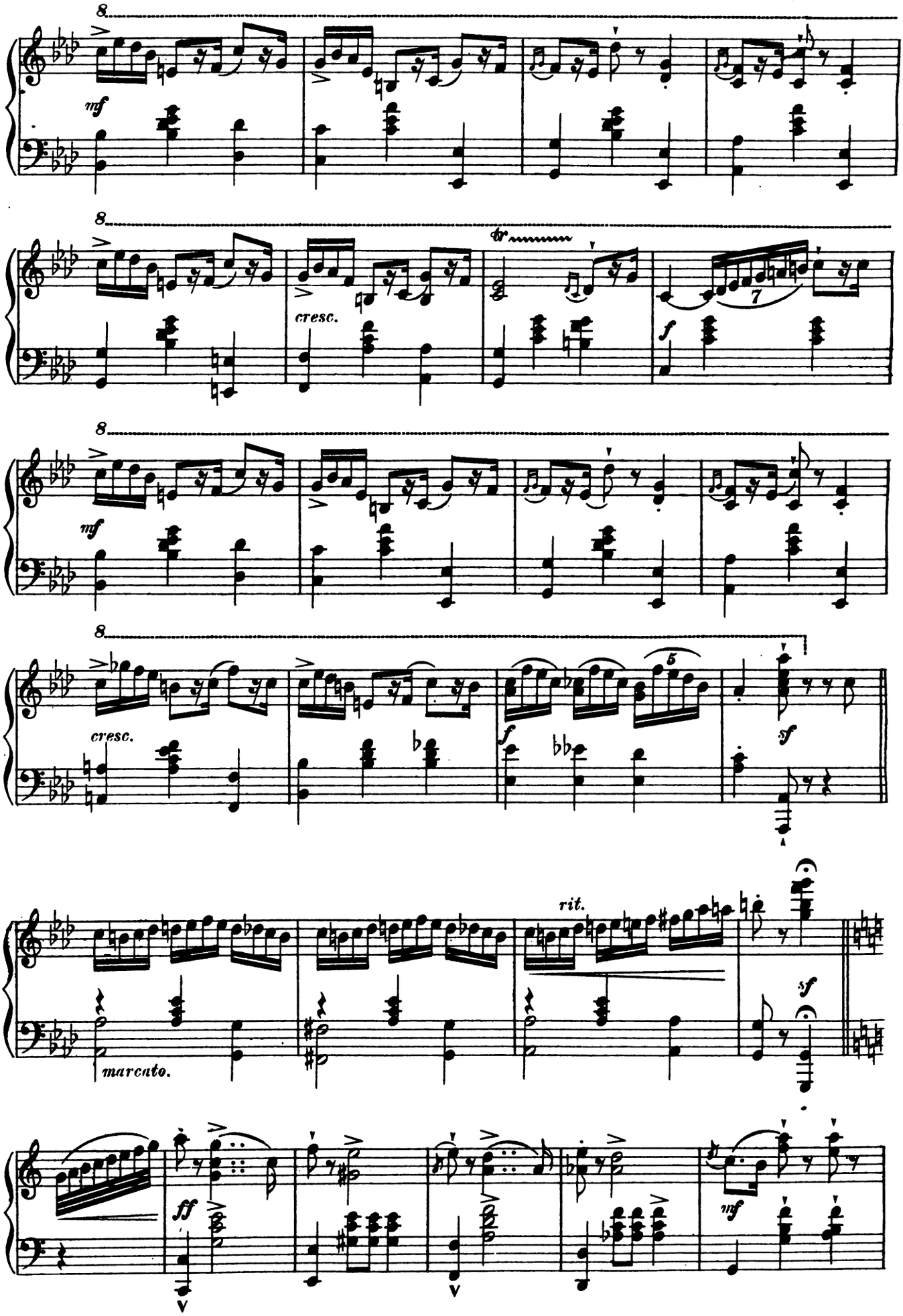
INTRO.

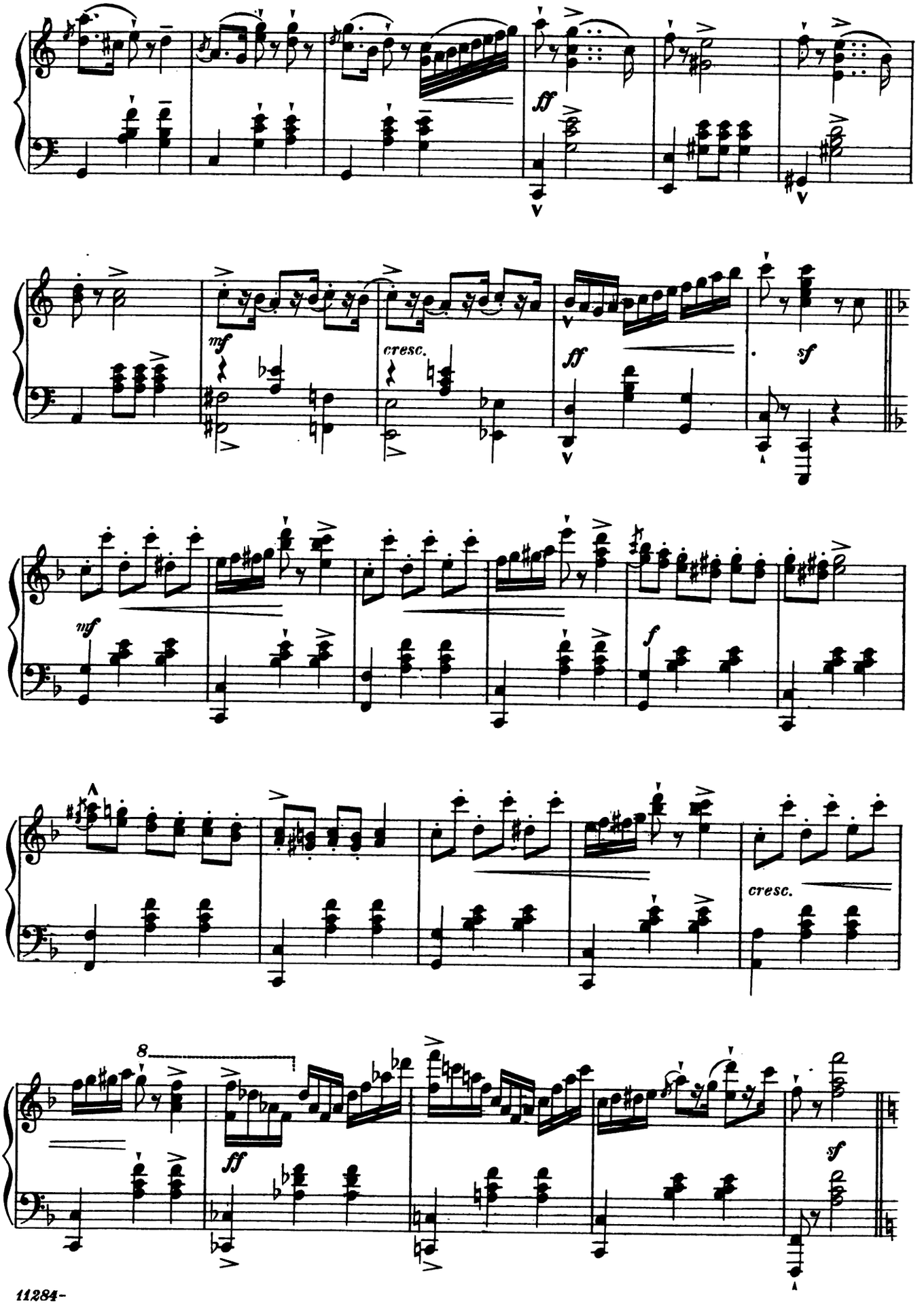
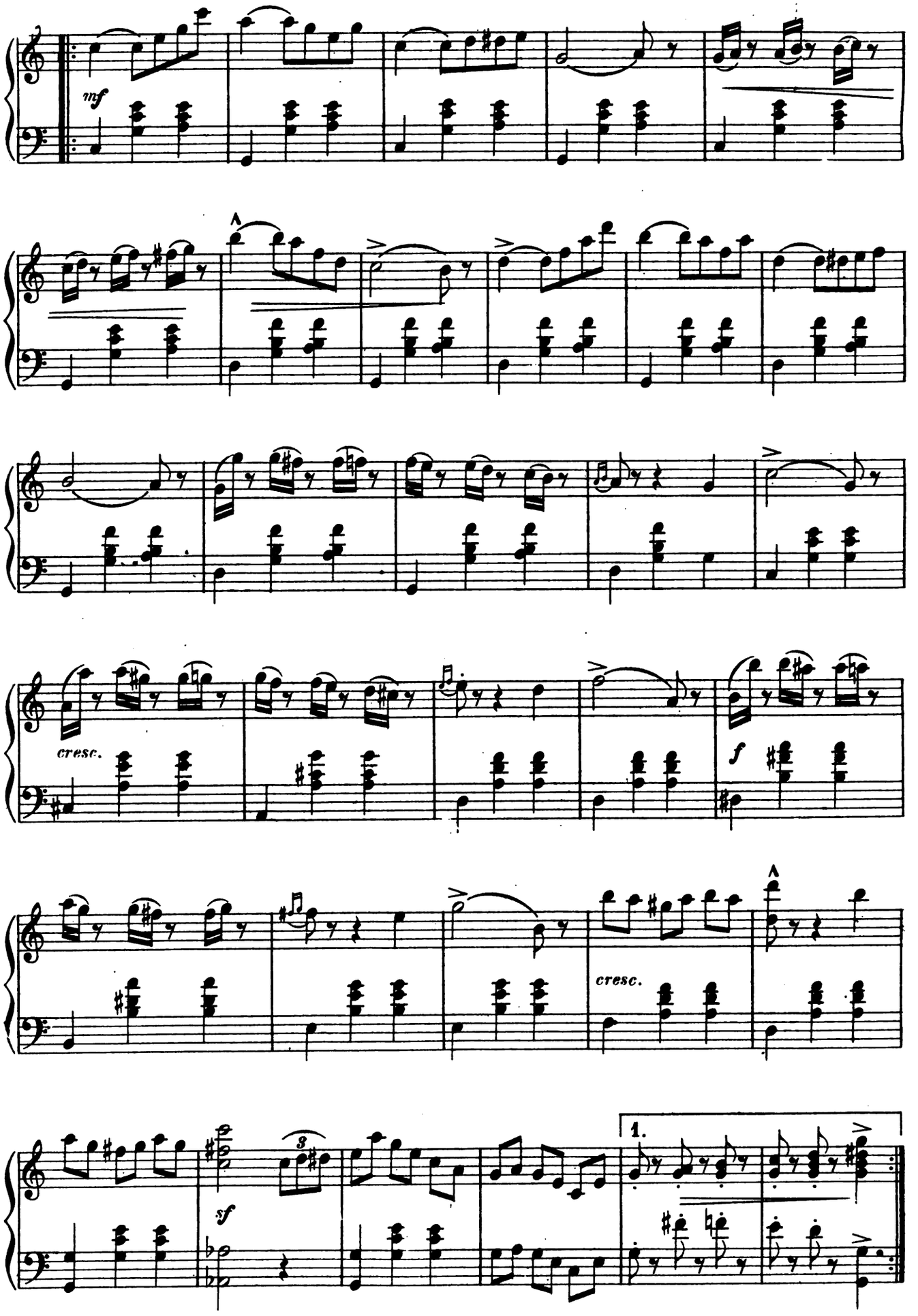
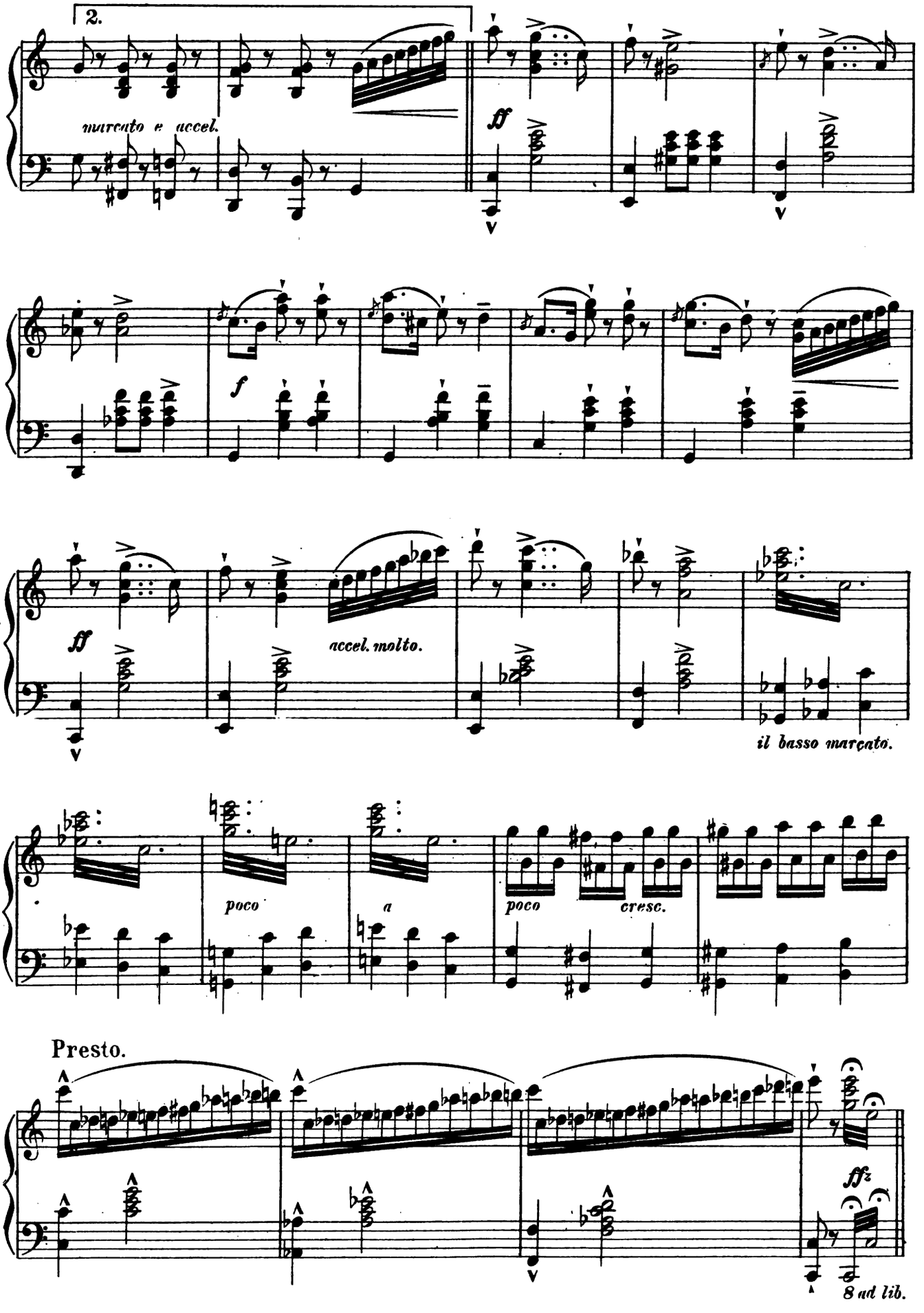
HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Tempo di Mazurka.



Risoluto.



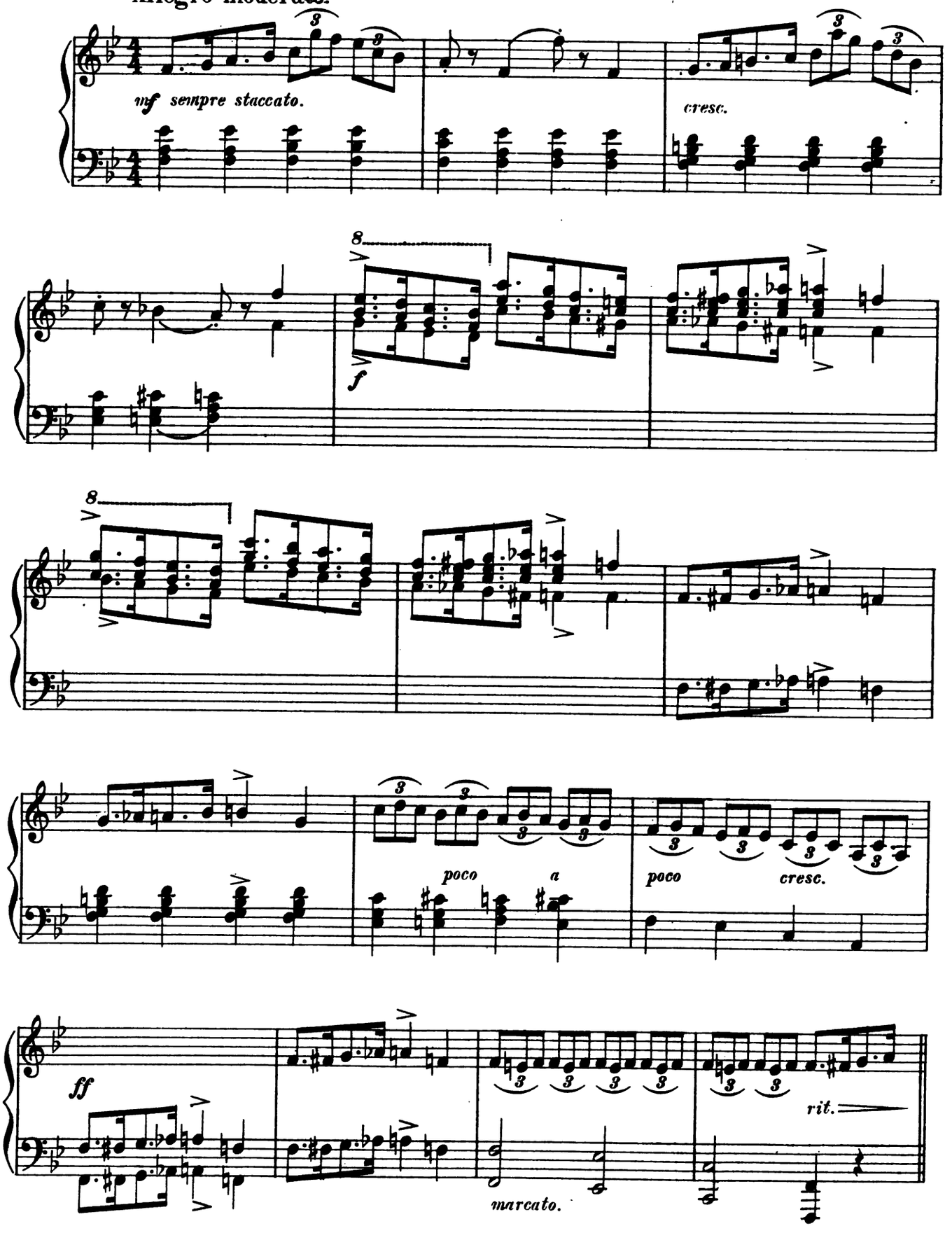
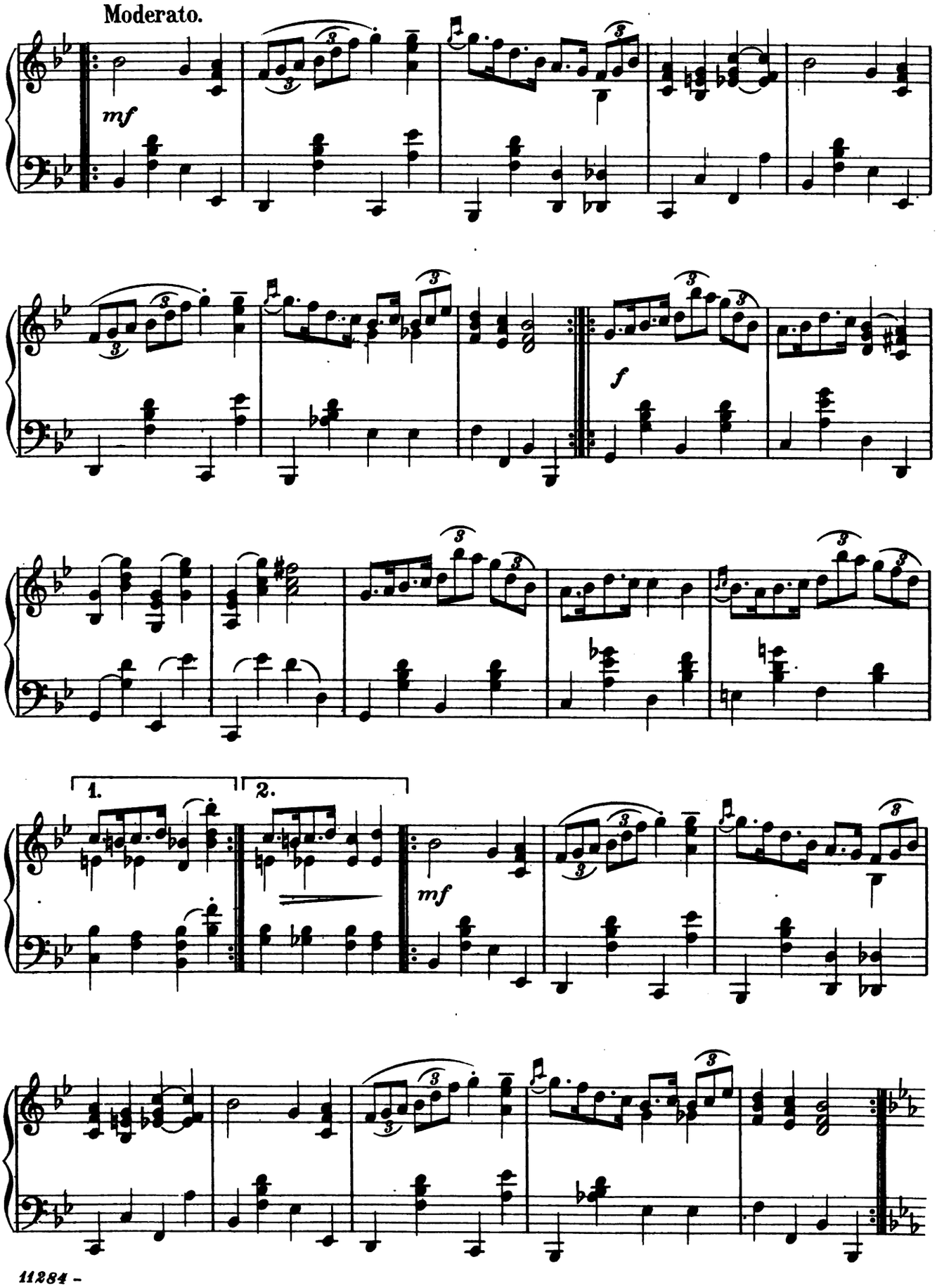
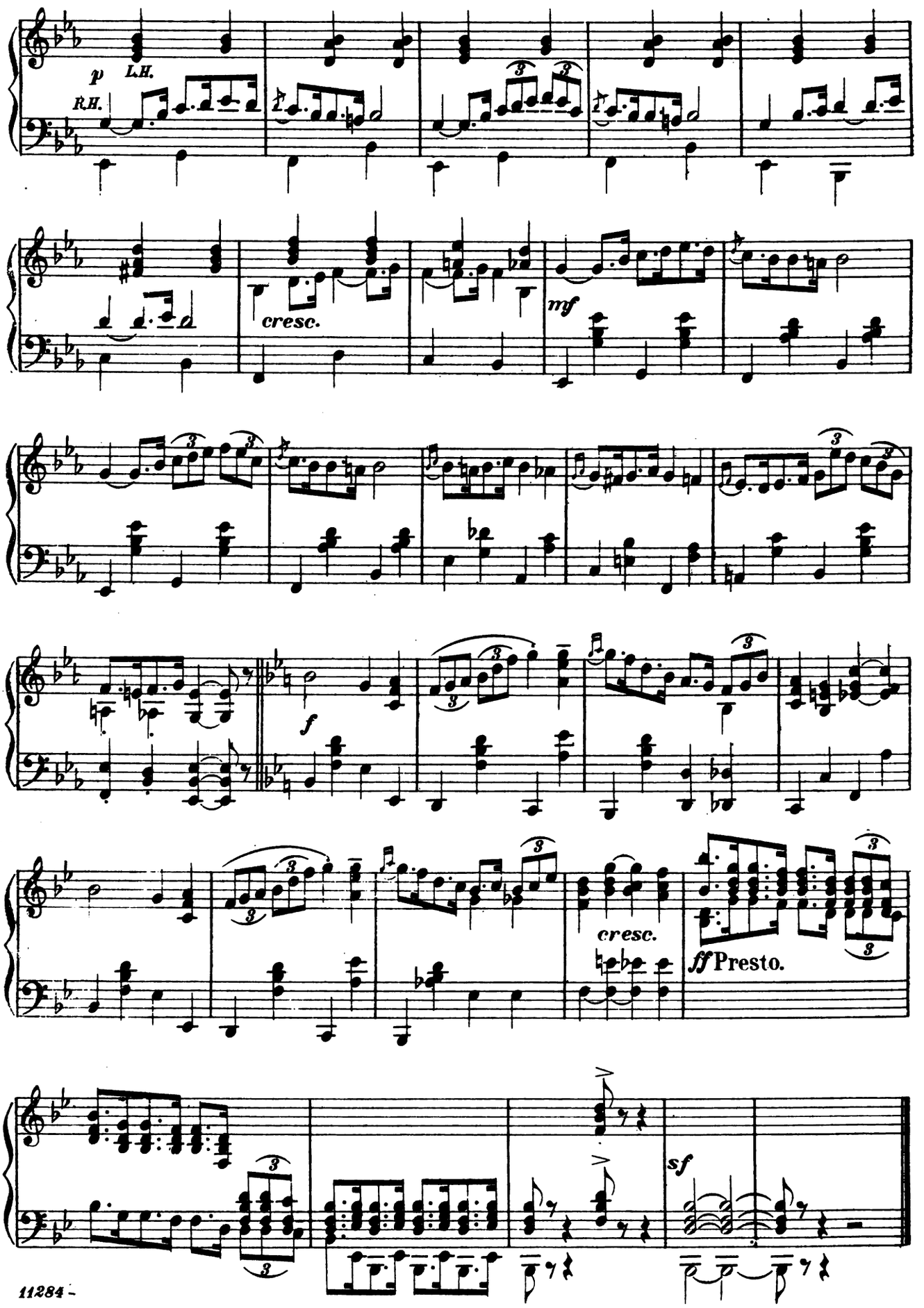


8
mf
8
cresc.
tr
7
f
8
mf
8
cresc.
5
f
sf
rit.
marcato.
sf
ff
mf

ff
mf
cresc.
ff
sf
mf
f
cresc.
8
ff
sf

mf
cresc.
f
cresc.
sf
1.

2.
marcato e accel.
ff
f
ff
accel. molto.
il basso marcato.
poco
a
poco
cresc.
Presto.
fffz
8 ad lib.

Part III.

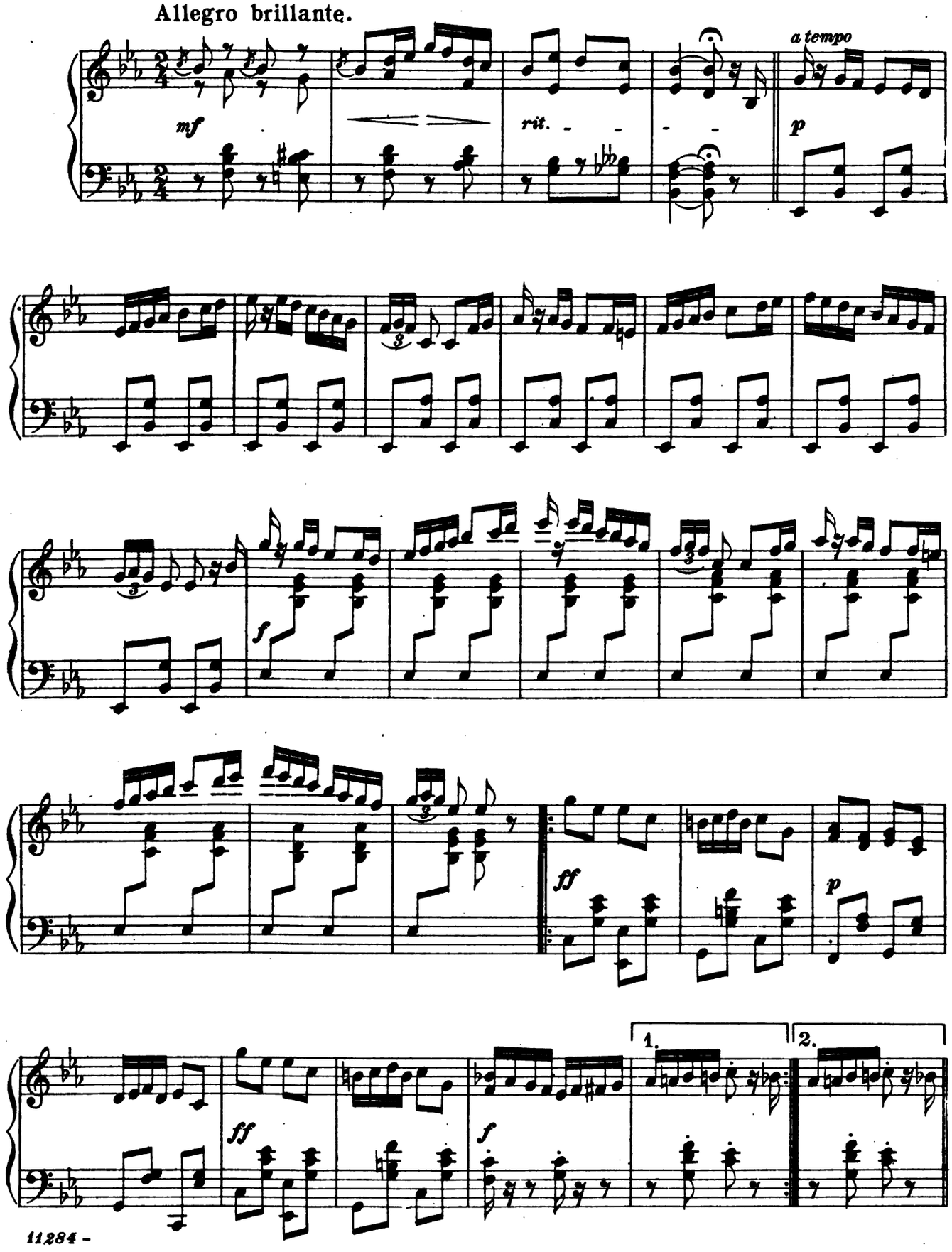
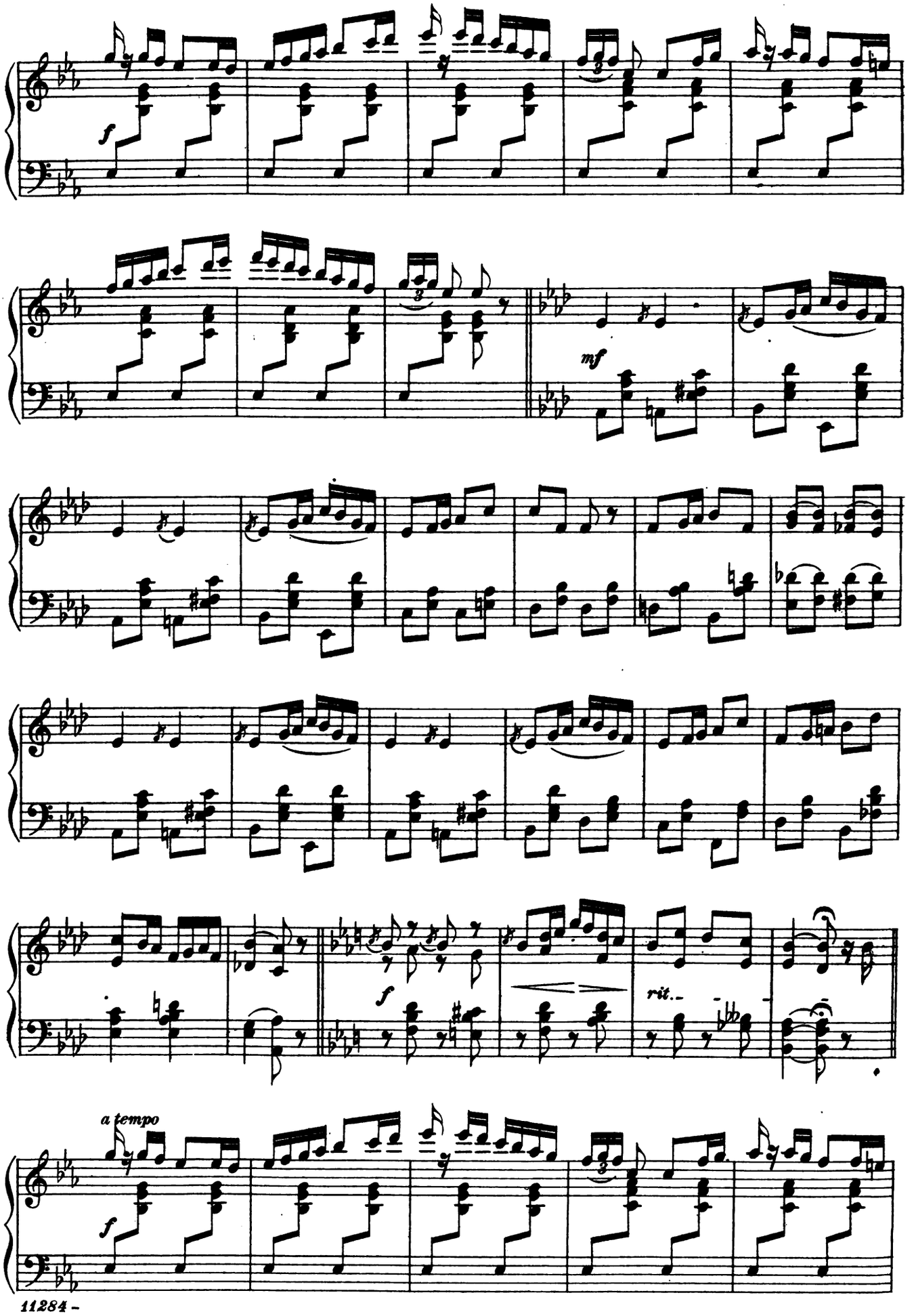
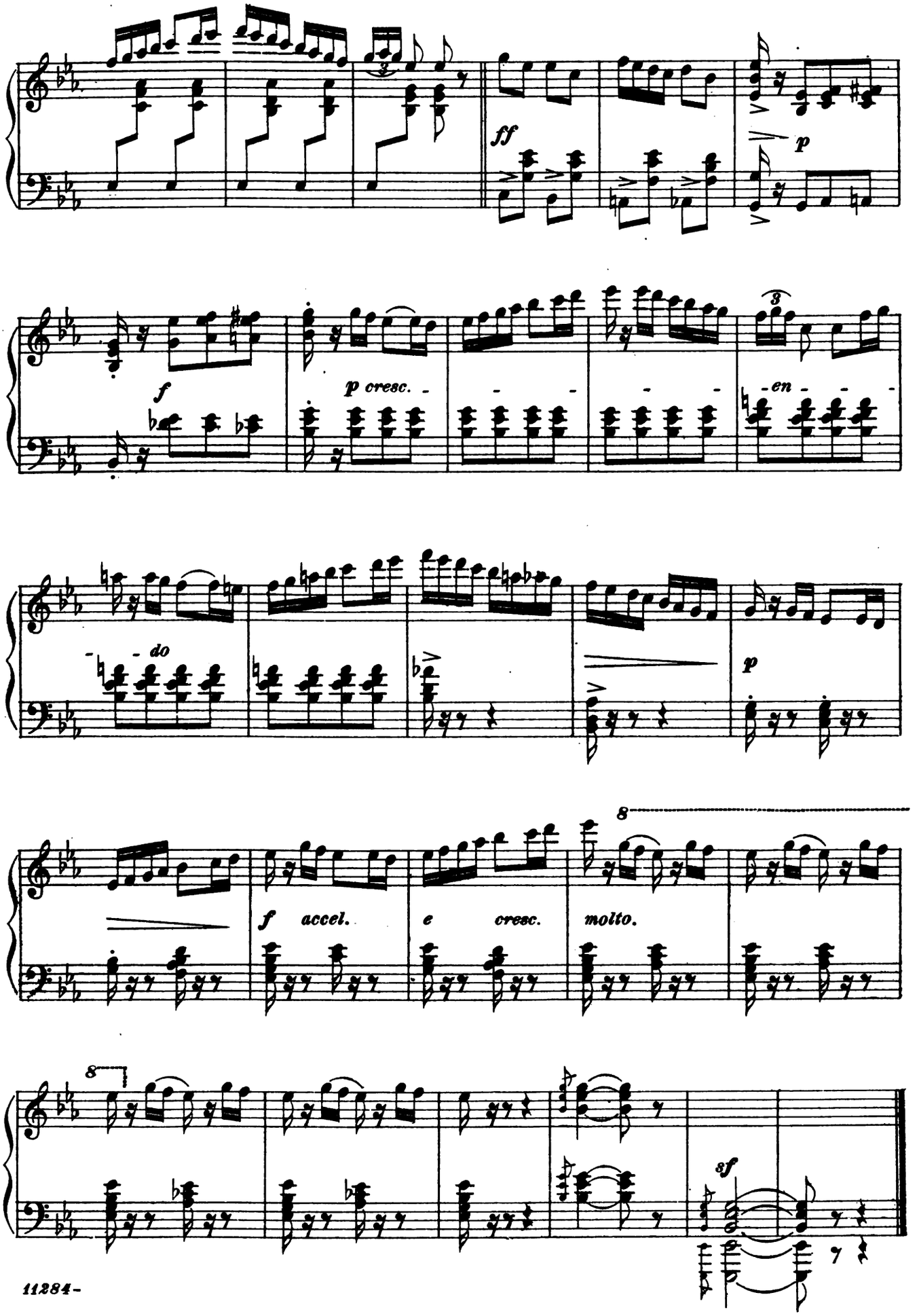
INTRO.

R. G. MORSE.

Allegro moderato.

Moderato.
mf
f
1.
2.
mf

p
L.H.
R.H.
cresc.
mf
f
cresc.
ff Presto.
sf

Finale.

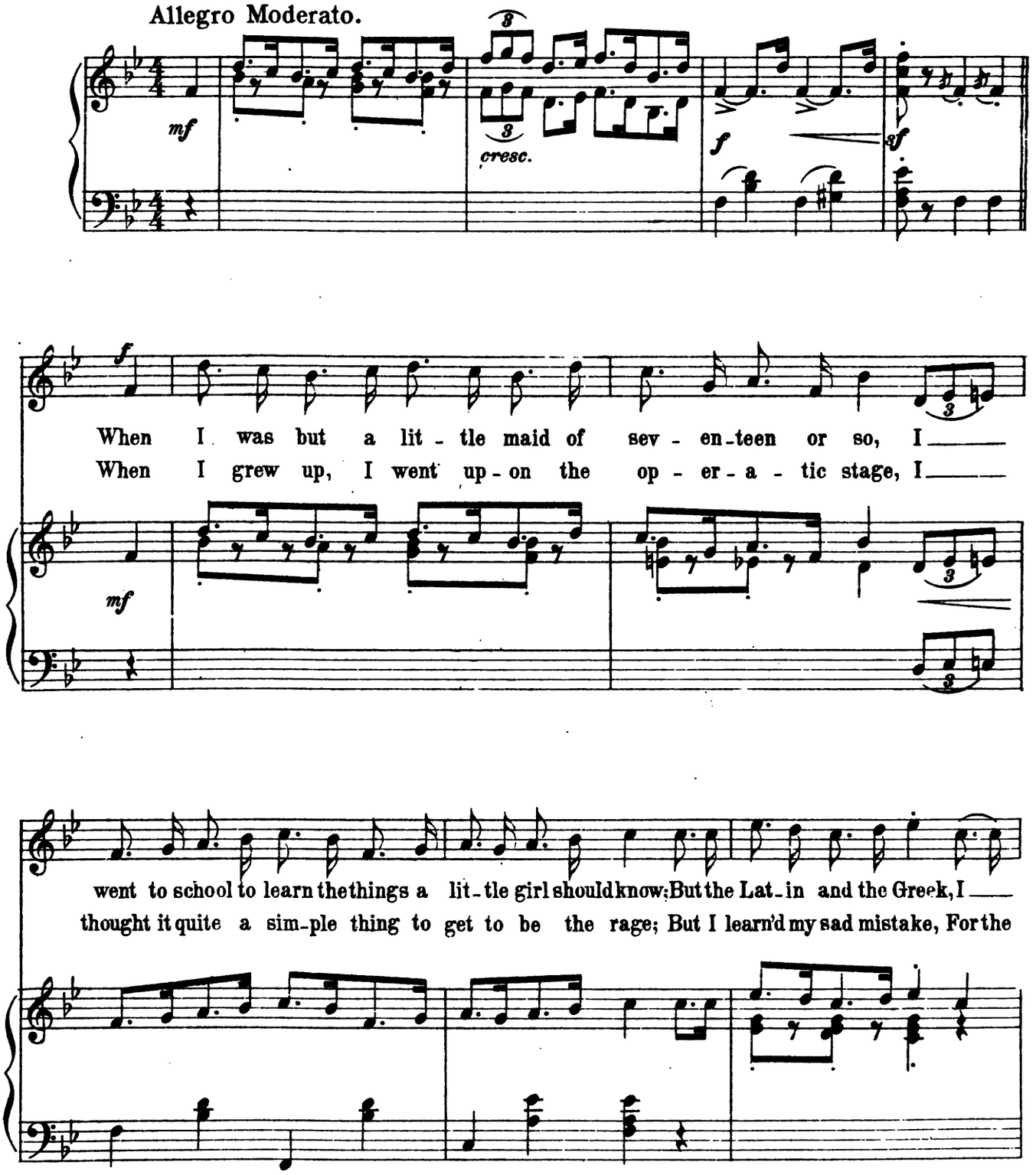
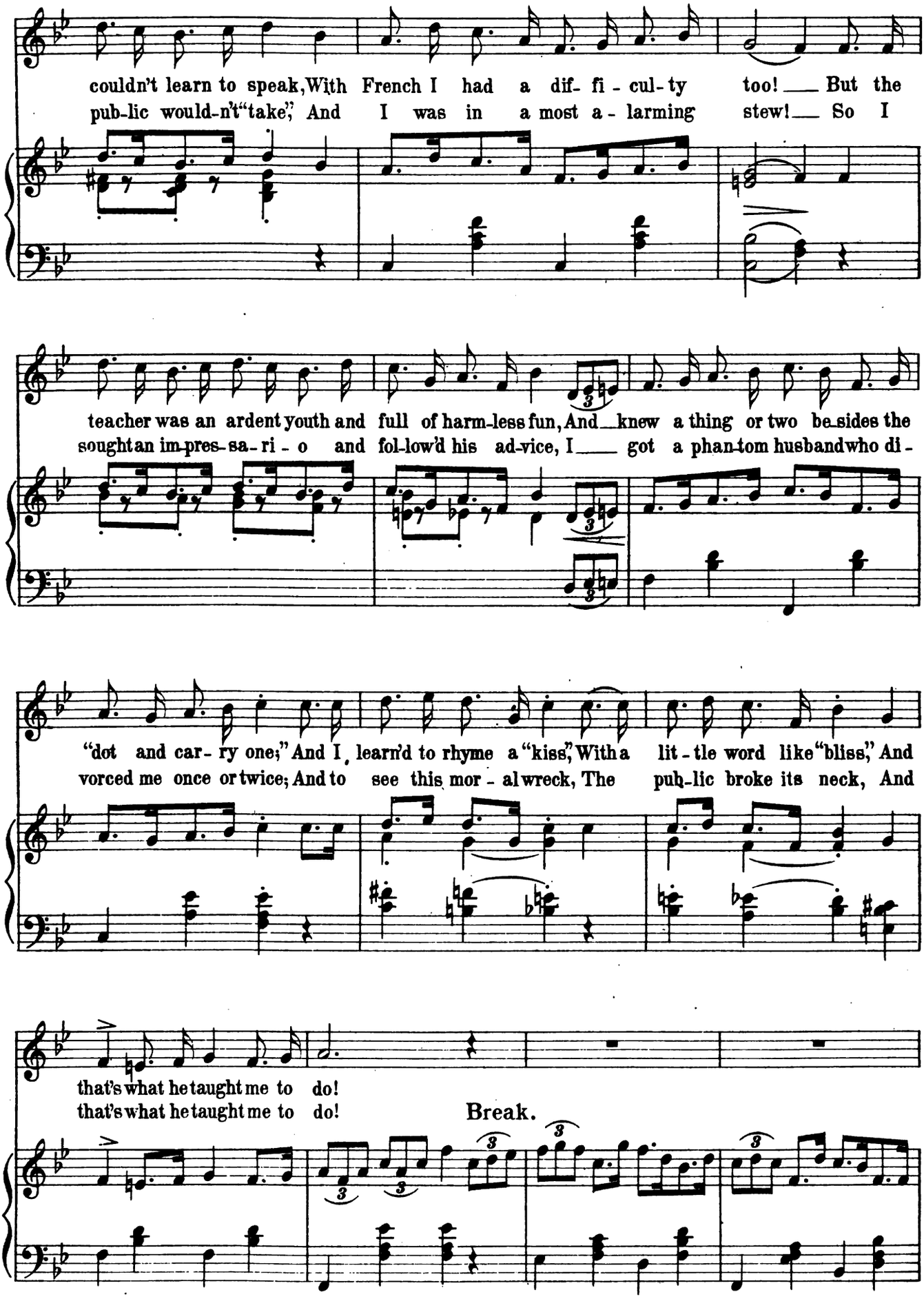
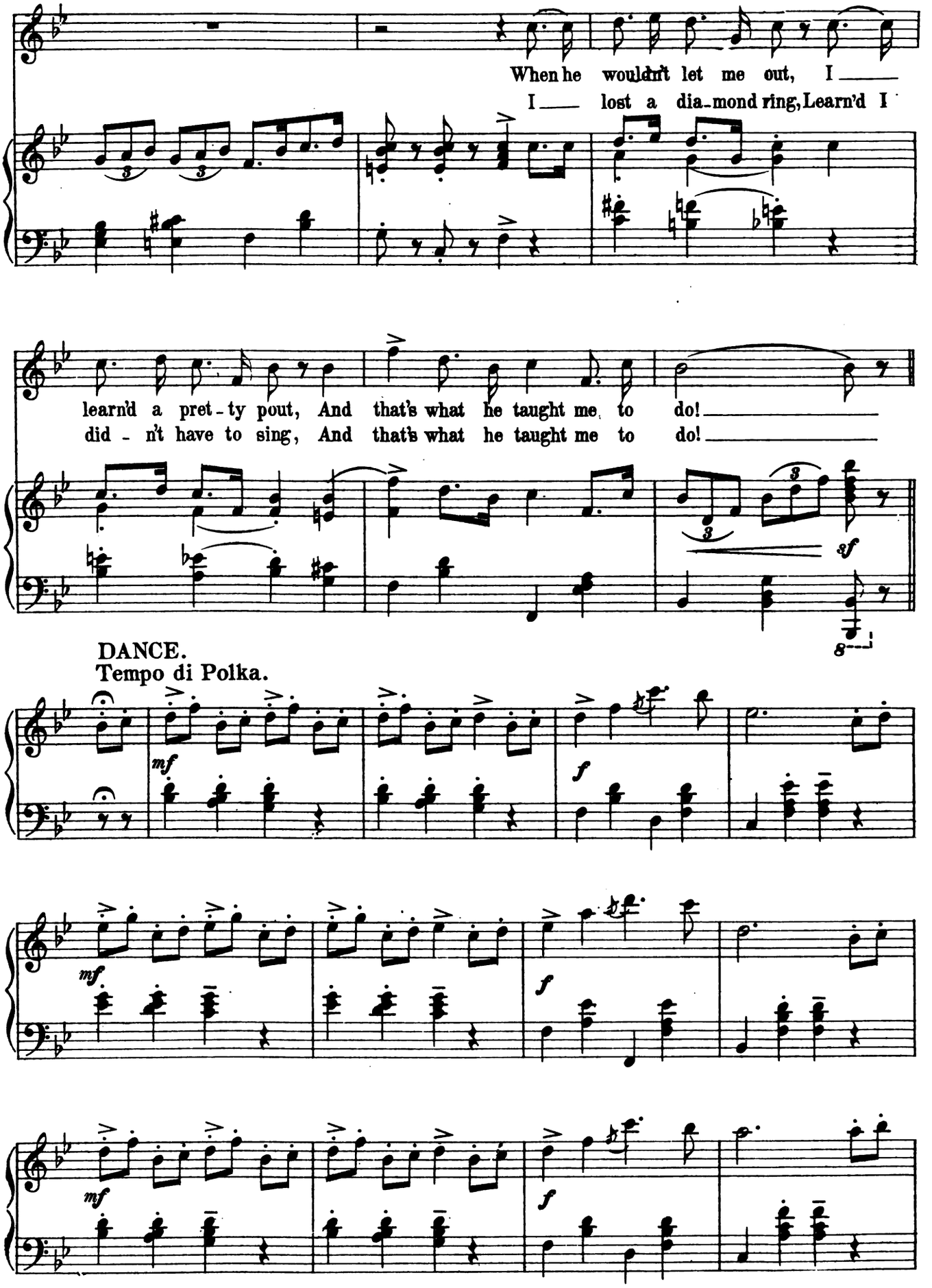
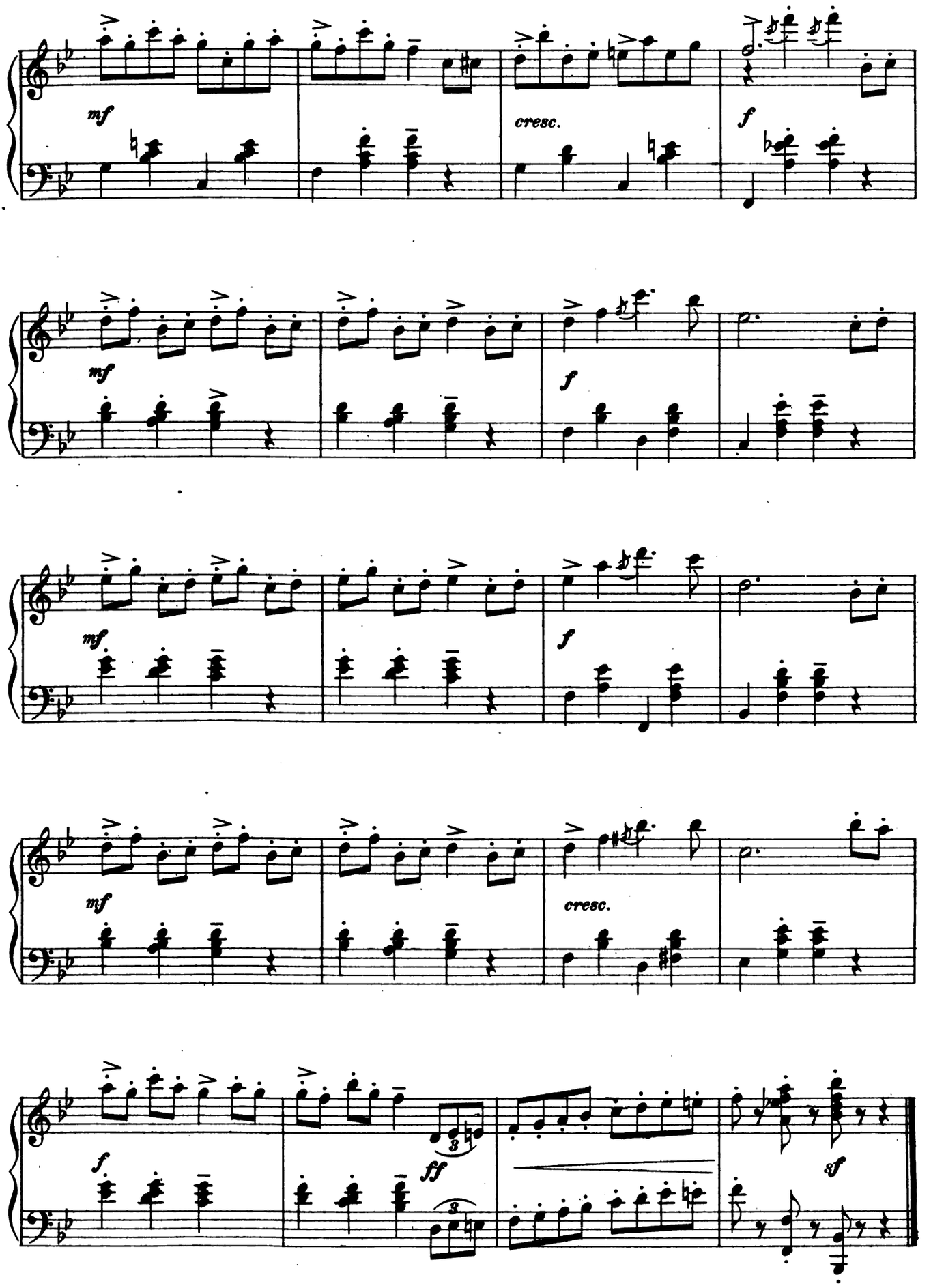
R. G. MORSE.

Allegro brillante.

f
mf
f
rit.
a tempo
f

ff
p
f
p cresc.
en
do
p
f accel.
e cresc.
molto.
8
8
sf

And That's what he taught me to do!

GABRIELLE.

No. 21.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Allegro Moderato.
mf
cresc.
f
sf
When I was but a lit - tle maid of sev - en-teen or so, I
When I grew up, I went up - on the op - er - a - tic stage, I
went to school to learn the things a lit-tle girl should know; But the Lat-in and the Greek, I
thought it quite a sim-ple thing to get to be the rage; But I learn'd my sad mistake, For the

couldn't learn to speak, With French I had a dif- fi - cul- ty too! ___ But the
pub-lic would-n't "take", And I was in a most a - larming stew! ___ So I
teacher was an ardent youth and full of harm-less fun, And ___ knew a thing or two be-sides the
sought an im-pres-sa-ri - o and fol-low'd his ad-vice, I ___ got a phan-tom husband who di -
"dot and car- ry one;" And I learn'd to rhyme a "kiss", With a lit - tle word like "bliss," And
vorced me once or twice; And to see this mor - al wreck, The puh-lic broke its neck, And
that's what he taught me to do!
that's what he taught me to do!
Break.

When he wouldn't let me out, I
I lost a dia-mond ring, Learn'd I
learn'd a pret-ty pout, And that's what he taught me to do!
did-n't have to sing, And that's what he taught me to do!
DANCE.
Tempo di Polka.
mf
f
sf

mf
cresc.
f
mf
f
mf
f
mf
cresc.
f
ff
3
3
sf

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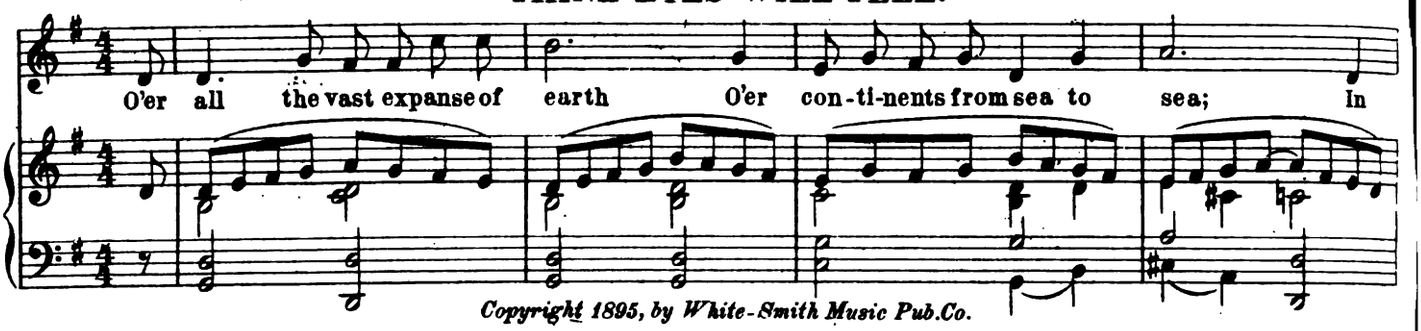
THINE EYES WILL TELL.

C. H. REES.

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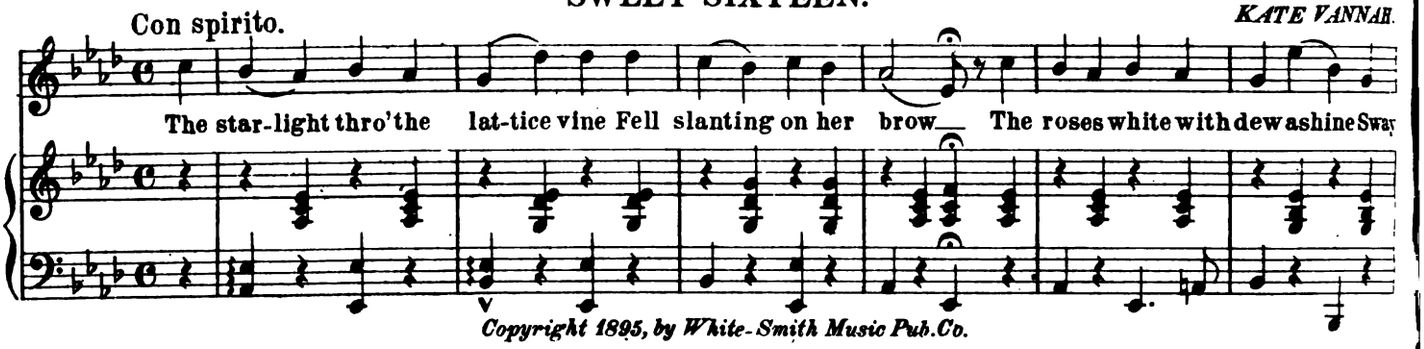
SWEET SIXTEEN.

KATE VANNAH.



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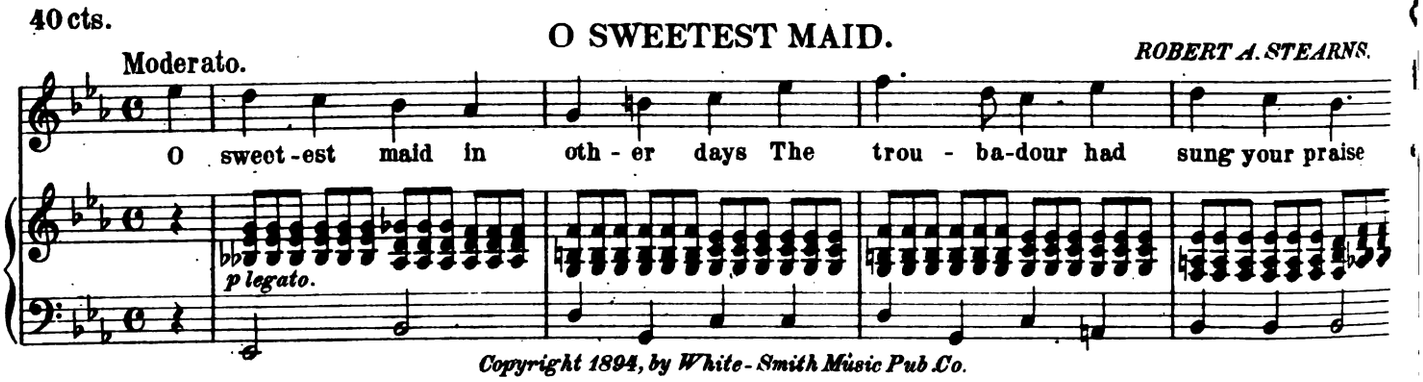
O SWEETEST MAID.

ROBERT A. STEARNS.

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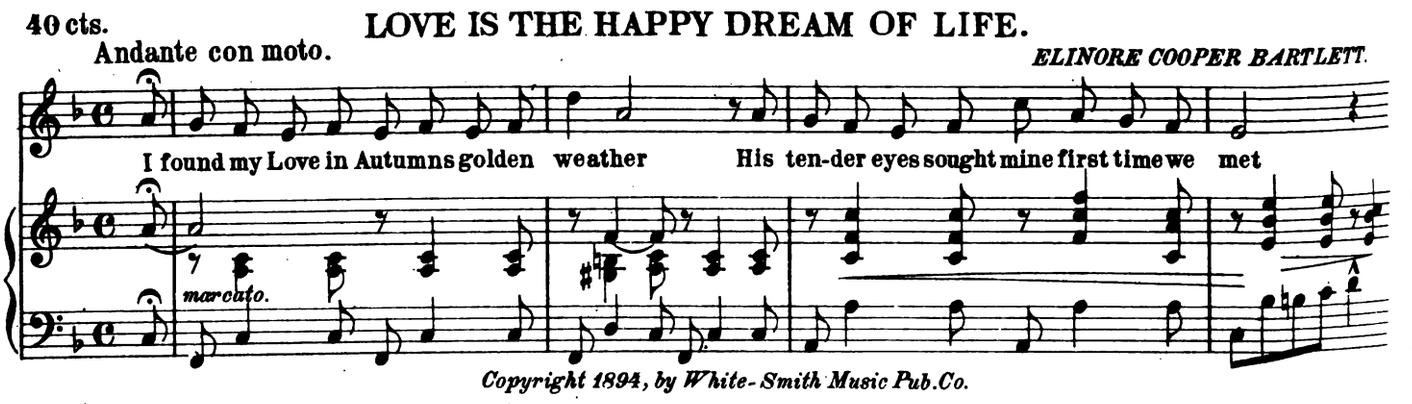
LOVE IS THE HAPPY DREAM OF LIFE.

ELINORE COOPER BARTLETT.



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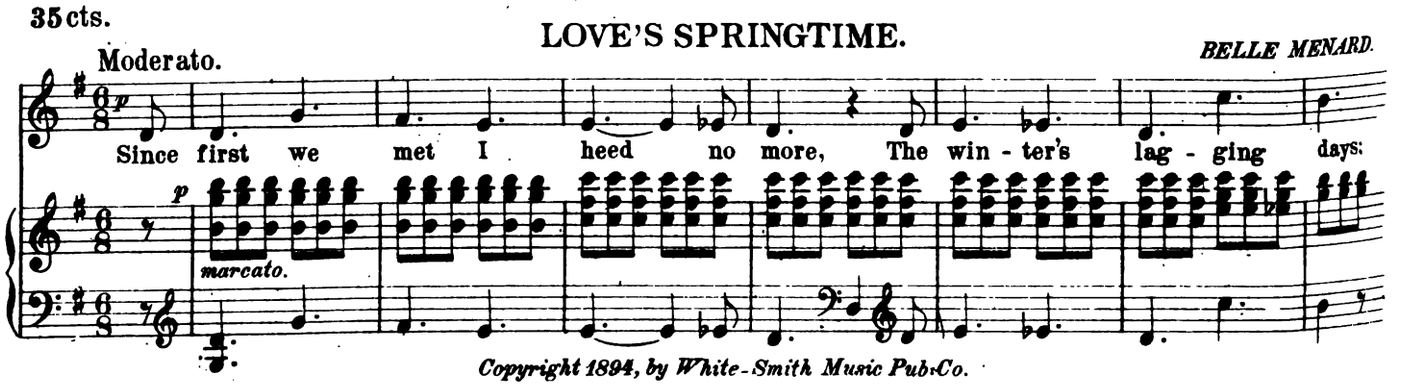
LOVE'S SPRINGTIME.

BELLE MENARD.



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A BABY LULLABY.

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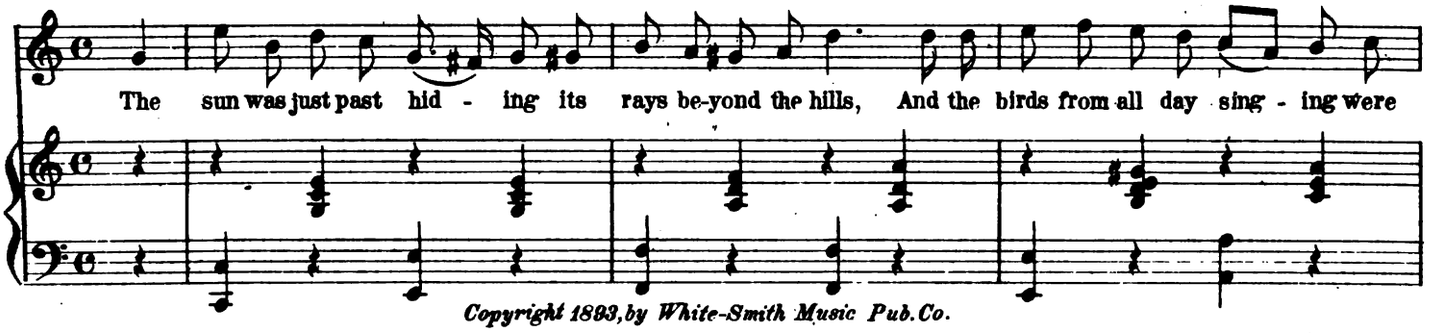
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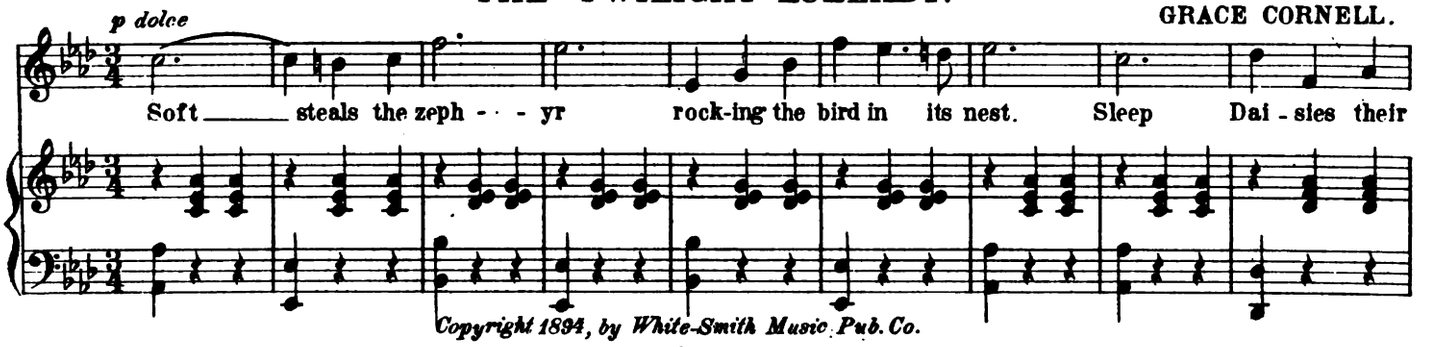
THE TWILIGHT LULLABY.

GRACE CORNELL.



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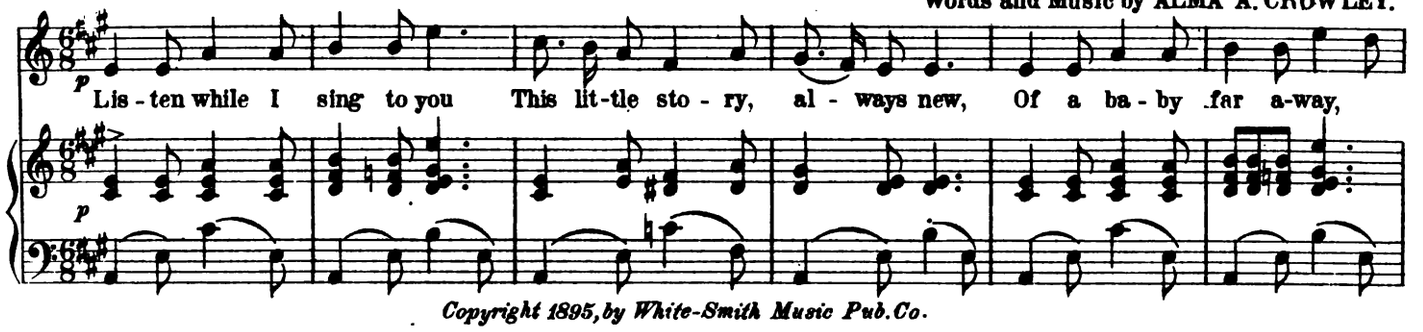
Words and Music by ALMA A. CROWLEY.



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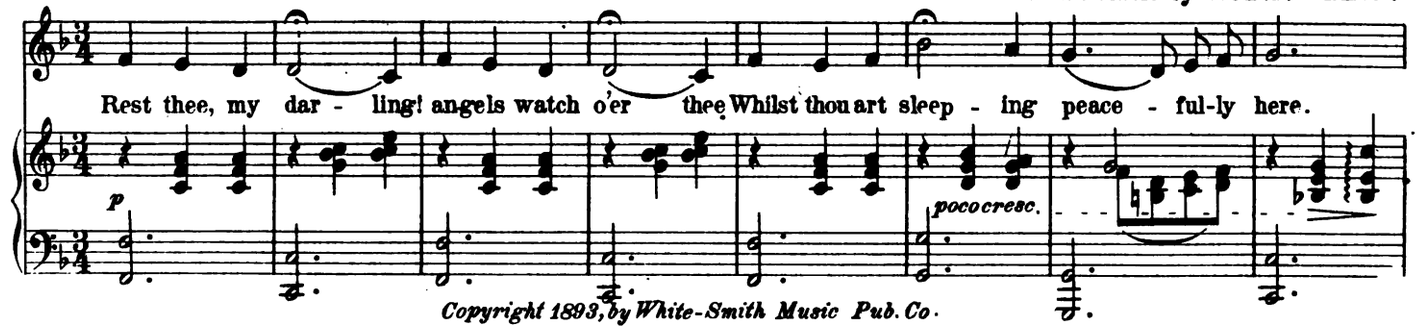
REST THEE, MY DARLING.

Andante con amore.

Words and Music by ROB.F. WALSH.



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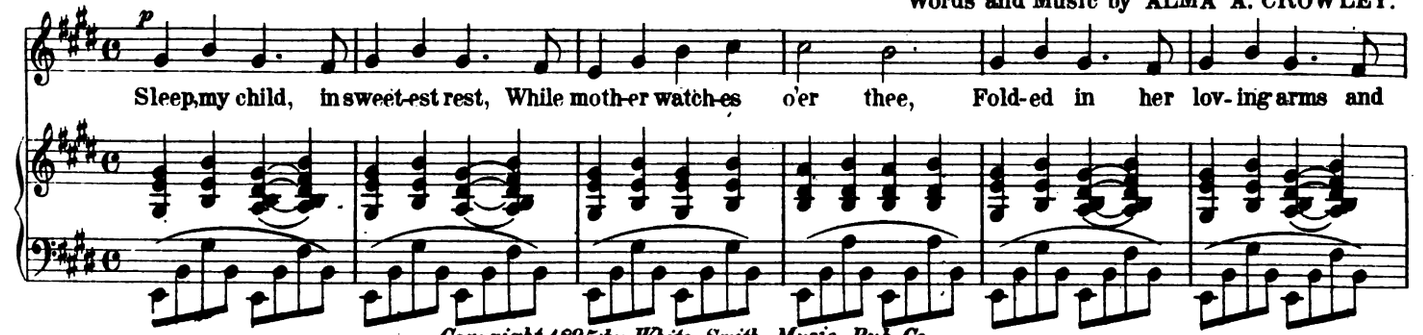
LULLABY.

Words and Music by ALMA A. CROWLEY.

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Standard Songs

FOR SALE BY A
....MUSIC DE

VICTOR ALLEN.

Forget thou Me. Sop., G, d to g. Mezzo., Eb, b to E. 40

D. S. BABCOCK.

Eve of Battle. Bar., a to E. 40
Sing, Oh Sing. Waltz Song. c to b. 60
Sing, Sweet Harp. c to g. 35

E. H. BAILEY.

An Evening Picture. E to E. 30
Be Thou Nigh. Sacred. Sop., Ab, E to F. Alto, F, c to D. 40
Calm and the Storm. Bass, g to E. 35
Life's Merry Morn. Waltz Song. d to b. 65
Little Margaret. Sop., E, E to F. Alto, C, c to D. 35
Perhaps. E to F. 35
Ship Ahoy! E to F. 60
Till We Meet Again. Waltz Song. E to a. 65

ROBERT BRUCE.

To a Rose. Sop., Db, d to a. Alto, Eb, b to F. 35

E. BUCALOSSI.

Firelight Fairies. Waltz Song. Sop. Bb E to F. Alto G c to D. 50
I Built a Palace. b to g. 30

OTTO CANTOR.

A Token. Sop., G, d to g. Mezzo, Eb, b to E. Alto, C, g to C 50
As the Dawn. Sop., G, d to g. Alto, Eb, b to E. 50
In Springtime. High Voice, D, c to g. Low Voice, Bb, a to E. 50
Oh Fair, Oh Sweet and Holy. Sop., F, F to F. Mezzo, D, d to L. 40
Sweetheart, the Morning Dawns. High Voice, G, d to g. Low Voice, E, b to E. 50
When the Past is All Forgotten. Sop., Eb, d to g. Alto, C, b to E. 50
Was Ever a Maid so Fair? Sop., Gb, d to g. Mezzo, F, c to F. Alto, D, a to D 50

O. L. CARTER.

Night Spreads Her Wing. Sacred, d to E 40
The Awakening of Spring. d to F. 60
The Hebrew Captive. d to g. 40

GERARD F. COBB.

Barrack Room Ballads.

Danny Deever. b to E. 50
Ford o' Kabul River. E to E. 40
Mandalay. Bar., G, b to E. Bass, F, a to D. 60
Route Marchin' c to D. 50
Soldier, Soldier. Bar., F, c to C. Bass, Eb, b to E. 60

ROBERT COVERLEY.

Ask Thine Heart Again. Sop. or Ten., Ab, E to F. Alto or Bar., F, c to D. 35
For Love's Sake. Sop., C, E to g. Alto, A, b to E. 35
In a Garden of Roses. E to a. 50
Love for Love. Sop., C, E to g. Alto, Ab, c to E. 35
Love's Pleadings. d to E. 40
Maid of Castile d to E. 40
Only You. F to g. 40
Sweet Dreams. Sop. E, E to g. Alto, C, c to E 50
Tell Me, Fair Moon. Sop., G, E to a. Alto, Eb, c to F. 40
Thou Lov'st Not Me. E to g. 40
To Sleep. Mezzo, Eb, d to E. Alto, C, b to C. 35
To the Nightingale. E to a. 50
To You, and but to You. d to g. 60
Visions. Sop., D, d to F. Alto, Bb, b to D. 40

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

My Lover Will Come To-Day. Sop. or Ten., D, d to F. Mezzo or Bar., C, c to E. Alto or Bass, Bb, b to D. 40
The Lark's Song. Sop., D, E to a. Mezzo, C, c to g. Alto, A, a to E. 50

MAX ELIOT.

Jacqueminots. Sop., G, d to g. Alto, Eb, b to E. 35
White Rose. Sop., E to b. 35

JNO. CHAS. ERVINI.

Norseman's Song. Bass, a to E. 60
My Heart Will Hear. E to a. 40
The Pickle Maid. d to E. 35

ROSE M. EVERSOLE.

Beside the Forge To-Day. b to E. 40
One Glance. b to E. 25

EDWARD BAXTER FELTON.

Blighted Love. d to g. 60
In May Day. c to g. 50
The Hostess' Daughter. Ten., d to a. 75
The Kiss, Dear Maid. E to b. 60
The Meeting. d to a. 50

ADAM GEIBEL.

Beneath the Ancient Trysting Tree. F to a. 40
Imogene. E to a. 40

J. L. GILBERT.

Bonnie, Sweet Bessie. Sop., Ab, F to a. Alto, Eb, c to E. 40
Bunch o' Blue Heather. Mezzo, E, b to F. Alto, D, a to E. 40
My Ain Bonny Mary. F to g. 50
My Heatheriand Home. Sop., Eb, E to F. Alto, C, c to D. 40
Not a Sparrow Falleth. Sacred. Sop., Ab, d to F. Alto, E, b to D. 40
The City Beautiful. Sacred. Sop., Db, d to g. Alto, Bb, b to E. 40
The Realms of Endless Day. Sacred. Sop., G, d to E. Alto, E, b to C. 40

L. F. GOTTSCHALK.

A Jolly Old Monk Like Me. Bar., a to D. 40
A Little Dutch Garden. c to E. 40
Laugh and be Merry. High Voice, G, d to g. Low Voice, Eb, b to E. 40
My Own Sweetheart. High Voice, Ab, E to F. Low Voice, F, c to D. 40
So, So, Rock-a-by So! b to F. 40

PHILIP GREELY.

Daylight Softly Fades. d to g. 35
Song of the Sword. Bass, c to a. 40
Song of the Christmas Bells Sop., E, E to g. Alto, c to E. 40

HENRY HALLAM.

Trysting. Waltz Song. d to b. 60

GEO. H. HAYES.

Arab Love Song. d to g. 25
The dustman's golden slumber charms E to F. 35

WM. HUTCHISON.

So the Folk Say. Irish folk song, a to E. 50
The Andalusian Maiden. b to E. 50
Up in the Moon. b to E. 50

LINDSAY LENNOX.

Twilight Serenade. Violin Obligato. d to F. 60

ISIDORE LUCKSTONE.

Among the Magnolias. Sop., Bb, F to g. Mezzo, Ab, E to F. 40
Forever True. Sop., E, E to a. Mezzo, Db, c to F. 40
Lullaby. Sop., Ab, E to a. Mezzo, F, c to F. 40
On the Blue Pacific. d to g. 40
Polly. Sop., d to g. Mezzo, c to F. 35

A. C. MACKENZIE.

As the Flower Clings to the Vine. High Voice, G, d to g. Medium Voice, F, c to F. Low Voice, Db, a to D. 50
The Gates of Glory. Medium Voice, C, c to E. Low Voice, A, a to C. 60
Within Thine Eyes. High Voice, C, E to g. Medium Voice, Bb, d to F. Low Voice, G, b to D. 50

CARLO MINETTI.

Love's Own True Light. Sop., F, E to F. Alto, Db, c to D. 40
My Lady Waits. Ten., Eb, E to g. Bar., C, c to E. 50

CHAS. H. MORSE.

The Rock-a-by Lady. Sop., Gb, d to g. Alto, Db, a to D. 40

LILLIAN NORDICA.

Enduring Love. c to a.

CARL PFLUEGER.

A Bohemian Bacchanal. Bar., b to
Francesca. c to E.
There is a Blessed Home. Sacred. b
Thy Will be Done. Sacred. E to a.
Turn Thy Face From My Sins. Sacred. c to F.

C. H. REES.

Thine Eyes Will Tell. Ten., G, d to a. Bar., Eb, b to

FRANK SAWYER.

Eclogue. F to g.
If You Love Me. c to g.
In the Cloisters. d to F.
Rippling Rill. d to a.
The Dream. d to a.
The Enchanted Spot. E to F.
The Sea Hath its Pearls. d to F.
The wind hath from the Almond flu E to g.

P. A. SCHNECKER.

'Neath the Shadow of Thy Wing. Sacred. Sop., Ab, E to g. Alto, F, c to
The Harps of Gold. Sacred. Sop., E, Alto, C, c

LOUIS CAMPBELL-TIPTO

A Gleam of Sunshine. Sop., C, E to a. Alto, Ab, c to F
A Song at Even. c to D.
Come. c to b.
I Come. E to b.
If I Were You. Sop., F, c to a. Alto, D, a t
In My Dreams. d to E.
Is This Thy Love. Mezzo. c to D.
Lassie. Scotch. d to E.
Song of the Little Gnome. Sop., C, E t Alto, Ab, c t
The Birth of Christ. Christmas. Sop., Eb, c to a. Alto, B, g t
Wert Thou Sincere? c to F.

GEORGE LOWELL TRAC

A Soldier of Fortune. Bar., F, a to F. Bass, D, f to d.
The Boys in the Lincoln Green. Bass, a to d.
The King's Own. Bar., Bb, a to g. Bass, G, f to c.
The Laugh of a Jolly Good Fellow Bass, c to a.
The Merry Monks. Bass, c to d.

KATE VANNAH.

Never to Part. Sop., C, c to g. Alto, Ab, a to E.
Sweet Sixteen. Sop., Ab, d to g. Mezzo, G, c to F. Alto, Eb,
Three Roses. a to D.

C. F. WEBBER.

Birthday of the King. Christmas. Sop., Eb, E to g. Alto, A, a t
No Kiss. Frivolous song. Sop., E to g.
Tell Me This. Frivolous song. Bar., a to
The Poet's Horn. Frivolous song. Ten., E
Where Lilies Are. Sop., G, d to Alto, Db, a to

JOHN WIEGAND.

Ave Maria. Sop., E, d to g. Alto, C, b to
By the Autumn Sea. Sop., F, F to a. Mezzo, Db, d to F.
Serenade d to a.

HUBERT WILKE.

A Summer's Day. Sop., c to g.
Sunshine of Love. Bar., c to E.

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